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Poetry.

For the Blade.

ONE DAY.

MAY BLACK.

How the whisp'ring breezes murmur
Laden they with scent of clover,
How the blossoms nod and beckon
As the sighing wind sweeps over.

Watch the ripples on the water
Dimpling in a thousand places,
Giving all as sweet a welcome
As bright smiling on young faces.

Hear the rustle, rustle, rustle
Of the leaves, each one caressing,
Blowing fondly o'er its neighbor
Seems to give a nature's blessing.

O, the glorious day! it brightens
All the future in my eyes,
Seems it like a landscape picture
Of the scenes in Paradise.

Mason City, Ill.

OUT ON THE PLAINS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Room! Room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
And grow to be giant—to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind—without pathway or route or a rein!

Room! Room to be free where the white-bordered sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
And to east and to west, to the north and the sun,
Blue skies and brown grasses are wielded as one,
And the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain—
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main;
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
Offers rest, and unquestioned you come or you go!

My plains of America! Seas of wild land!
From a land in the seas with a raiment of foam.
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hand!

THE COMING OF AUTUMN.

ERNST W. SHURTLEFF.

The green clad earth lies hushed in mellowing light,
A frosty coolness thrills the morning air
And gives the grass a silver raiment rare,
As fine as lace or soft as moonbeam white,
Poured o'er the star cheered wildness of night,
There is a sense of glory everywhere,
A joy abounds that smiles away sharp care,
And floods the earth with hope half infinite.

Come walk with me upon this sounding shore,
Where ocean honors Autumn's wide domain,
With hymns that shake his foam bespangled floor,
And thunder through the breakers' briny rain;
Come gaze upon the sea, the hills, the sky,
And say—does Summer's grace not grandly die?

Our Story Teller.

"FINDING IS KEEPING."

CHAPTER I.

"Hullo!" cried a boy who was sprawling on a nursery floor. "Findin's keepin's! Here's the mater's sixpence she lost a week ago."

"You are vulgar," was the rejoinder made to this by a very small girl.

She, Maud, was in her rightful domain, the nursery. Harry was the interloper, and the terror of the methodical nurse who would have the children in exact order. She had given up Harry three years ago, and now he was thirteen, and, as she declared, he had "grown quite rampageous, and he do upset the children so!"

The Boyle children were three, headed by Maud; above her was a vacant space of three years when Harry showed his "rampageous" self; above him came two girls. There is the family list, headed by father and mother.

There was not a more charming commonplace, more pleasantly successful family in the three kingdoms. They lived in a London suburb, and they had plenty of friends and comforts.

"You are vulgar?" Maud had cried.

"So'd you be if you got such a find. Hooray! I say, where's the mater?"

"Gone out, Master Harry," nurse answered.

"What a bore! Now mind, nurse, that's my sixpence. Just keep it safe. If I had'nt to play in that match this afternoon I,d hang about till mother was back."

"Do they want you very much?"

This was an infantile remark of small Davy's.

"Don't you make any mistake." Harry was grand. "Should I be in Plummer's Eleven if I was'nt something? Just see me bat, that's all."

"I'd like to see you."

"I don't doubt you; but we can't have kids on our ground."

At which Davy subsided, and Harry took himself off to don his cricketing flannels.

When he had gone the nursery inmates looked at his sixpence and each child handled it as if there were some magic in it.

"What did Harry mean when he called out that long word 'findinskeepins?'" asked Maud.

"Bless you, Miss Maud! He only meant 'cos he'd had the 'finding' he'd have a right to the 'keeping.'"

An accent on each word did not make the good woman's explanation clear to the child.

Nurse went on mending socks and the children returned to their play. Maud kept silence; not a common circumstance, to pass unremarked. All at once she spoke this:—

"Do you mean, Nurse, that if I picked up hundreds of thousands of gold sovereigns they would all be mine?"

Her eyes were alight, and quite a rosy color was flushing her round face.

"Nonsense, Miss Maud. What should you be wanting gold sovereigns for?"

"But if I found them?"

"Ay, 'if.' You're not likely to find them. I never did. They don't lie about nursery floors, do they?"

"Ah, but outside somewhere." And the child made a gesture, as if with her round arms she would encircle the great, vague world.

Years went by, and the Boyle nursery had become almost a forgotten thing. Nurse had come to lord it over another nursery a good many degrees higher in the momentary, if not in the social, scale, and she, when her "family was in town," brought a little lady now and then to see the grown up children who had once been her babies. But even to this their came an end—a temporary end—for things happened to the Boyles which carried them out of "Nurse's" radius altogether.

Misfortune had seized the Boyles, and they were at their worst when, some ten years later, we meet them in a third-rate street at New-Cross.

Five years had been sunny, prosperous years, then Mr. Boyle was stricken by a dire malady, and had to leave business. He was a stockbroker, but in the year when illness made it necessary that his city affairs should be wound up, there was panic upon panic, there were wars and rumors of wars, and loss followed loss in rapid succession.

On the eve of his father's failure Harry had sailed for Canada. He had bought a plat of government land, and he was going to reclaim it, and, so they all hoped, dig a fortune out of it.

But a moderate family can live on small income, if, as the saying is, they "cut their coat according to their cloth." Mrs. Boyle was a wise woman, and she moved to a cheaper house. Daisy (or Margaret) Boyle was married; Katherine was useful; Maud, now nineteen, might, if need showed itself, find work, but Davy and Dick must still go to school.

Yes; a cycle of misfortune had begun, the five plentiful years were over, and the beginning of another five had come—years of trouble upon trouble. Mr. Boyle died, unwitting of the calamitous times; another and then a third move had to be made, each one carrying the family a step downward.

How did Mrs. Boyle's blood rebel when the day came for her to take little Dick to Seacroft's School, where he was to be taught and fed and clothed for so many years free of expense to her. Millionaires have been known to grow out of boys brought up at Seacroft's School, but what cheer is their in that thought to the poor mother, who sees her little son arrayed in the school garb, and who sees the gay summer sun glinting down from the tears in his blue eyes to the fine new brass buttons of his jacket?

But Dick became quite a happy lad there, and he did not know much of the home troubles; he got his holidays and he saw two more new homes, but things were not said to him. He had come to be fourteen; they were keeping him at school because he was so clever.

Harry had not made his fortune in the five years, not that many details were known about him, for he did not often write home. Davy was seventeen, a nice bright lad, in a merchant's office.

Maud, for three years, had taught as a daily governess. It would have been wiser had she gone away and into a family, but a mistake was made, and the girl only gave lessons in the neighborhood. Katherine was the domestic mainstay of the house, and the house, during the past year, had had to admit a lodger.

This lodger had been a silent, nervous old gentleman, who gave no trouble whatever; a perfect godsend of a lodger, in fact. He was order itself. None of his belongings were ever allowed to litter his rooms. He read a good deal, but his books had their places orderly on their shelves, and were read and re-read, annotated and digested. When the reading was laid aside the old gentleman would amuse himself my making pen-and-ink sketches of subjects which the old authors treated of. There would be the presentment of a Greek poem; or, sticking out from the rough edges of an antique volue of strange Eastern lore, there would be the fantastic drawing showing how the strange hieroglyphics told their story.

Dick on holidays, and Maud, when the silent Mr. Harbutt came upon her in her dustings, were the two who were shown these things. Why, no one knew; he never honored them with any other mark of favoriteism.

But his residence with them came to an end, for certain relatives came home to live in England, after a long absence in India, and he was persuaded to go and end his days with them.

His due payments, and a handsome present he made the girls, set the household on a very easy, comfortable footing for several weeks, weeks in which search was made for a new lodger.

Many applied, but none were quite of the right sort, after the kind, orderly, quaint old gentlemen.

The money filtered away, and it was clear that the Boyles must accept another lodger or be very pinched indeed. They at last accepted two sisters of the most tiresome and exacting characters, Kate and Maud slaved for them, but service was wearisome, as it must be, when dry, thankless hearts claimed it.

"If only Mr. Harbutt were back," sighed Maud. "Dear! how funny he was!" was the laughing echo to her sigh. Kate was a bright-souled being, and always ready to make the best of their troubles.

"I wonder whether he is as happy with those grand folks as he was here? He had all his things just as he chose," and Kate, with a duster in her hand—the ladies were out for the day—looked around on chaos. Where should she begin to straighten?

"Strange that he never writes," Maud mused.

"Did he ever write, dear?" Kate said, "write letters I mean. He composed, and he imagined, and he ruminated, but until those nephews looked him up, I don't believe he received as much as one letter a month: certainly he never wrote one."

"No, I suppose not. Where was that one letter from that he sent when he left?"

"Durham—but that's nothing; he only went there to see somebody who had some rare manuscripts. He said that in the letter; he was going to see his nephew at Edinburgh, and then when the people found a place to take, he was going to settle down with them. A wild-goose chase for such a man as he?"

"Yes," again Maud spoke musingly; "I wish he had staid here until they had found the place."

The very next day Maud saw this in the obituary in the *Times*:—

"On the 20th, at the Invercauld Arms, Bosslyn, while traveling, James Harbutt, aged 71."

Monotony, wearisome monotony, followed. The tiresome ladies staid on until they had been with the Boyles for just a year; then they thought they would like a change and they left.

They left a small debt unpaid and they gave no address.

As girls do, even girls who have too close an acquaintance with the rough side of life, the two Boyles made a grand glory in the departure of the Misses Payne.

"We may get some one even worse, though," said Kate, practically.

"Never mind what may be, we are free now," Maud rejoined, being, as we have said, always more light of heart than her sister was.

On that half holiday, the girls being so gay over their freedom, walked with Dick to the station, saw him off, and then went for a summer evening saunter among the fields. Yes, if you strike boldly off from the dreary bricks and mortar of New Cross, and walk with the elasticity of young, healthful limbs, you may, sooner than you may think, be among the sweet-smelling hayfields.

It was June, and if the hedgerows were rather dusty there were fields beyond them. Maud's young soul drank in the fresh summer gladness, and she talked on of every possible subject. Past, present, and future all drew something from her; perhaps the past touched her the least, for she had been so young in the days of their good things, that though she said she remembered everything, those old days had, nevertheless, but a visionary hold upon her.

"I have made a mistake, Kate, I see," she said, as they walked homeward. "I should have gone away to teach—I should have made more money, and——"

"And you would have a better position." Kate always nailed a point decisively. "One drudge in a family is enough."

"I hate you to speak like that, Katie." Maud had a warm temper; such a possession is usually the companion of a warm heart. "If you drudge—horrid word!—I drudge. If I got more money, would not mother have it?"

"Don't be angry. I have a genius for demestic management; for goodness sake let me exercise it. But I agree with you about going away; you would be far better off in a family. Why should you not be as Miss Marsden used to be with us?"

"She was a swell governess."

"Not any more than you can be. I remember better than you do."

"Dear, how I should love those days of glory! Are they ever likely to come back? What can we do? Shall I hoard? Will Harry suddenly come home a millionaire? Will Davy's master pray him to become a partner at his tender age?"

"Maud!"

"Kate, why should not these things be?"

"Why should they not? You might as well say you expect to find a bag of gold when the next rainbow shines."

"I always do expect that—I have done so ever since I was a baby."

By and by Maud's wild humor subsided, and she talked again about business. Yes, these girls had so long been accustomed to hard experiences that they fell naturally into talk of pros and cons in a dry, business way. By the time they reached home they had settled that Maud should go away.

Their mother was told at once; she saw it was wise, and a little more planning was done as they sat over their simple supper. The *Times* should be had every day for the sake of the advertisements, and the vicar and the doctor should be asked to help.

All this was set in train the next morning, also the next day Kate commanded a thorough turnout of the rooms, so as to be in readiness for a newcomer.

The evening post brought a letter from Harry; dated "San Francisco." He had not written for nearly a year, and this was the news: he had found farming in Canada no good for him, and he had gone to San Francisco, meaning if ill luck followed him then, never to write home again. Good luck came instead, and he was doing well.

"I manage a store," he said, "and two years ago my boss was worse off than I was when I came here. I won't say more, but I'll make this pay. Perhaps I'll be sending you some some bank notes home before the year is out."

"Poor Harry!" exclaimed his mother. She smiled, and yet her eyes were moist.

"Kate"—Maud tucked her hand under her sister's arm as they went up to bed that night—"the days of glory are coming again! Now! you see!"

Kate laughed; she was very glad about Harry.

"I see," she said, "that you must put clean paper in those drawers to-morrow."

Maud made a little grimace.

The morrow came and she was doing it.

CHAPTER II.

Maud had opened the two drawing-room windows and let down the Venetians over them, so that the room should be cool and shady. How cool and summery it looked! Ladies' fingers can so easily give simple decorations an air of grace and refinement. Then she left that room and went into the one behind; these two had been dear old Mr. Harbutt's rooms, and also those of the tiresome Miss Paynes. This back room was shady, and at once the blind was drawn up to the top and the window thrown open as high as it would go.

There was in the room an old chest of drawers, the piece of furniture that Mr. Harbutt had once said was worth more than all else the room contained put together.

It was beautifully made, the dark old oak was of the finest grain and how delicately were the joinings and corners fitted! A reeded line was drawn or turned at the frontage of each drawer; on its top, too, making an artistic border or finish to its level polish, there was the same reeded decoration, running four-square. Each drawer had two pendant and triangular brass handles. They copy these old things nowadays, but this was a veritable antique.

Five drawers in all, and in the top and most shallow one a key protruded from its keyhole. Maud remembered the whole thing as long as she rembered anything, for in the olden days it had stood in the nursery. In those days the top shallow drawer was just as actly level as the other drawers had been; fancy a methodical nurse allowing that right-hand corner to project in that unsightly way! If the piece of furniture had not been so seasoned by age one might have supposed that the wood had warped at that one corner.

Maud was bent upon straightening it. All the four lower drawers were divided with their fresh white paper lining, and now, somehow, some one has locked this top drawer, had forced the lock and bent the key.

"We'll have you straight," was Maud's cry to herself, as she worried the old key.

Never a bit would it move, except indeed to fix itself more firmly within the intricacies of the lock.

"I'll physic you!" Maud cried.

A moment's run down stairs for some oil, and "physic" was used. Some few more wrigglings and turnings, and hey, presto!—the magic is done, the lock is loosened, the drawer is opened!

However, opened does not mean a simultaneous curve of its uneven corner. Oh! no. Pushing and dainty humoring are neither of any avail, the drawer simply will not work to its pristine level.

But Maud had a strong will, and a mind that probed to the reason of things. In a trice she had the rebellious drawer out of its groove and ignominiously laid at her feet, while a supple white arm was bared to the elbow and went on a search within the shallow space. From end to end arm and fingers went seeking—then, the sinner was captured! The girl's pretty fingers, all covered with dust and filth, met the crisp crackle of firm paper.

"Ah!" was Maud's quick little cry.

The paper was out before the light of the summer sun. Thin, grey-hued paper, tightly pressed once, but now, by some inherent strength, surely loosening from its pressure and elastically unfolding itself.

One fold—some printed words and figures. Bah! How dusty it was! Another fold undone—some foreign words quite clear. "D'Italia" What was it?

Had the thing really some magic in it? Maud's face became scarlet; then all the color fled from it, and, leaving drawer and dust and white paper in confusion on the floor, the girl ran to the stair-head and called:

"Mother! Kate! Come, quick!"

Both were busy, but such a voice of alarm—yes, Maud really was terrified—was not to be disregarded. They were up-stairs in a few seconds.

"I've opened the drawer," she said.

"So we perceive. Have you found a dead mouse behind it?"

Kate, seeing Maud unharmed, was naturally a bit ruffled at having been unnecessarily excited by the cry.

"No; I have found this."

Now Maud was preternaturally still. She held out the strange paper, by this time yet more unrolled.

As Kate took it, it resolved itself into not one paper only, but four papers, of which the corners shook themselves apart. One had had square bits cut out—yes, decidedly cut out.

"Bonds, mother!" Kate gasped.

"Don't talk nonsense, child!"

"Kate was not listening. She had had to become acquainted with many business matters, but she had never seen quite such papers as these. She looked at them and lingered them.

"Two hundred and fifty lire; 750 lire," she deciphered. "What are lire?"

"I know," Maud put in. "A lire is the same as a franc—Italian money."

"These are money, mother," and again Kate was reduced to a gasping condition.

"Whose are they? They are not ours, I'm sure." Poor Mrs. Boyle pressed her hands together. How glad she would have been to think they were hers! "Let me look at them, Kate?"

"Finding is keeping!" cried Maud "I shall appropriate them."

"Maud!" And Kate came back from her tremor to face the actual. "They are simply Mr. Harbutt's. The Miss Payne's, you may be sure, never left anything so valuable behind them."

"Perhaps it will pay their debt." Maud by this time had lost her terror; she had passed it on to her mother and sister, and she herself only saw the amusement of the thing. "My energy has done some good this time, at any rate."

"It must be hundreds of pounds; mother."

Kate was standing, with her hands in the pockets of her Holland apron, and was watching her mother look at the discovery.

Mrs. Boyle's pale face had grown graver by some few degrees.

"They are bonds, but what of I do not know. I know so little of the looks of these thing," she mused. "Whose are they? Whose?"

"Perhaps ours, mother?" And Maud poked her hand consolingly within her mother's arm.

"That chest of drawers belongs to the days of our glory. There! Did I not say last night, when Harry's letter came, that our good times were coming again?"

"Perhaps they are." And Mrs. Boyle gave a little convulsive hug to Maud's comforting hand. "We'll hasten dinner, girls, and one of you shall go with me to John Bryant's. He, at least, will say whether the things are of value or not."

"You'll not give them up to him, mother? Give up my find?"

"Maude, do not act the infant," Kate cried. "Go with mother, and learn what has to be learned."

It was as Kate had supposed. The four papers together represented the sum of £2,000, and were Italian government bonds.

But whose were they? They bore no man's name.

CHAPTER III.

The treasure had to lie in John Bryant's strong room.

John Bryant was a stockbroker, as Mr. Boyle had been, and was, in truth, a man whose friendship to the Boyles had lasted on from the old days of their prosperity. He was an upright man, and he guarded the interests of the Boyles as well as if they were his own.

He locked the strange Italian bonds, which were Maud's "finds," in his strong room. There they must lie while inquiries were made as to their ownership.

"They are yours, Miss Maud, until, some one can prove a better claim," he said, as he shook hands at the door of his outer office. "I hope no one will claim them," and, with a kindly pomposity he owned, he made a little flourish in the air with one hand. "Now, I should like to speculate a little with it for you—double it—treble it—"

"Or—lose it."

"That is cruel. No; speculation should never meddle with it. I was only talking empty nonsense."

"Speculate for my governessing, Mr. Bryant," the girl said, as the three stood on the landing of the staircase outside. "That would be a real kindness, now."

"Yes, I will." Here gravity and purpose came and settled on John Bryant's face, to the exclusion of any such things as merriment or excitement of speculation. "I will," he said again.

Then the two ladies went away, and the man went back to his office to puzzle his head over Maud's governessing. In his masculine mind—one step behind the present age of woman's independence—he saw an unfitness in the child of his old friend going out to earn her bread among strangers.

Maud, a stranger, went to strangers; new claims came upon her days; a wider, new life came circling about her; time each week seemed to her to be growing more full, more rich; in a while she grew to look upon herself in the New-Cross life as a dim possibility, so surely was she absorbing all the influences of the pleasant, kindly, luxurious home where she taught two young girls.

The bonds still lay unowned; by dint of wisely framed advertisements claimants came forward whose pretensions would not bear the sifting of the lawyers' questions. The bonds were still Maud's, as John Bryant would have it, though a year had run by since the summer day when she had found them.

Maud's gay prophesy of good fortune coming to them was gradually being fulfilled. Harry had really sent over a good round sum to his mother; Davy got a rise in his office; a cousin of Mr. Boyle's came to live with them at New-Cross, and brought a good addition to the family purse. Times were no longer "hard times."

Search was made for Mr. Harbutt's nephew, whom the old gentleman, they now remembered, had never spoken of by any other name than that of "Lewis." Now, was "Lewis" a Christian name or a surname?

As pointed as could be done, advertisements went the round of the country concerning "unclaimed stock." The Boyles did, and always would, insist upon the belief that the Italian bonds belonged to Mr. Harbutt.

"Have an advertisement giving his name," said Maud, in a letter home.

"Miss Maud is losing her business head," was John Bryant's answer when they told him what she had said.

"The things are a nightmare to me!" Mrs. Boyle said.

"Then my good lady, we will have the advertisement printed at once. Shall the first Harbutt who comes have them?"

Her adviser was a bit testy.

* * * * * * *

It was a September evening, and the scene was a luxurious drawing-room in a Yorkshire country house. It was the house in which Maud Boyle was governess. Work was over for the day, and she, with Cicely and Nan Simpson, was as usual passing the evening with the rest of the family. The two girls were fourteen and fifteen years of age; they were "the children" of the household. A stepbrother, young Lewis Simpson, was a man of 25; he, too, was in the room. The mother was there, also the grandmother, the mother of the present Mr. Simpson.

Across the Yorkshire moors a September wind had been blowing all day, and a winter-like fire burned in the wide grate. But it was evening, and the three girls wore pretty light garments. The two Simpson's were in white; Maud, though the material of her gown was no more than muslin, was sombre-looking; its color was of the darkest crimson, and, seeing no lamps were lit, the flickering gleam of firelight left her just a warmed-toned shadow, she being a brown-hued maiden herself.

The bell had just been rung, and as the lamps were brought in there also came the big brother, a tall man and very fair, as his father and Cicely were. He lounged in as young men do lounge in among a home company of womenkind. He threw himself on a seat by Mrs. Simpson, and he threw one newspaper across to the old lady whom he called "Granny," but who, of course, was no grandmother to him.

"Have you read this advertisement?—you are advertised for, Lewis," said Granny.

"I? Never! Who wants me? Is some one leaving me a fortune?"

Young Simpson pretended he was fatigued, and lazily threw himself on the couch by the old lady.

"You have had that happen once—that is more than most men get. There—read!"

The old lady gave him the newspaper and pointed with her spectacles, which she had just taken from her nose.

He read.

His fair face flushed.

Then he read aloud. "Listen," he said, "it's me!" What was grammar at such a moment?

"Harbutt—To any of the name, or claiming under a will made by a person of that name. Unclaimed stock found. Apply first by letter to Reever & Lever, solicitors. Old Broad street, London."

"That's my advertisement!"

The cry was from Maud.

"You? Yours?"

Every one seemed to be echoing her cry.

"I'll tell you," Maud said in her clear, business-like way. "I found some bonds once, and so the other day I advised their advertising for the name 'Harbutt.'"

"That was my old uncle's name, you know"—Simpson here drew a chair to Maud's side—"my mother's uncle, an eccentric old man; we hunted him up when we came home last year."

"Our Mr. Harbutt!—our dear old Mr. Harbutt!"

Maud clasped her hands, this time with very real excitement:—

"Yours? Were you—?"

"He lived with us—lodged with us." Maud's face flushed with a certain pride.

"But, I am very glad—and you are the 'Lewis' he talked about?"

They talked a little more over it, and presently Mr. Simpson, the father, came in, and had to be told the whole history over again.

"Strange!" old Mr. Simpson mused; "strange that no inquiry found you before, Lewis. The papers bear Harbutt's name, Miss Boyle!"

"No; no name at all."

"No name at all!" he echoed. "Then why are they his? Five hundred people may have used that drawer."

"Oh, no!" Maud said, quietly. "Only he used it, except ourselves."

"Then they may be yours!"

"No, my father never had business papers like that at home."

"They were not down in the list of securities uncle showed me," said Lewis Simpson. Then, suddenly dropping his acute business manner, he pretended once more an immense laziness. "It is all a snare and a delusion, Miss Boyle. I shan't go in for the money. How can I prove it's mine? It is your 'find,' and 'finding is keeping' all the world over."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" And Maud was strangely quiet and firm.

Nothing more was ever proved.

There never will be any more proof as to whose bonds they were. In the end Maud had to let John Bryant cut off some of the coupons and cash them for her, but at the present moment she has nothing to do with them, as they have joined the rest of old Mr. Harbutt's property, and Lewis Simpson has them.

Can you understand how what is hers is also his?—*All the Year Round.*

A Wonderful Cat.

Said a son of Erin yesterday: "Your remarks on the mule remind me of a cat that troubled me some time ago. The cat was an old 'he one.' He became so much bother to me that I made up my mind to kill him, and so I knocked him in the head with an axe. But, upon my word, he'd turn up the next morning just as good as ever. Then I made up my mind to kill him some other way. One night I took him in and laid his head upon a block, as I would a chicken, and with me axe I chopped off his head, clane as a whistle. I took up the two parts and threw them into a pool at the back of the garden. I took a 'drap of the crater on getting rid of the auld divil that night.' Well, sir, what de ye think? When I got up in the mornin' to kindle a fire, as it's me custom to do, and when I opened the back door, what did I see but that cat coming down the walk toward the house wid his head in his mouth."—*Madison (Wis.) Democrat.*

Forgot His French to Learn English.

Mrs. Fremont, in her sketch of the life of her father, Sen. Benton, tells the following of the French bishop at St. Louis at the time of the purchase of Louisiana: It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English; but the bishop needed to acquire fluent English for all uses, and for use from the pulpit especially. To force himself into familiar practice, the bishop secluded himself for a while with the family of an American farmer, where he would hear no French. Soon he had gained enough to announce a sermon in English. Sen. Benton was present, and his feelings can be imagined when the polished, refined bishop said: "My friends, I am sight-down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here to-day."

Not a Gallant Husband.

I happened to be at the railway station when Mr Cleveland and his family arrived. For a bridegroom he is anything but gallant. He got off the cars ahead of the others, and without turning to look after his wife or his mother-in-law he proceeded across the numerous tracks to the street where stood his carriage. Mrs. Cleveland and her mother had to take care of themselves. When they reached the carriage the President was sitting in the back seat waiting for them.

A Long Time to Wait.

"How old was Methusaleh when he died?" asked a Texas Sunday-school teacher of Tommy Yerger, a precocious youth.

"I don't know, how old was Methu?" said Tommy.

"He was 900 years old when he died," replied the teacher.

"Nine hundred years old! Whew! I wonder how his sons-in-law liked that?" replied Tommy, as he gave an incredulous whistle.—*Texas Siftings.*

Humor.

TWO HORRID MEN.

The Joke They Played on Some Susceptible Young Ladies.

A Macon, Ga., correspondent of the Atlanta *Constitution* writes: A couple of prominent young men of this city tell of a very amusing practical joke they played on Saturday night. They reside at a large and well known boarding house in this place, and among the guests are quite a number of charming young ladies. As elsewhere, the absorbing theme of conversation has been "earthquake," and the two men in question have been the subject of indignant criticism because they had not experienced the various shocks that pervaded the more susceptible forms of the young ladies, and, consequently, had their doubts about the existence of the same, further than in imagination.

Each succeeding morning the conversation of the breakfast table was embellished by the details of another "night of horror," until the young men grew "weary," and resolved to relieve the exhausted imagination of the guests by treating them to a real genuine earthquake. They arranged their plans accordingly, which they carried out as follows:

By 11:30 o'clock the house was wrapt in slumber. One of the young men roomed up stairs, and in sock feet came down to report the repose that reigned supreme above. In a like neglige costume his accomplice responded. They had provided themselves with sulphur matches, so that no noise would be made, and, lighting a candle, they armed themselves with a couple of eight-pound dumbbells and repaired to the parlor, the place agreed upon for the enaction of the tragedy. One placed himself at one end of the room, where he could shake the folding doors communicating with the sitting-room, while the other volunteered to "raise the natives" by his performance on the front windows. Each provided himself with various pieces of bric-a-brac, which he was to throw at opportune moments, and then all was ready.

The rumbling sound supposed to precede the shock was produced by rolling the heavy dumb-bells rapidly across the carpeted floor, and a more hideous sound earthquake was never guilty of uttering. Then arose a violent agitation of the folding doors, which shook the whole house, and a deafening clamor of the front windows, which communicated the sound to the upper windows, while the sound of falling bric-a-brac rung the death-knell of domestic bliss in the heart of the mistress of the house.

An intermission of several seconds was then allowed, and subdued voices were heard throughout the house. Again the awe-inspiring rumbling was recommenced, followed by the most heartrending of shocks, lasting several seconds. This was "endurance vile," and hasty leaps were heard overhead. The villainous youths had only time to hastily close the parlor door and place themselves in position to look through the crack before they were paralyzed by the appearance of the image of Venus at the head of the stairway. She stood irresolute for a moment, her eyes sparkling with startled brilliancy, her luxuriant mass of hair, loose and flowing over exquisitely molded shoulders, while a form of indescribable grace openly mocked the flimsy idiosyncracy of lace and linen that jealousy sought to hide its beauty. As she stood in the mellow gaslight, shed by the tall chandelier, it seemed to the startled gaze of the young men that her form was enveloped in phosphorescent glow. With a subdued cry, she nimbly sprang down-stairs, while the bashful youths actually held their breaths in utter dismay. Figures of Juno, Minerva, and forms that even mythology does not attempt to describe, quickly made their appearance until the gentlemen found themselves enraptured by an enchanted dream and stood as dumb and motionless as stone statues. Trembling fingers drew the fastenings of the door, and the angelic visions stood in readiness to take the sudden leap for liberty at the first appearance of the quake. The quake was too gallant to reappear, and the chilly night air brought a bewitching shiver over the array of pretty and dainty shoulders. Adjournment was declared in silvery tones, and the nymphs tremblingly retraced their steps to their fatal bedchambers.

Long after the last snowy foot had disappeared around the head of the stairway the youths stood transfixed and motionless. Consciousness at last returned to one of them, and he sought to awaken reality upon his companion. In vain he pinched and softly pleaded, until in desperation he dropped one end of a dumb-bell on the unoffending toe of his fellow-sprator, which brought out a howl of pain. He quickly subdued the pain by stuffing his handkerchief down the throat of his enraged companion, and after some expostulations and sundry oaths the meeting adjourned *sine die*.

The explanations and experiences expressed at Sunday morning's breakfast would have convinced the most intolerant believer, and the boys found it expedient not to explode the deception that had been practiced upon the household, as personal safety would have been at its ebb. So this is the first time that the mystery of Saturday night's earthquake has been explained.

Lodemia Yielded.

"Good-night, Lodemia. One more, please."

"Not another one, Marcellus. You've had ten already."

"Haven't had but nine, Lodemia."

"Well, nine's enough."

"No, it isn't. You thought I had had ten, and I'm entitled to ten."

"I believe you did have ten."

"Lodemia, I solemnly assure you I had only nine. Give me one more and I'll go."

"For the Lord's sake, Lodemia," came in accents of entreaty from an upper story of the building adjoining, as the bald head of a lodger was thrust out into the pale moonlight, "let the young man have it if he'll only go. I want to get to sleep some time to-night!"

The bald head was drawn in. A few hurried whisperings, a muffled sound as of mashed potatoes striking against a brick wall, and all was still, save the monotonous rasping of a katydid and the shrill defiance of a distant rooster.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Going and Coming.

"Good-bye, father."

"Good-bye, my son; God bless you."

And the train starts bearing the boy away to college. The old man watches it until it is out of sight, and brushing away his tears, turns to a friend:

"There goes my boy to get an education. I tell you, sir, its something to have a son like that?" and the happy father turns, and getting into his wagon, which is standing near by, drives home.

A year has gone by, and the same wagon is standing in the same place, and the old man, with a radiant face, is waiting for the train which is bringing his boy home. It comes puffing into the depot, and the boy steps down.

"Hello, gov'nor."

The old man says nothing; those careless words and that careless tone have struck him to the heart. Again there are tears in his eyes, but he does not say: "I tell you, sir, it's something to have a boy like that."

The Spoils System.

Job Shuttle sat by the open grate fire upon which the first fall blaze was burning. He was in a pleasant mood as all men are when they are comfortable. "I suppose," said he to Mrs. Shuttle, "that the children were all at school to-day?"

"You suppose so? Why, don't you know they were!"

"No, not exactly. I met Charles down town about an hour after school began."

"Oh, he was carrying a note from the teacher to her best young man."

"That's pretty business."

"But she marks him ten in his studies for keeping mum about it."

"Oh, that makes a difference."—*Hartford Post.*

Why They Are Called Giants.

New York Man—"I suppose you have seen our 'Giants?'"

Omaha Man—"Giants?"

"Yes; that's what we call our baseball team, you know?"

"The one that was beaten by the Chicagos?"

"Well, yes."

"Giants is a good name. Large bodies move slowly."—*Omaha World.*

She Agreed With Him.

"It's meat and drink to me to meet a jolly good fellow like Smith," said Jones.

"Well, judging from the condition you come home in when you have been with Smith," said Mrs. Jones, with asperity, "I should say it was meet and drink."

BOY IDEA OF BOY.

Description of the Animal by One of His Own Kind.

The teacher in one of our intermediate schools one day last week had a lesson in language, giving for the subject the word "Boy," the scholars to write out what they could about the subject, and this without assistance and without any time for preparation. Following are two specimens of the "compositions," written by two small boys, one 9 and one 10 years of age, and they showed a good idea of punctuation, and the spelling was excellent, but two or three words in each being spelled wrong, and those the shorter and more common words:

A boy is a biped animal, one to three feet high. Some boys are wise, intelligent, dull, bad, good, kind, gentle, cross, unkind, stupid, etc. Some boys are very kind to their brothers and sisters. My brother is very kind to me. Some boys grow up to be great men, some mayors of cities, and some own great mills and stores. Boys who study when they are small become the greatest men. Some boys who do not study when they are young grow men, are poor, and have to go out with a pickax and shovel, shoveling out the gutters and streets. Holidays some boys sell lemonade and ice-cream, and some such things as what I have mentioned, and earn lots of money. Last Fourth of July I had a lemonade and ice cream stand and earned some money. Some boys learn how to swim, and some save lives. Some boys steal things and get arrested, and their parents have to bail them out. Some boys are cruel to animals. Some boys come to school with shoes and stockings off and their hair uncombed, and are not neat. The teacher does not like this, so she makes them look neat. Some boys stay home and take care of the garden and the baby, and some boys run away and get into mischief. Some get hurt. One day in the week's vacation I went off with Silvester Bennett to play in some sand. It was in winter. We came home in his yard, and there was some ice on the ground, and he took an ax and began chopping it. I went to pick it up and he struck me in the eye with the back of the ax. This was an accident. He cried and I did. Once I was coming home from school. I jumped on a milk team. When I jumped I lost my balance and fell flat in a mud-hole. Boys are not so good, ind, gentle, and stupid as girls are.

"A boy is a small biped, not very large, but they are large enough to be in mischief. In summer most of the boys steal all the fruit they can, and chew tobacco and smoke it, and fight, and swear, and curse, and tell lies, and are lazy, and saucy, and sulky, and are proud. In school they whisper and play and do not like to study when the teacher is not looking; and most of them come with dirty hands and faces, and they dirty up the yard and building, and run away. The boys play ball, polo, shinny, racing, flying kites, horse, switch, bull-in-the ring, hide-and-go-seek, tag, chasing, trapping, jumping, running, swimming. At home some boys sauce their mother, and don't want to do any errands for their mother. I have seen some boys ask their mother for a cent, and if they will not give them one they will begin to cry, and if they get one they will begin to laugh and sing and jump. In winter they will be crying for sleds. A boy asked me for a match to smoke a pipe, and I told him that his match was on the State Farm. Boys are always into mischief.—*Providence Journal.*

He Was Brought Up Right.

"Come heah, Gawge Washin'ton. Whaf fur yo' gwine steal dem chickens?" screamed an old colored woman to her boy, who was slipping around the house with something under his coat. "I nebbah stole no chickens; who tole yo' I done it?" replied the boy, facing around and twisting his coat well toward his back. "Nobody done tole me; can't see dem yaller laigs hanging down behind yo' close?" "W'y, mammy, I buyed um, sho's yo' live." "Go 'way, chile; doan lie to yo' mammy; dem chickens 'long to Ma's Jones; I seed um in his coop yistidday." "Dey's mine; I buyed um from Ma's Jones hisself." "Wha'd yo' git de money?" "W'y, mammy, I tuck hit outen his drawah wen he let me in de shop." "Yo' ain't lyin' now, is yo', Gawge Washin'ton?" "No, I ain't mammy, sho." "Well, Gawge Washin'ton, I'se powahful glad yo' didn't steal dem chickens; I'se been mighty keerful to fotch yo' up right, an' when I seed dem yaller laigs I wuz sho' yo' wuz furgettin' my teachin' an' wuz follerin' in de footsteps of yo' po' old foddah."

No Use.

Backwoods school-teacher (to boy)—How far have you gone?

Boy—Ain't never been very fur, 'bout ten mile from home, I reckon.

Teacher—I mean how far have you advanced in your book?

Boy—Over ter this here pictur.

Teacher—Why, that's where the first lesson begins. You can't spell, can you?

Boy—Ken spell dog an' dam, but ain't no great shakes on bird an' hossfly.

Teacher—You little rascal, you must not talk that way. Did your father ever hear you talk that way?

Boy—Nome.

Teacher—Then I'm glad that there's some one whom you respect.

Boy—No use'n talk'n that way befo' dad, fur he's deef. Ef er hoss wus ter fling dad he couldn't hear hisse'f hit the ground.

The Parrot's Idea of Sheol.

During our recent fire Loretta, Louis Yager's well known parrot became alarmed at the din and flew into the street. She lit in the midst of a lot of household goods, where a lady who had just been burned out was bemoaning her loss and crying:

"Oh, this is fearful; this is dreadful."

Loretta appeared to feel that way, too, but, owing to her somewhat limited vocabulary, she was not able to express herself with much variety of language. She perched herself on the lady's shoulder and remarked in a shrill voice that was heard above the roar of the flames and the cries of the firemen: "Oh, oh, oh; this is h—l; yes, you bet, this is h—l!"

The lady immediately parted company with her profane but earnest sympathizer.—*Folsom Telegram.*

Sweet Revenge.

She was red-headed and vindictive; he was mild and forbearing. After a dozen years of matrimony he was a ruin. One day she had been unusually belligerent.

"I hate you," she screamed. "I hate you worse every day, and I hated you the first day I ever saw you."

"Then why, in heaven's name, did you marry me?" he asked, with unusual emphasis.

"Because I hated you," she answered. And much wisdom fell upon the husband, so that he knew why he suffered.

Jones Was Convinced.

"Jones was at a dinner the other day where there were thirteen at the table," said Brown to his wife, "and he says he is convinced there is truth in the superstition. I went to visit him to-day and found him in a sad plight."

"Why, what happened him?" asked Mrs. Brown.

"His mother-in-law had just come to pay a month's visit. He says he will never sit down where there's thirteen at table again. Misfortune is sure to follow."

"Brute!" was her only comment.

Idem Sonans Etymology.

"My dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?"

"Don't you know what a canard is?" queried Snaggs, rather sneeringly; "why, the word itself conveys its own meaning."

"Does it? Well, really, I can't see it. What does it mean, dear?"

"Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course."

"Oh, to be sure, Why couldn't I think of that?"—*Tid-Bits.*

He Knew His Duty.

This story brings to mind one that is told of a Confederate guard who was once on duty ever in South Carolina. An officer was discussing war matters, and remarked: "You know your duty here, do you, sentinel?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, sir, suppose they should open on you with shells and musketry, what would you do?"

"Form a line, sir."

"What! one man form a line?"

"Yes, sir; form a bee line for camp, sir."

He Wanted a Little Jubilee.

Judge—Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?

Criminal—Yes, your Honor, this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee.

Miscellany.

THE LITERARY EDITOR'S VACATION.

The Troubles That Awaited Her on a Return from an Outing.

Lilian Whiting in New York Graphic.

The literary editor had been on her vacation. She had not wanted a vacation. She had drifted into a particularly felicitous atmosphere that summer, where all her days and dreams were alike *couleur de rose*, and one can't be more than happy, she urged. Then why disintegrate the days and dreams by an untimely taking off? The masculine logic of her associates, however, appeared to be of that unanswerable quality common to the superior mind. She might not need a vacation now, it argued, but perhaps some other time she might need one, and then she would be in despair at not having embraced this opportunity. It was easier to embrace the opportunity than—well, other objects that had dimly foreshadowed themselves as possible candidates for that distinction. So she yielded. I regret to chronicle that the literary editor was not a strong-minded woman. I am sure it would have been a great deal better for her if she had been, besides affording certain heroic possibilities now denied to her biographer. But she was, at best, a rather poor creation of moods and tenses, easily magnetized by the dominant influence of the moment and not given to that sublimity of self-assertion that marks the woman who proclaims her right to "a voice" in the councils of the universe. Nor had she that repose which markes the cast of Vere de Vere. It took very little, sometimes, of stars and silences and sunsets, to set her pulses thrilling. She was apt to be caught up in the beatitudes without any very tangible occasion for it, and tried by a system of severe analysis, you would have found her sadly wanting. And so it fell out that she agreed to the vacation that was in its way a species of greatness thrust upon her. She did not set out with that exhilaration which an alleged festivity might have suggested as the appropriate drapery of the spirit. But in her loyalty to the traditional reverence due the masculine intellect of her staff associates, she made no allusion to her failure in attaining mental felicity suited to the occasion. The vacation proved as dreary as her worst forebodings. An exile is not a holiday. Because she lived and moved and had her delighted being in sea air, she was recommended to go inland. She complied, and therefore knew not a well day during the period when her alert associates were heard to announce cheerfully that "Miss Amateur is off enjoying her vacation, don't you know." However, this vacation, like all things in this transitory world, came to an end, and as it formed merely the prologue to the real tragedy it may be dismissed without further consideration.

On returning, the literary editor, feeling strangely untuned and unstrung from her depressing exile, sat down with mingled curiosity, interest, hopes and fears, before an appaling accumulation of mail, and as its tenor forms a clue to the literary labyrinth of the day—of this "most self-conscious age," as Edgar Fawcett very aptly describes it, perhaps a slight resume may afford the reader a moment's amusement. Opening one formidable looking missive she read:

Dear Miss Amateur:—The last time I had the pleasure of seeing you I believe you kindly promised to insert any personal items of interest that I had to communicate to you about myself. Now, if you will do so I think you may do some good, besides pleasing myself and large circle of friends round the compass by mentioning that I am prospering in a literary way. Every magazine article I have written for a year has brought the price asked for it, and of 22 new poems within nine month fourteen have been accepted with amiable alacrity at good and in most cases excellent figures. Many of these will shortly appear in the *Critic*, *Outing*, the *Century*, the *Saturday Graphic*, *Literary Life*, and other valuable periodicals. I have written a dramatic poem of 525 lines, of the most intense and thrilling character. This will appear in ——. I have asked the editor to send you advance sheets, and if you think it worth noticing in your department of the "Critical Connoisseur," I am happy to afford you this privilege. You had also better announce that I am to furnish the leading paper for —— in December. This involves great historical research, and I shall dispel many long and carefully coddled illusions—

* * * * * * * *

The literary editor rang for restoratives. The dramatic critic rushed in and fanned her with an old play bill; the musical editor bestowed on her two tickets to a free concert to which it was feared no one would go; the financial man repeated to her some jargon "of the Street." The telegraph editor predicted another earthquake immediately, and that suggestion restored the literary editor at once. An earthquake might swallow up her mail. She revived. With Spartan determination she opened the next—

"Last week," wrote this genius, "I completed a romance. I entitled it 'The Fated Coquette.' That will, I believe, give me a little popularity and money, if published by the right firm, and reviewed and advertised to some extent. I cannot in a few words give you a sketch of this novelette, but can simply say it is very nice indeed. I consider my heroine much like 'Daisy Miller.' You can read it through in a few hours, and this will be a kindness to me, as I wish you to suggest the right publisher. I am not vain or egotistic, but I feel certain that if I could only find the right publisher to take my 'Fatal Coquette' she would win her way easily. You will thus do me a kindness I shall never forget, and perhaps some time in the future I can repay you. My MS. is written very carefully, and very plainly, and no publisher or editor has seen it."

Epistle number three proved to be a request or rather a command, from a valiant spirit in Nebraska, that the literary editor would at once write her "a thorough and careful statement of the suffrage work in the east." Number five was from a lady in Nova Scotia, evidently undergoing "a process of culture," who bade Miss Amateur send her "an accurate description of the methods of the Woman's Club in Boston." As the literary editor knew about as much regarding the "methods" of this famous club as she did about the proceedings of the Amphictyonic Council of Greece, the command was slightly hard. A man in Texas wrote, saying:

I have read with interest your remarks on "theosophy" and write to ask you what books bearing on the subject can be bought and what is the probable price of them?

The Grand Duchess, a social magnate of the city who had been graciously pleased to be very kind to the literary editor, and who was just then sailing down the Nile, wrote, saying:

"It is not true that the dinner was given to me by the Sultan Shah ra-man, but, instead, he was the guest of honor, and his Imperial Majesty took me in, which you might, if you happen to think of it, just mention. No one deprecates this personal society gossip as I do. I think the American habit is pernicious. The Countess of Ischia and four princesses are with us, and dear Lady Bolingbroke, and I have received the most distinguished attention from them all. If you should speak of it do not misspell the Countess's name.

A postal card appeared:

"I have heard," says the writer, "that some time last summer the 'Critical Connoisseur' mentioned my garden party. If you will just look it up and send me a few copies, it will be very sweet of you."

Still another:

"My dear Miss Amateur," severely writes a reformer, you will never do any real work in the world until you espouse the Cause of Woman. You are trifling with your opportunities. We hold the semi-annual convention for unconditional emancipation at—on the 20th, and I desire you to come and give this subject your attention. Literature is of no consequence."

And the literary editor recalls the letter of the author of "The Fatal Coquette," and mechanically echoed, "Literature is of no consequence."

The Flying Years.

Little Dorrit—Mamma, when does my birthday come?

Dashing young widow—Next week, pet.

How old will I be?

Why! gracious me! Can it be possible? You will be nine years old; just think of it.

Well, I'll think of it.

No, no; I mean don't think of it.

More Practical than Wiggins.

There is a good deal of practical common sense in the answer of the old cook in New Orleans when her young mistress told her of Wiggins's coming earthquake. "Go 'long chile," she said; "go 'long, wid yer nonsense! God-a-mity don't go and tell anybody what He's gwine to do; He jes' go 'long and do it."

WINE IN A SLIPPER.

How a Young Married Woman Offered Champagne—The Tipsy Act of a Beauty.

Washington society for a week or more has been greatly agitated by an incident which occurred recently at White Sulphur Springs. Hints of the matter have crept into the papers, but the true particulars have never been published, and are as follows.

A young married woman who has not yet emerged from her teens, and who was a reigning society beauty, was led to the altar by one of the wealthiest young men in this section of the country just one year ago. After the wedding the young couple went abroad and spent the winter on the continent. They returned here in June, and the beautiful young wife set the town on fire with the profusion and elegance of her toilets. Soon after she went to White Sulphur. During her husband's absence she met quite a large number of gentlemen who had formerly been in the train of her admirers.

One day there was quite a party of these young bloods in the hotel, waiting for something to turn up. The bride happened to be passing, and she was invited to step in and take a glass of wine. The young man who was doing the entertaining was Mr. Hal Delaney, of Loudoun county, Va. He inherited an immense estate from a relative in England, that alone brings him an income of $80,000. Besides this, he has other revenues that insure him an annual income of at least $100,000. He spends most of his time traveling, or in the winter in the gayest scenes of Washington and New York society. He is generally accredited with being the greatest catch of the season. When the young married woman accepted the invitation to join the drinking party one glass was taken, only to be followed by another. One bottle disappeared and others took its place, until, if the truth must be told, the bride was in anything but a presentable condition.

In the excitement and exhilaration of the moment she took one of her dainty slippers from a foot which Cinderella herself might have envied and filling it to the brim with the sparkling and effervescent champagne challenged the host to quaff its contents. The young millionaire was surprised and quietly declined to accede to the request. Then she appealed to the others present around the board, and one in a spirit of bravado actually drank the wine. The next day the fact was reported about the hotel and the young man who had been anxious to please the capricious beauty found that the social atmosphere was getting altogether too sultry for him. He returned to Washington, and has since kept very shady. Not long since the wife returned. There are reports of stormy scenes between husband and his eccentric spouse, but it is generally understood that peace has been restored and that all has been forgiven on the "won't-do-it-again" basis.

LIFE IN CHICAGO.

Some of the Queer Things That Happen in That City.

A wee mite of a boy, pursued by a man six feet tall, ran south on State street at 11 o'clock on Sunday night. Fugitive and pursuer were in the middle of the thoroughfare.

"Gimme the money you stole from me," yelled the giant.

"I ain't gotcher money," whined the boy, as his little red feet pattered on the Belgian blocks.

There was a moment of silence, and then the lad collided with a telegraph line repairer's reel which was standing in the street. He tumbled into a little heap and remained motionless until his pursuer came up. Men who had watched the chase gathered round the half-dazed boy and helped him to his feet.

"Gimme my money, you pickpocket," gasped the big man.

The little fellow thrust one of his dirty hands into his inside coat pocket, and drew forth three silver quarters.

"Dem's all I've got," he sniffled; "and dere all mine."

The big man seemed to remember something when he saw the boy dive into his coat pocket. He looked around at the crowd in a sheepish way, and then slowly sank one of his big paws into his own coat pocket. He fumbled around for a moment, felt what he thought had been stolen, and then slunk away without even apologizing to the boy.

A tall white house and a little brown cottage stand close together on the west side of Lincoln street, near Madison. The *entente cordiale* which for some existed between the women who live in both buildings has been broken, and they are now at war. The woman in the white house said some naughty things, and the people in the brown cottage talked back in a very unparliamentary manner. After a fierce dual of words the woman in the little brown cottage hired a carpenter and told him to build a fence twenty feet high between the two buildings. This was done, and now the people who pass by wonder what the big pine board barrier means.—*Chicago Herald.*

The Peace of Europe.

Ex-Pres. Hayes said yesterday that he had no faith in the rumors that were constantly springing up of an open rupture between the nations of Europe. Said he: "The governments of the Old World are on such a verge of ruin financially and in such a precarious state as to the control of their subjects that they cannot afford to have war, and for this reason alone I am inclined to the belief that they will settle their differences peaceably. There is another reason for this belief, which is that the tendency of modern civilization is toward arbitration. As this country grows in population and wealth our influence in favor of perpetual peace will preponderate among the nations of the globe. When we shall have reached 100,000,000, with our increasing wealth, we shall be in a commanding position. I do not agree with the talk about the necessity for armies and ships of war. Our coast defenses might be strengthened. But I think that we do not need armies and ships of war so much as to go on increasing the education and intelligence of our population and the accumulation of wealth with which we may control everything." Mr. and Mrs. Hayes started for their home in Ohio yesterday. Their daughter returned to school in Massachusetts.—*N. Y. Tribune, Oct. 9.*

Where Did "Dude" Come From?

Who invented the word dude? Why, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, or else the traditions of the Union Club are way off. A dozen explanations have recently been printed upon this important subject. It is assuming in the provincial press the consequence of the hoary conundrums about "Beautiful Snow" and William Patterson. The simple fact is that Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, who is distinguished by a deep contempt for effeminacy in either dress or manner, sat one day at a window gazing abstractedly upon Fifth avenue. Other members occupied other windows, also contemplating the passing show. Along came a very much over dressed youth with so affected a manner and so mincing a gait that involuntarily one of the clubmen began humming an accompaniment to the step, thus: "Da, da de, du—du, da, de, du." "That's good," exclaimed Mr. Oelrich, with a sudden inspiration. "I wander what to call it. It ought to be called a dude." And dude it has been called, and all the imitators and varieties of it ever since.—*New York World.*

Napoleon's Illegitimate Sons.

George Augustus Sala is authority for the following: "With regard to the query whether I have known any other supposititious sons of Napoleon, I can reply 'Yes.' I have seen two—the late Count Walewski, some time foreign minister to Napoleon III, and an Italian named Emiliania, in his time a noted violin player. I can see him now—it was about 1840—in the orchestra of the Philharmonic society, in face and figure the very 'fetch' of dead Cæsar. I have read, too, in the feuilleton of some French paper, that there was also a black or mulatto Napoleon, born in Egypt, with a Nubian for a mamma. The black Napoleon, according to the French feuilletonist, made a shockingly bad end of it; in fact, he was guillotined for murder at Marseilles shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe."

A Fair Shaft and a Centre Shot.

Papa is simply fuming over the action of the Lord Mayor in opening a fund for the relief of sufferers from the earthquakes in America. "Surely," he says, "America, whence come all the millionaires to strut their little hour upon our social stage, is able to provide for her own poor."—*Cousin Maud in London Truth.*

Recent Literature.

Knowledge is clothed in such a pleasant form in these later days, that the boy or girl who does not possess a fund of intelligence when mature years are reached, shows simply an entire lack of appreciation of opportunities. Books are multiplied each year, written by the best authors, putting both science and history in the simplest and most attractive guise, yet giving the main facts, and laying, if read and remembered, a solid foundation for future acquirements.

One of the latest among historical works is "The Boys' Book of Famous Rulers," by Lydia Hoyt Farmer, already known by "The Story of Science," "The Prince of the Flaming Star," and others. The present work begins with the story of Agamemnon, as taken from the "Iliad." It is followed by Cyrus the Great, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and so on with the most famous rulers down to Napoleon I. The style is pleasant, and the stories well told. The book is fully illustrated and well bound. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

Another entertaining book from the same house is "The Christmas Country and Other Tales," which is a collection of stories written and translated by Mary J. Safford. The stories are prettily written and full of the strange and mysterious doings of fairies and magicians which so enthrall children even when they know that they are creatures of the imagination. To them for the time being they are real and wonderful creatures, and they follow the tales of their actions with absorbing interest.

Crowell & Co. also send a novel entitled "Crime and Punishment," by Feodor M. Dosteyscosky, which, as the name of the author discloses, is of Russian life and people. It has all the characteristics of the modern Russian novel, with which the American reading public is now becoming familiar. The author is now ranking with the famous writers, Turgenief, lately dead, and Tolstoi, who is yet living. The present novel tells of a murder and of the punishment which dogs the murderer. It is exceedingly realistic, full of thrilling incident, and though the characters, many of them, are anything but attractive, the *morale* of the novel is good. The picture the book draws of Nihilism is a very vivid one, though it is a work wholly non-political in character. The lovers of these Russian novels, and the number is rapidly increasing, will find the present one full of absorbing interest.

In the series issued by D. Appleton & company, New York, of "English Worthies," edited by Andrew Lang, comes "Raleigh," by Edmund Gasse, M. A., with whose literary work in other directions the public is familiar. He has attempted to give a sketch of the life of this great man, disengaged from the general history of the time. It is well written and extremely interesting. It is an excellent additiou to the series.

From the Appletons comes "The Two Spies: Nathan Hale and John Andre," by Benson J. Lossing, LL.D. The book is illustrated with pen-and-ink sketches by H. Rosa. There is also included Anna Seward's Monody on Major Andre. The author's style is so well known that the book needs no recommendation as to its merits. It is a clearly written and most delightful sketch of the lives of these two men, and will be read with the greatest pleasure.

"Little Tu'penny" is a story by S. Baring Gould, the scene of which is laid in the neighborhood of London. The heroine is "Little Tu'penny," so called by her schoolmaster first as a short way of pronouncing her real name, Triptolema. She is a pretty, coquettish child, who was spoiled by everybody, grew up, threw away a heart of gold that was offered to her for one of lead, suffered, but finally reached happiness. Published by the Appletons.

The last History Primer from the same house is "The Development of the Roman Constitution," by Ambrose Tighe. This little book will be a great aid to the student of Roman history. It is made up of a series of tracts touching the salient points in the past of the Roman nation, prepared for the use of the students in Yale College, where the author was for some time a tutor.

"The Lady of the Isle, or the Island Queen," is one of Mrs. E D E N. Southwork's exciting novels belonging to the cheap edition of her works now being issued by T. B. Peterson and Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. This edition is printed upon fine paper, and bound in morocco cloth at $1 50 a volume. The whole set includes 43 volumes.

"Love and Medicine," a novel by Dr. Charles F. Gillian, is issued by Gray & Clarkson, Washington, D. C. It is, the author says, a love story, and not a learned disquisition on the subject of medicine, and yet the effort has been made to call attention to a few points in the law, education and practice as affecting medical men, in a way to interest the general reader as well as the profession. The story opens in a village among the coalfields of Southern Ohio, and most of the incidents took place in its neighborhood.

"The Emigrant's Farewell" is a very pretty ballad, music by W. F. Strong, of Shenandoah, Iowa, and words by Miss Myra Johnson, of Toledo. Published by the Presto Publishing Company, Des Moines, Iowa.

Numbers 36 and 37 of Cassell's National Library are "Lives of the English Poets" and "Nathan the Wise, A Dramatic Poem of Five Acts." Price ten cents each. Cassell and Company, New York.

Literary Notes.

Margaret Sidney's new book will be entitled "Hester, and other New England Stories."

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's pen is again busy at a new series of articles on Mexico, which, when completed, will appear in *Harpers' Magazine*.

Miss Kathleen O'Meara, the biographer of Madame Mohl, has, it is reported, placed in the hands of the Harpers a striking novel which they will soon publish.

It is now stated that Miss Cleveland is likely soon to sever her connection with *Literary Life*, being displeased with the advertising methods of the publishers.

Simultaneous publication in New York, London and Paris is to be given Blanche Roosevelt's latest story, "The Copper Queen." The book will be issued in about three weeks.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett's new novel, "The House at High Bridge," comes from the Ticknor press next week. The scene opens with two of the characters stepping off an elevated car uptown.

The Rev. Robert Yuck will soon publish, through Mr. Whittaker, a book with the suggestive title of "A Hand-Book of Biblical Difficulties, or Reasonable Solutions of Perplexing Things in Sacred Scriptures."

A novelette entitled "Brueton's Bayou" has been writen by John Habberton, and will appear in the next number of *Lippincott*. The publishers propose to print hereafter in each number a complete short novel.

Gen. Wallace says that his forthcoming book is a romance of Turkish life founded upon his observations in the East. He declares that when traveling he writes "anywhere and at any time, as the opportunity comes."

Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge has resumed her duties as editor of *St. Nicholas*, while her evenings are engaged in writing a new book for boys. Mrs. Dodge receives a salary of $5,000 for her editorial work, and has besides a profitable block of stock in the *Century* company. A new edition of the author's famous story "Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates," has just been published.

With the October issue, the enterprising Buffalo Magazine, *Queries*, was enlarged by the addition of sixteen pages of reading matter. The new features consist of miscellaneous reading matter, critical essays, poetical extracts, readings from new books, and a number of superior illustrations. An excellent full page engraving of Constance Fenimore Woolson, and portraits of Locker, E. W. Howe, and Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, are also given.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary, the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE COCAINE HABIT.

The Worst Slavery Known—New Revelations of Power.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

When cocaine was discovered the medical world exclaimed "thank heaven!"

But useful as it is, it is also dangerous, especially when its use is perverted from the deadening of pain for surgical operations, to the stimulation and destruction of the human body. Its first effects are soothing and captivating, but the thralldom is the most horrible slavery known to humanity.

J. L. Stephens, M. D., of Lebanon, O., was interviewed by our reporter yesterday at the Grand Hotel, and during the conversation the doctor said: "The cocaine habit is a thousand times worse than the morphine and opium habits, and you would be astonished," he said, "if you knew how frightfully the habit is increasing."

"What are its effects?"

"It is the worst constitution wrecker ever known. It ruins the liver and kidneys in half a year, and when this work is done, the strongest constitution soon succumbs."

"Do you know of Lr. Underhill's case here in Cincinnati?"

"That leading physician who became a victim of the cocaine habit? Yes. His case was a very sad one, but the habit can be cured. I have rescued many a man from a worse condition."

"What, worse than Dr. Underhill's?"

"Indeed, sir, far so. Justin M. Hall, A. M., M. D., president of the state board of health, of Iowa, and a famed practitioner, and Alexander Neil, M. D., professor of surgery in the Columbus Medical college, and president of the Academy of Medicine, a man widely known, Rev. W. P. Clancey, of Indianapolis, Ind., from personal experience in opium eating, etc., can tell you of the kind of success our form of treatment wins, and so can H. C. Wilson, formerly of Cincinnati, who is now associated with me."

"Would you mind letting our readers into the secret of your methods?"

"Well, young man, you surely have a good bit of assurance to ask a man to give his business away to the public; but I won't wholly disappoint you. I have treated over 20,000 patients. In common with many eminent physicians, I, for years made a close study of the effects of the habits on the system and the organs which they most severely attack. Dr. Hall, Dr. Neil and Mr. Wilson, whom I have mentioned, and hundreds of others, equally as expert, made many similar experiments on their own behalf. We each found that these drugs worked most destructively in the kidneys and liver; in fact, finally destroyed them. It was then apparent that no cure could be effected until those organs could be restored to health. We recently exhausted the entire range of medical science, experimenting with all known remedies for these organs, and as the result of these close investigations we all substantially agreed, though following different lines of inquiry, that the most reliable, scientific preparation, was Warner's safe cure. This was the second point in the discovery. The third was our own private form of treatment, which, of course, we do not divulge to the public. Every case that we have treated first with Warner's safe cure, then with our own private treatment, and followed up again with Warner's safe cure for a few weeks, has been successful. These habits can't be cured without using it, because the habit is nourished and sustained in the liver and kidneys. The habit can be kept up in moderation, however, if free use be also made, at the same time, of that great remedy."

"Yes, it is the world-famed and justly celebrated specific! Like many other physicians, I used to deride the claims made for it, but I know now for a fact that it is the world's greatest blessing, having sovereign power over hitherto incurable diseases of the kidneys and liver, and when I have said that, young man, I have said nearly everything, for most diseases originate in, or are aggravated by, a depraved condition of the kidneys.

"People do not realize this, because, singular as it may seem, the kidneys may be in a very advanced stage of decomposition, and yet owing to the fact that there are but few nerves of sensation in them the subject will not experience much pain therein. On this account thousands of people die every year of kidney disease unknowingly. They have so called disorders of the head, of the heart and lungs and stomach, and treat them in vain, for the real cause of their misery is deranged kidneys and if they were restored to health the other disorders would soon disappear."

Dr Stephens's experience, that can be confirmed by many thousands whom he has treated, adds only more emphasis to the experience of many hundreds of thousands all over the world, that the remedy he refers to is without any doubt the most beneficent discovery ever given to humanity.

RESULTS OF ALCOHOL.

Pathological Signs of Alcoholism Described by the Coroner's Physician.

The following order in the occurrence of the important and more frequent lesions may be roughly given from my autopsy records of 250 persons who died from alcoholism strictly:

The "pig-backed" or alcoholic kidneys	248 times.
Fatty, infiltrated, enlarged liver	220 times.
Cystitis, acute and chronic	170 times.
Mammilated stomach (or chronic thickening of walls)	150 times.
Congestion and œdema of brain (meningeal and ventricular)	150 times.
Simple cardiac hypertrophy	90 times.
Atheroma of vessels and valvular heart disease	50 times.
Acute gastritis	50 times.
Bright's disease (various forms)	25 times.
Phthisis	20 times.
Cerebral apoplexy	10 times.
Cirrhosis of liver, with contraction below normal	6 times.

The constant occurance of the "pigbacked" or alcoholic kidney in hard drinkers who perished from their drinking, and the rarity of kidneys of such character in those who are not confirmed drunkards, induced me to regard the kidneys as a valuable sign in post-mortem diagnosis, and next to the presence of alcohol in the stomach, they, together with the large, fatty liver, the most valuable proof that alcohol was operative or had contributed in producing death.—*Medical News.*

"Alone, Alone, All, All Alone."

The sea is still untamed and untamable, and the strongest fabrics of men are but weak things when forces of nature have their will. It will seem to many persons singular that, during the period of more than three weeks since the Anchoria sailed from Glasgow, she has not been seen by any other vessel. This fact, however, will not appear strange to any one who has crossed the sea. One's expectation, on setting out for the first time to Europe, is that the voyage will be a constant panorama of passing steamers and sailing vessels; nor is this belief unreasonable, in view of the fact that on an average 3,000 steamships alone put to sea annually from each side of the Atlantic. When anticipation is changed to experience, one feels a great surprise in considering, or arriving at the opposite shore, that he has not seen a single steamer (or at most one or two) during the voyage, and not above a dozen sailing vessels, except when leaving or entering port. Reflection then shows that the ocean is a large affair, and that, besides it, the continents are but insignificant bodies of land. In these days, too, when the science of seamanship is so exact, and routes from port to port are laid down with care and adhered to closely in order that quick passages may be made, vast spaces of the sea are left unfurrowed by any keel, and driven by storm into any of these, a vessel is as surely lost to the sight of the world as if locked in the ice of the pole. Entering into and emerging from these solitudes, the movements of a vessel are as mysterious and weird as anything of which the human mind takes cognizance.

"Sweet Maud Muller."

Whittier's beautiful ballad contains a touching allusion to the many cares and sorrows which wear upon the "heart and brain" of a wife and mother. Thousands of weary suffering women have found Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" a marvellous recuperator of wased strength, and of sovereign efficacy in all those derangements and maladies peculiar to their sex, by reason of which the vitality is gradually sapped, and the cheek robbed prematurely of its bloom. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists

"Nib's" Timely Advice.

Nib's real name is Nathaniel. He is an ardent temperance worker, and is as active in the good cause as if he were fifty instead of five. He belongs to a society which he calls the "Band o' Dope," and he has taken an iron-clad pledge against almost everything. He was playing about on the floor one day when his sister said, "Nib, I'm writing to grandma. What shall I tell her for you?" That grandmother is a particularly saintly old lady, but Nib put down his toy wagon, and after pondering a moment, answered impressively: "Tell grandma to remember to be good, and not to use tobacco in any of its forms."

S OZODONT the ladies pride,
O nly rivals it deride.
Z ephyrs of flower laden air,
O nly with it can compare,
D oing good to everything,
O n every side its praises ring;
N eglect to use it, ladies won't,
T hey all must have their SOZODONT.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

Stray Shots from the Batteries.

G. W. Roe, of Lincoln, Mo., writes that his messmate Jimmy McDowell was detailed to do scout duty while the 11th Kansas was stationed at Coldwater, Mo. The task was a very dangerous one and McDowell did not care to own up that he was afraid, so he said that his "faith was not fattened for the trap."

S. E. Sprague, of East Boston, Mass., says: I am glad to hear from J. M. Sharp, of 3d Louisiana infantry; glad to shake hands through the CAMP FIRE. We all know that the boys in gray did some remarkable fighting, and although blue is a color that will last forever, still gray makes a very good suit. I hope that there will be no occasion to wear the gray again, and that you still love the blue and that we shall often hear from you and others who wore the gray through the columns of the BLADE.

Comrade Ashley, of the 20th Ind. Battery, Table Grove, Ill., says: "Spare the loyal Democrats, for it was only the valor and loyalty of those who stood by us in the carnage of battle, that gives to Democracy to-day the only decent garment she possesses with which to hide her national and political sins."

Fay B. Tanner, of Winfield, Kan., writes: "Being a constant reader of the CAMP FIRE, and a veteran's son, I will add a chip to the fire. My father was in the service from '61 till 65, and was through the war in the 22d Indiana under Jeff C. Davis, from Pea Ridge to Bentonsville, participating in all the campaigns of the army of the Cumberland, in Missouri, Arkansas, Mississippi, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia, and Sherman's march to the sea. He was captain of Co. B, 22d Ind., 3d brigade, 2d div., 14th army corps. My father would be glad to hear from any of his old comrades, through the CAMP FIRE.

Frank Healey, of Fremont, writes: For a number of years I have read the CAMP FIRE and have read sketches of almost every battle fought by almost every corpse in the army but one, and that was Akorn Run, in North Carolinia. I would like to have some of the old 14th A. C. give us a breeze on the speed of those corps at the above named battle.—FRANK HEALY, Co. I, 31st Wis. 3d Brig., 1st Div., 20th A. C., Fremont, Neb.

A Chapter on Pensions.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—The reunions are all over for this year. I am glad that there is so much interest taken in them. Some time since, it was said that they were of short life; would soon die, as they deserved that the war was over, and as we had conquered the South, we ought to be satisfied and not harrow up Southern feelings by over-reunions and commemoration of our victories. Boys, let me gently whisper in your, "Just as long as there are two of us left, we will keep them up." If the old soldier has not a right to rejoice, who has?

The 31st O. V. V. I. had its reunion at Somerville, Perry county, O., the 10th and 11th of August, 1886. Yes, and Little Phil (Gen. Sheridan) was there. When I shook his hand, at his mother's home, on that beautiful Wednesday morning, surrounded, as he was, by his mother, his brother (the colonel), the mayor, and others. I said to him, "General, things are greatly changed since I saw you last." He asked quickly, "When did you see me last?" I answered, "At Appomattox, the morning of Lee's surrender." "Yes," said he, and his eyes fairly danced and sparkled, "yes, that was the morning we did them up for good." Time has left its mark upon him, and he begins to show that he, too, has felt its heavy hand, and that old Father Time has no respect for rank or station.

The 62nd O. V. V. I. had its third annual reunion at New Lexington, O., September 2, 1886. One hundred and fifty-three of the boys answered to the roll call. We will never forget the grand reception given us by the citizens of old Perry. A column headed by the brass band and drum corps, followed by a great many of the boys, who had arrived on the early trains, marched up Main street to the parts in front of the Court-house, when we were received by the mayor and town in general. Mayor Braddock, in a neat and appropriate speech, gave us the town in such a hearty manner that to have refused its acceptance would have been an unpardonable offense. The undersigned responded to the mayor in behalf of the regiment, accepting the trust given us and thanking him for the honors conferred. After dinner the election of officers and other business took place. At 8 p. m. we again met in the opera-house, where we had a real, old-fashioned love feast, which lasted until after midnight. Friday morning was spent in songs, speeches, etc., until near noon, when we marched to the hall of the M. E. church, when one of the finest spreads was served by the ladies of New Lexington that we had ever seen. After dinner we again assembled in the grove, where we were addressed by the orator of the day, Chaplain Byers. To appreciate his address it should have been heard, as we cannot describe the wonderful pathos of his voice and manner. Our next reunion will be at Rushville, O., and let us all be there and make it just what we enjoyed at New Lexington—one of the most pleasant times of our existence. Now boys, please stop calling names and give poor Grover a chance to do the best he can, for I'm sure that will be poor enough.—W. L. ADAMSON, company A, 62d O. V. V. I., Corning, Perry county, Ohio.

Comrade Dixon Again.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I had thought Shiloh, so far as I was concerned, would be allowed to rest. I perceive by your last issue, however, that I have been mistaken. Comrade T. W. Dixon reads me quite a homily on this same subject and wonders that any one in his right mind can make the assertions I do. To speak of things as they occur within our compass of observation is not necessarily an evidence of a wandering or unsound mind, and I repeat that so far as I could see on the morning of April 7, 1862, a goodly portion of Grant's army lay under or adjacent to the river bank, that Nelson's and Crittenden's divisions and Kirk's and Rouseau's brigades of McCook's division were at the front protecting them. Grant might have won the battle of Shiloh—but he didn't.

Lew Wallace may have had men enough to save Grant without Buell, but they were not used for that purpose. Grant did not fight the battle of Shiloh, and Gen. Sherman did, if any one may properly have that credit, and when I say this, I do not disparage the work of any one of the generals engaged at the front, either of the days' fighting. W. H. L. Wallace surely did his duty, and far be it from me to detract one jot from the honor he sealed with his life-blood on a field that produced more cowards than any it was my misfortune to behold during four years of active service. Any man may do his duty well and nobly and not be able to direct events. Gen. Sherman at Shiloh did both. Grant's troops engaged Monday were heroes. I will not allow any comrade to go before me in saying so, but that they were unable alone to cope with the enemy is too true. I remember, as a sample of their strength, that the 72d Ohio, which we passed Monday on the way to the front, with Capt. Jack Wheeler, of Findlay, in command, had about 200 men, all he had left for duty after the battle of the day before.

I know those men did their duty on both days. Men from the back counties of Ohio always did that. I don't care a hooter's —what Capt. Chisholm may say about this or that. I want to hear the fellow talk who carries some of Shiloh's lead about as a souvenir of the contest. When I hear him I know he was there. Like Frank Wilkinson, "I think a little of the war history ought to be, by right, told by the fellows who served in the ranks." The admonition to Comrade Dixon to be fair is timely and amusing. I presume it to mean, under the circumstances, assent that Buell's army fought at Shiloh, and if they did, it was unnecessary. All right, but we did fight all the same, and if we had not, perhaps a different story might be told.—S. M. DIXON, late Co. A, 49th O. V. I.

From a Soldier's Son.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I am a constant reader of the CAMP FIRE, and will bring a pine knot from the mountains of Lincoln county, West Virginia, to keep the fire blazing. I am a soldier's son, and a Republican; and cannot see how any union soldier can vote the Democratic ticket, nor can I see how a soldier can set forth the argument that the soldier set forth from Blue Hill, Me., in a preceding issue of the BLADE. I, for one, have never seen a "free-trade, soft-money Republican;" nor do I agree with him as to Union soldiers voting the Democratic ticket. A man who fought against the Democratic war, should vote against the party that was the chief supporter of the secession movement; while it is true that all Democrats were not rebels, it is true that all rebels were Democrats; therefore, I do not see how any true Union man can vote with the party whose chief support is the solid South, and who are now as hostile to the colored Republicans of the South as they were to Abraham Lincoln in the sixties. I think in '88 we will vote out Veto Grover and put in a man worthy of the highest office at the people's hand—a man that will administer the affairs of our government in an economical way, without vetoing private pension bills. I am in favor of hoisting the same old banner of '84, with the immortal names of Blaine and Logan inscribed thereon and carrying them to certain victory. We are tired of the "reform administration." The fisheries question is a disgrace to the sacred old flag of our country, and the Cutting case shows the idiocy of the department of State. I would like to hear from some of my father's old comrades of the 173d O. V. I., commanded by Col. John R. Hurd. J. W. CARROLL, Hamlin, W. Va.

An Incident of '61.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have looked often in your columns for something from some of the old 14th O. V. I. Boys, do you remember the night we crossed the river at Cincinnati, about 3 o'clock in the morning, and as we were landing on the Kentucky side, how old Capt. McCabe stepped off the ferry boat and went down out of sight. As he popped up, his first lieutenant caught him and dragged him into the boat, looking like a drowned rat. We were then loaded on a freight train, and landed in Lexington that night, where we stayed until the next afternoon, and then started for Frankfort on a freight train, after old Humphrey Marshall, as we supposed. On our return trip that night, some parties fired into the train. Col. Steedman stopped the train, and some of the boys got off and made a vigorous search, and captured one bushwhacker with his gun. We took him to Lexington, and the next day, as Capt. McCabe was taking him to jail with two guards, they were met by a butcher, who, upon learning that the prisoner was a bushwhacker, jumped off his wagon and cut his throat. The fellow denied it, when Col. Steedman caught him. Boys, these things revive old memories, and make us think of the dark days of '61.—A MEMBER OF CO. K, 14th O. V. I.

Do Not Falter Now.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I will contribute a few words to the CAMP FIRE, hoping to bring a response from one or more of my old comrades, who I last parted company with at Kenesaw mountain, Ga., June 27, 1864. I was presented with a minie ball through my right knee in the charge of that morning, and have been ever since a suffering cripple, drawing $8 per month pension. I wish more of my old regiment would write to the CAMP FIRE. We are not ashamed of our record, as we participated honorably in several hard-fought battles, among which are Perryville, Ky., Chicamauga, the entire Atlanta campaign, in nearly all its engagements, losing over one-half of our regiment at Kenesaw, Ga., and finally accompanied Sherman in his triumphant march through Georgia. I think the removal from office of wounded Union soldiers, and putting in their place those that caused their wounds, should receive the disapproval and contempt of every loyal American citizen; and how the G. A. R. can endorse any such action under the laws governing preferment for office for Union soldiers is a mystery to me. Boys, you did not waver in facing the enemy in battle; be as firm now. We will soon all fall in line to help carry on the good work you have commenced, be it under the title of "Grand Army tf the Republic," "Veterans' Rights' Union," or any other name—GEORGE DELAND, Late Sergeant Co. I, 121st Regt., O. V. I., White Heath, Platt County, Ill.

His Last Smoke.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—An amusing incident occurred and came under my observation during the siege of Vicksburg. The command to which I belonged laid directly in front of the stockade, to the right of the ridge on which ran the Messurgutterry and Yazoo wagon roads. It was while on picket one night in front of our regiment, and within a few rods of the enemy's works, and firing had ceased along the lines with the exception of now and then a battery which would hurl a shell from behind us shrieking into the doomed city. A rebel and a Yankee struck up a conversation. Both were Irishmen, both came from Missouri, and I think that both were in the 8th Mo. rebel and Union armies. They were from the same locality, and after bantering each other a while, found that they were old acquaintances from the same neighborhood. After asking after friends that they knew were in the different commands the rebel Irishman said to our Irishman: "Say, Tom, can you come up this way and give me a pipe of tobacco?" "To the devil with you!" exclaimed our Irishman "Yez a dirty trather to your country and desarve to do for the want of a good smoke." Just at this moment Waterhouse Board of Trade Battery sent a shell which exploded in the immediate vicinity where the rebel Irishman was sitting on the earthworks, and our Irishman yelled over: "Say, you dirthy rebel, put that in your pipe and smoke it, now." But, poor fellow, I think the shell sent him to his long home, and my bunkmate, who lay near me, remarked: "I pity that poor fellow, for he never knew what killed him." I was on duty a great many nights after that and never heard him talking again.—S. J. ARNETT, Co. G, 35th Ia.

The First Gun at Shiloh.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I saw a letter in the CAMP FIRE of the BLADE of June 24, stating that there was not a gun fired until 7 or 8 o'clock on Monday at Shiloh. A comrade from the 9th Indiana battery says that the first gun was fired at 6 o'clock. It was an 8-inch howitzer in Lew Wallace's division on the right of the line. I belonged to Nelson's division and Hazen's brigade, Co. G, 9th Indiana infantry. The brigade was composed of the 41st Ohio, 9th Indiana, and 6th Kentucky. We were the first of Nelson's troops to land at Shiloh, reaching that place on Sunday evening about 5 o'clock, and crossed over the river on steamboats by dark. At daylight on Monday morning we were formed in line and were ordered forward. I know that we were driving the Rebs before 6 o'clock. Now the rebs were in our tents, which they had captured on Sunday. They were not long in getting in line of battle, and in the confusion one of our boys got away from them and came running across the open field that lay between the two lines. Our boys thought that he was running a sham race, and they yelled and howled as though they were making a charge on the enemy. We fired about 40 rounds, and they charged our lines. A comrade of Co. G, 9th Indiana, captured five rebels alone. His name was Christian Enfield.—JOHN WOLFE, Teaveland, Col.

Only a Cow.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—As I now live where pine knots are plenty, I will thrown on one or two to keep the fire burning. I was a member of the 46th Iowa infantry, Co. H, and I will tell a joke we got on our second lieutenant, Tallman Allen. While we were in camp at Collierville, Tenn., one night, there were several guns fired on one of the pickets. Of course the regiment was called out in line of battle. Myself and comrade R. N. Davis, had been on duty the night before, and, at the time, were sound asleep, and we failed to hear the firing or the long roll beat. The first thing we knew about it, Lieut. Allen had me by the foot, shaking me about as a dog would a polecat. He shouted, "Get out of here, G—d d—n it, the rebels are right upon us." Well, we got out. When we came to find out what the matter was, that some of the boys on picket had fired into an old cow, we had a good laugh at the lieutenant. I would like very much to hear from some of the 46th through the CAMP FIRE.—A. W. VOGLER, Bowling Green, Fla.

After Diptheria.

Diptheria is a terrible disease, requiring the greatest medical skill to effect a complete cure. Even when its power is broken, it clings to the patient with great persistency, and often leaves the system poisoned and prostrated. Just here Hood's Sarsaparilla does a vast amount of good, expelling impurities from the blood, giving it richness and vitality, while it renovates and strengthens the system.

Effect of Tea on Health.

The consumption of tea has become so enormous as to have suggested a study of its effects upon the health of the people. There are those who look upon it as an evil only second to that connected with the excessive use of alcohol. Tea is spoken of as an agreeable cerebral stimulant, quickening intellectual operations, removing headache and fatigue, and promoting cheerfulness and a sense of well-being. When it is used to excess the digestive and nervous systems are especially affected. There is no doubt that there are cases of dyspepsia caused by the inordinate use of strong tea; and it is also a matter of common observation that sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, and nervous irritability often follow the prolonged use of this beverage. Tea-drinkers, by which we mean those who use tea to excess, are to be found in all classes of society. The fact should be impressed upon such persons that tea is not a food and can not, therefore, without risk to health, be substituted for articles of diet which form both flesh and bone.—*Science.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

The Charleston Earthquake!

STARTLING INCIDENTS OF LOVE, TREACHERY AND CRIME!

ADRIFT AMID THE RUINS!

It was the night of the Great Earthquake, Tuesday, August 31, 1886.

In a vast and luxuriously furnished apartment of his baronial old mansion near East Bay street, Charleston, Major Wentworth was seated, his still keen and glittering black eyes bent in a scowling gaze upon the sumptuously carpeted floor.

A skeleton-faced, thin-lipped, hawk-eyed old gamester, with the greed of a Shylock unfortunately linked to the extravagant desires of a Sybarite, the major had good reason for scowling. Glancing around this room, with its glowing, costly paintings, its gleaming marble statues, its brackets loaded with priceless trifles, its draperies of lace and velvet, its cabinet work and upholstery of rosewood and marble and damask, he thought to himself, sighing in mingled fury and rage, that to-morrow all might torn from him. His creditors, wolf-like, were each growing more bold and insolent and pitiless. If to-night Darke Desmond failed to bring the sum he had promised, to-morrow this roof——

The Major did not finish the thought, but, springing to his feet, began to pace the apartment, growling like some savage creature snapping at its chains.

"Satan burn the fool! Why does he not come? Has his heart failed him at the last moment? After offering me a fortune for an opportunity of winning the girl by foul means when fair had failed, is he milksop enough to throw it away, frightened by the pangs of a troublesome conscience? Curse his conscience! When he has lived as long as I have, he will begin to doubt his possessing one! Good! it is not often I am reminded that mine still lives, but sometimes when I think of that girl, left in my charge by a mother who trusted me so blindly, I—I—oh, fool! Out—out upon such thoughts! They unman me! I must have gold—gold! What do I care for that girl? Darke Desmond will atone—he must. Besides, it is he—But, hist! What sound was that?"

He broke off abruptly, gliding with swift steps to one of the deep windows, from which he flung back the shrouding folds of lace and velvet, as he bent forward, flashing a keen glance outward.

It was after nine o'clock—the melodious chimes of St. Michael's had proclaimed the hour ten minutes ago—and under the vast dome of the serene night sky, throbbing with golden stars, Charleston, the Beautiful, lay pulsing like a gem in the embrace of murmuring waters.

In the silvery glamour of the starlight the taller buildings were visible only as confused masses of opaque shade; out of them seemed to spring tower and dome and steeple cutting in silhouette the gleaming Southern sky; below swayed masses of sighing foliage, rippling like a luminous sea; and amid them stole breezes that seemed swooning beneath the sensuous sweetness of the odors they bore through the gloom of the brooding, tender night.

So calm, so witching, so beautiful, who that looked upon the scene would have dreamed that within the hour that halcyon hush would be broken, and this grand old city, the home of culture, chivalry and beauty, would groan and totter, an American Lisbon, beneath the restless blows of an unknown Destroyer, inexorable as fate.

Certainly no such thought could have intruded upon the mind of Maj. Wentworth; for, leaning from the window while his hawk-like eyes strained through the shadows of the tropical-like garden below him, he revealed the motive shaping his actions by calling in a guarded tone:

"Darke! Darke Desmond, are you there?"

No answer. No sound save the subdued hum of the restless city, the soft splashing of flashing waters, and the rustle of dewy, sheening leaves.

An oath—a low, baleful, hissing sound—broke through the old man's crumbling teeth.

"Curses on him!" he groaned out, clenching his bony hands. "If he has been trifling with me, I——"

Again he broke off. This time—there was no mistake about it—he had heard a footstep. It was the heavy though stealthy footstep of a man, advancing towards the house through the garden.

The evil face of Major Wentworth lighted up with a smile of satanic triumph. Leaving the window, he approached a door, and, throwing it open, called softly:

"Desmond, I am awaiting you. Hasten!"

Simultaneously a tall and graceful figure, enveloped in a long black Spanish mantle, came out from the shadows of a path fringed with myrtle and oleander, and, advancing with hasty steps, strode across the threshold.

"Close the door!" he said in a hoarse voice muffled by the cloak that was drawn across his face in such a manner as to conceal every feature save his deep and flaming eyes. "What do you mean by flinging everything open in this manner? Do you wish to have the people about here spying upon us, old man?"

Major Wentworth, flinging himself into a luxurious velvet-lined chair, laughed sneeringly.

"You are a coward, Darke Desmond! If you will take the trouble to look, you will perceive that we are in a room that cannot be seen from the houses overlooking the wall of this garden in the street in front of the mansion; and as for the rear, they are hidden from us by the magnolia and mock-orange trees, and the ivy and madeira vines that cling to their own verandas. How can their occupants see us?"

The cloaked stranger shrugged his broad shoulders.

"No matter," he said, shortly; and then, his voice dropping to a hollow whisper; "But Juanita?—tell me of her?"

"She sleeps," said the major, with a sinster smile.

"Ha! Then you have drugged her!"

"I have done nothing of the kind! She generally retires early. An orphan, without friends as yet, what should keep her awake? Surely her thoughts, embittered by——"

"Hold!" interrupted Desmond, with a slight shudder. "More than once I have said to myself that this crime—so frightful——"

He was interrupted in turn. Turning ghastly pale, Maj. Wentworth leaned toward him, saying between his teeth:

"I understand you! You would abandon at the last moment your scheme of vengeance! You would allow this girl, whom you hold at your mercy, to escape! Fool! After she has rejected your love with scorn? Assured that she will soon surrender herself to the arms of some other more fortunate suitor?"

A hissing anathema escaped Desmond's lips. His hand dropped, and the concealing folds of the mantle fell back from a dark, haughty corsair-like face, now demonized by jealous hate and rage.

"No, by heavens!" he groaned out violently. "Rather would I plunge a dagger into her white bosom! Beautiful, entrancing Juanita! Another shall never possess you. I have sworn it!"

Maj. Wentworth looked on with a low and evil laugh.

"Words! idle words!" he scoffed. "When you are ready to prove by your acts the sincerity of your assertions——"

"I am ready now!" interrupted Desmond, springing to a small inlaid table littered with drinking vessels of cut glass and chased silver, seizing a decanter and half filling it with rich red liquor. Then laughing harshly as he lifted it to his lips, he repeated feverishly: "I am ready to prove it now, old man!"

"I hear you," said the major, with his frightful smile.

Darke Desmond cast a swift glance about the apartment.

"Are we alone?" he asked.

The major bowed.

"You carried out my instructions then to the letter?"

"Yes. There is no one near besides ourselves and her."

"And she is absolutely at my mercy?"

"She is!"

A terrible look swept like a flash across that dark, hauty and ruthless face. One hand, slipping from beneath the heavy mantle, laid in the extended palm of Major Wentworth a small folded paper. The other, tightly closed, was hanging by his side.

"Read it," he said, hurriedly. "You will find it is a receipt in full for the amount you owe me, fifty thousand dollars."

The old man read it slowly, his long face flashing hotly, his snaky eyes beginning to gleam.

"Correct—quite correct," he said, presently, looking up with a sparkling and exultant gaze.

"Good!" observed Desmond, extending the other hand. "Now do me the favor to cast your eyes over this."

The Major took the paper handed him, his countenance kindling with an almost ferocious joy.

"It is a check for $50,000," he said, "drawn on the —— bank of Charleston, and payable to bearer."

"It is the amount," said Desmond, "I promised to pay you for your assistance in ——"

His voice here sank to a whisper. Shuddering as if with cold, he suddenly sprang from the seat, into which he had just flung himself, and, muttering incoherently, walked away to a distant part of the room.

At the same moment, noiseless as a shadow, Maj. Wentworth arose, glided across the echoless carpet, and whisking through a doorway, disappeared.

"Ha!" exclaimed Desmond, turning and at once perceiving that he was alone. "What in Satan's name is the meaning of this? Flames of Sheol! Are you about to betray me, old man?"

Uttering these words in a deep and menacing voice, he advanced toward the doorway through which Maj. Wentworth had disappeared with long and rapid strides.

Simultaneously the white and jeweled hand of a woman thrust aside the lace and velvet draping of one of the deep windows, and a wildly beautiful face, marble-cold, white-lipped, flaming-eyed, started forth from the outer blackness, looking in upon him.

In the same breath, however, the heart-shaped flames in the great cluster of glittering glass globes near the ceiling began rapidly contracting; and the shadows brooding in dim corners of the room lengthened and expanded, stalking forth like monstrous shapes of wrath and gloom.

Gaining the doorway, Desmond uttered a low cry of rage.

"Ho!" he growled. "Why have you turned off the lights, old man?"

An evil, mocking laugh floated toward him out of the gloom that reigned in the hall.

"You are a coward!" said the Major's jeering voice. "I have turned off the gas in order to give you courage!"

Desmond ground his teeth.

"You lie!" he muttered. "Lead on! I will show you that you lie!"

He moved forward as he spoke, and the two dark figures, silent as spectres, glided forward down the long and gloomy hall.

Pausing at last before a door on his left, Major Wentworth noiselessly threw it open, and, pointing to the luxurious and dimly illumined room beyond, said in a husky whisper:

"This apartment is Juanita's boudoir. On the opposite side yonder is a door communicating with her bedroom. Now, in telling you this, have I fulfilled every promise I made you?"

"You have."

"Good! Then you have no further claim on me?"

"None."

"I am free to quit this mansion at any moment I see fit to do so?"

"You are."

"Very well. But before I go one question, Darke Desmond!"

"What is it?" demanded the other, impatiently.

A convulsive tremor passed through the old man's frame, causing him to shiver from head to foot. In a faint and hollow voice, his lips writhing with a momentary anguish, he said slowly:

"You mean to keep faith with me, do you not? You will marry that girl—save her—in the end?"

"Yes," replied Desmond, looking at him strangely. "But why——"

"Enough!" interrupted the old man, turning upon his heel and gliding hurriedly away. "My debt is paid. There is no reason for my remaining longer here."

A low, hoarse sigh escaped Desmond's lips. Gazing after the receding figure until it was swallowed up in the gloom of the hall, he muttered in a half-mocking though faltering voice:

"Wretch! Is it possible that you can feel the pangs of remorse? A moment since you called me coward! It is you who are the coward—not I! Yet after all, yours is the greater crime. Why? Because you betray the innocent creature who trusts in you. You let down the bars of the fold and say to the thirsty tiger, Enter. You point out amid the shadows the form of a helpless and trusting victim. Again you speak: The victim is young; the victim is tender. Tiger, do you fear to strike? Aye, the tiger is afraid! he is a coward! Curses on it!" grinding his teeth with sudden fury. "The tiger is a coward and a fool!"

Uttering these words, Desmond, drawing his heavy mantle more closely about his tall form, passed through the portal, and stole like a shadow toward the open door.

Around him draperies of purple silk and filmy lace swayed and rustled in the perfumed breezes of the night. In shadowy angles dim goblin shapes seemed to rise up and stretch and peer as he passed. From each gleaming mirror a mantled figure advanced upon him in frightful silence, with pale, shaking lips and darkly flaming eyes.

Shuddering in every limb, he reached the door. Stretching forth his hand to grasp the bolt, he hesitated, listening, expecting to hear from beyond some faint, vague sound.

In vain. His ears were filled with a dull and hollow booming. His broad chest rose and fell with mighty heaves. Burning up with the fever of intense and maddening excitement, he felt that he was suffocating. Clinging to the bolt with one shaking hand, he threw back his head, clutching at his throat with frenzied fingers as he gasped for air.

A moment, however, and the weakness had passed. Then, smiling in bitter self-contempt, he noiselessly pushed open the door before him, and, with a cat-like foot-fall, entered the room beyond.

Like the one he had just quitted, it was only dimly illuminated, a silver lamp of unique design burning on a small table of Florentine mosaic, throwing over its rich and beautiful appointments a mellow and moonlike gleam.

And oh! how pure, how sweet, how lovely was that spot! In crossing the threshold one was met by a gush of exquisite odors that at first seemed almost impressive. This perfume emanated from snowy and waxen-white flowers blooming on little inlaid stands scattered here and there. It hung around the rose-colored silken draperies sweeping from carved and gilded cornices before the windows, clung to the elastic velvet carpet of cream-and-gold that covered the floor, and floated over the ebony and silken chairs and ottomans like an invisible but enervating vapor.

In the centre of the chamber was a low ebony bedstead, heaped high with yielding, downy pillows, billows of priceless lace floating around it like mist-wreaths from the sea.

A horrible smile curled Darke Desmond's lips as his eyes, now kindling with gloating fire, rested upon it. Advancing with a stealthy and thief-like step, he paused beside the bed and flung back the curtains.

As Tarquin of old invaded the chamber of the innocent and trusted Lucrece, so this unscrupulous and remorseless wretch had profaned the sanctity of this. As Tarquin in the dead hush of night bent his burning glance upon his destined victim, so now, in the breathless silence that reigned, this ruthless libertine looked upon his!

Unconscious of that baleful and withering gaze, her white bosom heaving softly with her deep and regular breathing, her night robes of costly lace and embroidered cambric clinging to the exquisite curves of her perfect and voluptuously swelling person, Juanita lay there, enchanting as Cytherea rocked by the waves in her couch of glistening foam.

For a few moments the despicable wretch gazed upon her in gloating silence. By the chastened gleam of the lamp burning near he could see that her long dark lashes and ivory pale cheeks were wet as with tears. But he scarcely noticed this. An orphan's tears and prayers were nothing to him. Devoid of true manhood, there was nothing in him to which her helpless innocence could appeal. In that moment, as he stood there leaning over her, he could think of nothing but that glorious, maddening beauty that had enslaved him. Deaf to the pleading voice of conscience, blind to the visible appeal of her unprotected and, therefore, doubly sacred womanhood, he glared at her with a delirious and tigerish adoration—that fiendish love that pursues its victim but to destroy!

"Nita!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse voice broken with emotion. "Juanita, awake!"

No answer. Smiling in her dreams, the young girl's rosy lips parted with a few low, musical, inarticulate words, and her head, lying in its cloud of midnight hair, turned on the pillow, bringing the matchless face, so adorable in its ravishing dusk loveliness, nearer his.

A sigh such as might have burst from the chest of a famished wolf arose in the quiet room. Then panting with a fierce and unholy rapture, Desmond stooped and glued his polluting lips to hers.

"Mine—all mine!" he articulated, in a muffled voice, his whole being quivering with the ferocious ecstacy that clinging kiss inspired.

At the same moment, however, the beautiful sleeper stirred uneasily. The pressure of those burning lips had disturbed her. Her bosom heaved with a convulsive movement. The arm encircling her dark head fell to her side. A faint moan escaped her lips. Slowly her eyes—great, glowing wells of living flame—opened and looked about her.

"Nita!" exclaimed the monster beside her, in a hushed though vibrating voice.

Merciful God! what horrible nightmare was this?

For one instant she gazed at him, dazed, quivering, dumb! For one instant, while her eyes, burning with beseeching horror, took in that manteled form, that handsome, lurid, gloating face, her brain seemed to discredit the evidence of her own senses. It appeared to her that this creature stooping over her was a shadow—a vision—the fantastic creation of a feverish and disordered dream.

Then like a flash, as the abhorred truth suddenly pierced her whirling brain, she drew back with a great and terrible start, tearing her snowy garments from his nervous clutch as she sprang from the couch, uttering a low but thrilling shriek of anguished shame.

A fierce and brutal laugh rang from the libertine's curling lips.

"Nita! Nita! You cannot escape me! I have sworn to possess you, beautiful one! You are mine!"

Uttering those passionate words, he bounded forward, and, as the desperate, helpless creature turned to fly, he encircled her soft and palpitating figure with his cruel, muscular arms!

A second shriek—louder, more thrilling, maddened, agonized—broke from Juanita's now ashen lips!

"Ah, pity!" she exclaimed, in a suffocating voice; and raising her sweet, soft eyes to heaven: "Oh, God of the defenceless! are Thy thunders still?"

Hush! Was that an answer to her prayer? Was it the voice of the Almighty that suddenly stirred and thrilled through the silence?

Breathless and aghast, the libertine staggered backward, his arm falling from around her, his head bent in intense listening, his starting eyes straining through the thick air.

Then on the death-like stillness of that memorable moment came the sound louder and deeper—a hideous and rumbling jar that froze the blood with horror and caused the leaping heart to pause for an instant in its mad beating!

Clasping her white hands upon her panting bosom, Juanita sank on her knees, her snowy robes sweeping around her like the drapery of a saint, as she lifted her pathetic eyes to heaven, with holy lips moving in voiceless prayer.

Simultaneously that horrible thrill deepened, the rumbling became a roar, rolling on the ear like the distant boom of cannon, or the diapason of a mighty sea! The windows shook; the floor quivered; all through the mansion sounded the rattle and clatter of articles falling from tables and shelves.

Meanwhile the roar, increasing in thunderous volume, seemed on every hand. Above, below, around it growled, stretching forth its mighty arms like Enceladus aroused from his volcanic bed, groaning and bellowing amid lava and flame.

With a gasp of horror Darke Desmond turned to fly. He had felt the floor heave and sway beneath him. He had seen the painted walls quiver as if shaken by an omnipotent hand.

At the same instant, above the hollow roaring, now mingled with the thunder of shattered and down-crashing walls, came the rush of advancing footsteps, and through a window near the wretch burst a figure of glorious and god-like beauty swift and fierce as an avenging fate!

"Murderer of innocence!" exclaimed a ringing voice. "It is the vengeance of God!"

Then as the walls ground together and the floor rocked and heaved like the billows of a storm-swept sea, and the roar and crash of a thousand thunders seemed to split the shuddering air, the unknown swept the cowering dastard aside, and, reeling as he sprung, gained the side of Juanita, clasping her close in his strong and sheltering arms.

As one in some weird dream, Juanita saw this god-like being spring through the window into the apartment before her, heard the terrible words he hurled at Desmond as he flung the wretch aside, knew that he approached her staggering over the swinging floor, felt herself lifted and clasped to his warm, broad breast, and knew, although her face was hidden, crushed against his panting bosom, that, through all the rain of falling laths and bricks and plastering and clouds of suffocating lime, he was bearing her on out into the street, where, secure from crumbling walls, he hoped to find a place of safety.

Cold with horror, she spoke not, moved not. In those muscular though tender arms, she felt as a child would feel borne upon the breast of its father. If human power could save her, she need fear nothing. This being, so strong and brave and gentle, had resolved to rescue her. If any earthly force could accomplish it, that force lay in the muscles of him who supported her.

These thoughts flashed through her brain with the swiftness of light. As her rescuer sprang through a doorway out into the night, and she felt upon her thinly-clothed form the fresh, gently moving air, they were followed by others that turned her faint with pain. Sick—deathly sick—with that fearful rocking and swaying, though the first shock of the earth-throe had passed, she thought not of her own welfare, but that of her treacherous and evil-minded guardian.

"Oh, God!" she breathed, in accents of anguish. "He is still in that building—dead, perhaps!—buried beneath its falling walls!"

As she spoke thus, a woman's voice near by broke upon her hearing, uttering a low, sweet cry of impassioned joy.

"Ah, Vernon!" it exclaimed, melodiously. "Thank God you are safe and once more with me. But merciful Heaven! listen! Those cries are enough to drive one mad!"

She spoke the truth. From far and near, through the thunderous crash of falling walls and the rushing roll of thousands of flying footfalls, came cries of wild agony and fear—heart-rending wails of women and children, groans of the wounded and helpless, low, deep, moans of the abandoned and dying.

Juanita felt the breast upon which she reclined heave with a deep sigh of agony.

"Look! look!" murmured the young man, as if unconsciously giving utterance to his thoughts. "The horrors of the earthquake have driven them insane!"

"Vernon—oh, my friend! we shall be thrown down, trampled upon, killed!" exclaimed the voice of the girl that had spoken once before.

"What! by this throng advancing? They would not injure us, Helen. See how they part, sweeping around yonder poor lady who has sunk down, holding aloft her little helpless child!"

"Oh, poor mother! Poor, innocent, tender babe!"

Those words sent through Juanita's gentle heart a pang of keenest pain. Struggling faintly, she attempted to raise her head, saying in a stifled voice:

"Release me, please. I—I am stronger now. It is not right that I should longer be a burden to you."

Low as these broken sentences were spoken, her rescuer heard them. Bending his lofty head, his deep, flashing, dark eyes looked into hers.

"Are you quite sure you are strong enough to walk, lady?" he asked, gently.

She nodded assentingly, forcing her poor, pale, tremulous lips into a smile.

"It is well," he said, and, stooping, placed her upon her feet.

Then there was a rush of footsteps all around them, a babel of shrieks, and calls, and cries, and some kind hand threw a long, dark mantle about Juanita's shoulders, a deep voice saying, as the giver hurried by:

"Take it, child, take it! You need it more than I do!"

Tears sprang to the young girl's beautiful eyes. Instinctively turning in the direction of that receding voice, her heart swelling with shame and gratitude commingled, she drew the mantle over her richly embroidered night robes, saying:

"Oh, thank you! kind and generous friend! But, alas! I know not where"

"Come! come!" broke in a swift, sweet voice at her side. "He is already lost in the crowds before us. You will probably never see the man again."

Juanita looked around inquiringly, flinging the raven tresses back from her now flushed and burning cheeks as she did so.

The action brought her face to face with a woman of regal and statuesque beauty, dressed in garments of lustreless black, that fell around her noble figure in graceful though sombre folds. Her colorless and wildly lovely face, gleaming like a waxen lily against the gloomy background of her heavy sweeping veil, was in fact the same that had appeared at the window of Maj. Wentworth's mansion, looking in upon Darke Desmond, some time before.

"Who are you, lady?" asked Juanita, in a low, awed voice.

A singular smile—a smile like the glimmer of sunlight upon ice—wreathed the other's lips.

"I am Helen!" she said. "It is not necessary that you should know more!"

"But, madame——"

"Call me Helen, child."

"Come," broke in the deep, rich voice of the young man she had called Vernon. "We can linger here no longer. The crowds are increasing. In a few moments, if we remain, we shall be swept from our feet and borne forward at the mercy of those human waves now bearing down on us!"

Juanita turned to him, her limbs quivering, her breast torn with cruel sobs, her eyes raining bitterest tears.

"My guardian!" she panted. "He is there!" pointing with one shaking finger to the shattered walls of the Wentworth mansion, already beginning to glow with lurid light. "My God!" she murmured brokenly. "Must we leave him to perish."

A scornful and bitter laugh escaped the black-robed lady's curling lip.

"You are wrong!" she cried. "The hoary villain has escaped! Better for you, poor, hunted, child, had those walls fallen upon him and crushed out his evil and wretched life!"

Before this fierce and tragic declaration Juanita recoiled.

"What do you mean?" she faintly gasped.

Another voice answered her—the voice of her handsome and heroic young preserver.

"There is no time to explain, lady. Permit me," flinging his arm about her waist, and bearing her swiftly forward. "Each moment the crowd thickens. Helen, you are strong and brave, but we must not be separated. Here! give me your hand!"

As he uttered these words, Juanita glanced back. Merciful God! what a scene! What confusion! what uproar! what madness! It was enough to sicken and dismay the strongest! enough to fill with deepest pity hearts of iron and stone!

They were but a few paces in front of an immense throng of people that had poured out of numerous little side streets and was surging toward Meeting street by way of Calhoun.

Half-suffocated with the dry, white dust that arose in blinding volumes from toppling chimneys, sinking roofs and shattered walls, these people came rushing on with reckless haste, lifting their prayerful, agonized faces to heaven, stretching forth frantically appealing hands toward those pitiless stars, filling the soft air of night with their hoarse shouts and heart-rending lamentations.

Upon them was flung the reddish glow of the kindling fires that now began to glare and flicker through the gloom around—fires bursting from gas-jets and overturned lamps in those houses the earth-throe had wrenched, and split and torn.

The street lamps burned dimly; they looked like bleared, yellow eyes, half-drowned in that white and choking fog.

Through it with a roar like the sound of many waters, the horror-stricken crowds came billowing blindly on.

Each individual was for himself then. There was no time to think of others in those awful moments. Every eye was a flash of horror; every lip was a shriek of prayer.

As Juanita was hurried forward, she felt the hot breathing of the fleetest in that throng beat upon her as they neared her and passed. Then the roar of voices and footsteps grew louder; figure after figure whizzed arrow-like by; her brain reeled as her bewildered gaze swept from one object to another in terror and pity and pain.

"Cling to me!" said the voice of Vernon at her ear. "Cling to me tightly, if you would not be swept from my side!"

She obeyed him mechanically. In her implicit and child-like trust, she looked to him for aid and guidance as one would look to a superior being.

Meanwhile the main body of the rushing throng drew steadily nearer. Men, women and children, many of them clothed only in their night garments, now came flying clamorously past.

"Hasten!" exclaimed Vernon to his fair companions. "Marion Square is close before us."

As he uttered the words, however, Juanita felt a deathly weakness stealing over her. It was the nervous exhaustion consequent on the terrible excitement through which she had already passed. Attacked an instant later with a violent vertigo, she reeled, and would have fallen had not Vernon Rutledge supported her with his strong and tender right arm.

"Bear up!" he whispered, thrillingly. "Be brave! be strong! In a few moments more we shall be a place of comparative safety."

She lifted her lovely head wreathed in its soft masses of floating raven hair, her pathetic eyes full of piteous despair.

"I cannot!" gasping brokenly. "I am sinking! Leave—oh, leave me to my fate!"

His glorious young face leaned lower over hers. His eyes, blazing with a strange, deep, star-like lustre, plunged their passionate splendor into hers.

"Never!" he exclaimed, melodiously. "I have saved you from a worse fate than this which now menaces us; and I swear no human power shall reach you to harm one hair of your innocent head while God gives me strength to shield and defend you!"

"Hark!" shuddered the woman in black, pressing up closer. "The earthquake! the earthquake! Oh! heaven! we are lost!" The continuation of this deeply interesting story will be found in No. 23 of THE NATIONAL WEEKLY STORY PAPER, which is now ready and for sale by newsdealers everywhere. Price Six Cents per Copy.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Admirable Results in Fever.

Dr. J. J. RYAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "I invariably prescribe it in fevers; also in convalescence from wasting and debilitating diseases with admirable results. I also find it a tonic to an enfeebled condition of the the genital organs.

They Say This is Splendid.

Another thing which is made to perfection in the South is the sweet-potato pie. After the soup one may perhaps sigh, and before dessert one might groan, but never before the prospect of the sweet-potato pie. Carefully prepare one pound each of sweet potatoes boiled and mashed, eggs, and white sugar, sufficient sweet cream or milk to make a thin batter of the consistency of pound-cake; flavor with nutmeg and cinnamon; extract of lemon or pine-apple may be added for the ingredients. To make, beat the eggs separately as for pound-cake. Puff-paste made with a pound and a quarter of sifted flour rubbed by hand with half a pound of fresh butter; mix with half a pint of water; knead well and set it aside for quarter of an hour, or while the potatoes are being prepared; then roll out very thin, spread the paste after rolling with butter, sprinkle flour over it, double in folds and roll again; repeat this three or four times and let it set a in cold place. This paste, made with with salt butter, with the addition of three eggs beaten together, makes a delicious nest for meat, game, and other savory pies.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed satmped envelope to Dr. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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Free catalogue tells what customers say: This is the Great "Ohio" Well Drilling and Prospecting Machine. Drills all kinds earth and rock and pump cuttings to surface at each stroke!—Tests the water without taking out tools. Drives tubing or enlarges hole below it. Runs with wonderful ease, and drops tools 70 or 80 times a minute! Horse or steam power used. We also make machines and tools for boring large wells.

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FARMER WANTED in every township where we have no agents to order a mill for his own use and act as our AGENT. Send for Catalogue, Prices & Terms.

A FAIR GUIDE.

Boiled down, the chief directions for cattle show inspection are as follows:

Avoid sideshows.

Have a notebook in hand.

Begin with the live stock.

Talk with the exhibitors singly.

In the fruit exhibit, be careful to ask if a sub-soil plough was used.

If the oration begins, keep on taking notes and keep in sight of the people.

A moderate lunch, to be eaten while seated on a pumpkin.

Converse with women exhibitors only about bread.

A hand-bag to be carried for samples. Never refuse vegetables or bread.

Call attention to rivals in side shows.

The same notebook can be used the second day of the fair with less work.

In this way hard work is laid out, but it means business and it will impress the agricultural voters.

It would be well, let it be said, to leave the guide-book at home, or write a rival's name in it on cattle-show days.

THE CHANCES OF MATRIMONY.

An Expert Mathematician Furnishes a Statement that all Women Should Read.

A man who has studied the various phases of the matrimonial market has come to the conclusion that every women has some chance to marry; it may be one to 50 or it may be ten to one she will. Representing a woman's entire chance at 100, he has made out the following table to show the chance at certain points of time:

	Per Cent.
Between the ages of 15 and 20 years	14½
" " " 20 and 25 years	52
" " " 25 and 30 years	18
" " " 30 and 35 years	15½
" " " 35 and 40 years	3¾
" " " 40 and 45 years	2½
" " " 45 and 50 years	¾ of 1
" " " 50 and 55 years	½ of 1

After 60 it is one-tenth of 1 per cent., or one chance in 1,000.

HOW FAST FAST HORSES ARE.

The Number of Feet They Travel in a Second When on the Race Track.

An interesting statement has recently been worked out, showing the distance a trotting horse goes at each second at various rates of speed. Maud S, when she covered a mile in 2:08¾, traveled 41 1-3 feet per second. At a 2:20 gait a horse travels 37 5-7 feet per second. At a 2:25 gait he travels 36½ feet per second. At a 2:30 gait he travels 35 1-5 feet in the same time. At a 2:35 gait he travels 34 1-6 feet; at a 2:40 gait the distance traveled is 33 feet; at a 2:45 gait, 32 feet; at a 2:50 gait, 31 1-17 feet; at a 2:55 gait, 30 1-16 feet. When going a mile in three minutes he travels over 29⅓ feet per second; at a 3:10 gait, 27¾ feet; at a 3:20 gait, 26 2-5 feet; at a 3:30 gait, 25 1-7 feet; at a 3:40 gait, 24 feet; at a 3:50 gait, 23 feet, and at a 4:00 gait, 22 feet per second.

—ANXIOUS MOTHERS—Your fear as to cough mixtures containing opiates is natural, but Prof. Williams, ex-State Chemist of Delaware, who analyzed Red Star Cough Cure, states that it contains neither morphia nor opium, and is wonderfully efficacious. Give it to your children, by all means. Only 25 cents.

The Smallest Kingdom.

What schoolmaster, to say nothing of schoolboy, knows that there is a European kingdom named Tavolara lying in the Mediterranean or rather Tyrrhenian waters, the king of which, Paul I, died only a few months ago, full of years and honors?

Off the northeast coast of the island of Sardinia lies the much smaller island of Tavolara, five miles long and one broad. Its possession and absolute sovereignty were formally granted by King Charles Albert of Sardinia, to the Bartoleoni family, and for more than a half a century Paul I, king of Tavolara, reigned over it in peace. On the 30th of May last, King Paul was compelled to go to the mainland to seek treatment for heart disease. Finding that science was powerless in his case, the king returned to his island to die in the midst of his subjects, who are 40 in number. He died sitting in his chair, like the Emperor Vespasian, vainly endeavoring to write a will.

He was 78 years old. The 40 subjects of Re Paola, as they called him, lost in him a benevolent and industrious monarch; his family lost a kind father, and the wild goats of the island, more numerous than his subjects, lost—we will not say they mourn the loss of—an intrepid hunter.

Tavolara is a smaller state than even the Republic of San Marino, in Italy, which has 22 square miles and 8,000 population; the principality of Monaco, on the French coast of the Mediterranean near the Italian frontier, which has eight and one-half square miles and 8,500 inhabitants; or the republic of Andorra, lying between France and Spain, which is 600 square miles in extent and has 7,000 people.—*Youths' Companion.*

A Yellowish Coat

Upon the tongue, particularly near its base, is of itself sufficient to denote biliousness, an ailment to the development of which the hot weather—it may be remarked in passing—is extremely favorable, and which autumn often brings in its train as a lingering legacy. If not remedied—which it speedily may be with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters—then follow aggravated disorder of the stomach and bowels, dull pains beneath the lower right ribs, nausea and headache. A prompt use of this invaluable specific is always desirable, no matter what the season. Upon the liver it exerts an influence directly beneficial. The bile, the obstruction to its flow being relieved by the relaxation of the bowels, returns to its natural channel, and the portion of which has forced its way into and contaminated the blood is expelled. The stomach also resumes its digestive function. Rheumatism, fever and ague and kidney troubles also succumb to the Bitters.

Afraid to Trust the People.

It is noticed as a singular circumstance that while the Pennsylvania Republican platform has a plank calling for the submission of a prohibitory constitutional amendment to the people, that of the Prohibitory party contains no such plank.

—Central College of Shorthand, 105 State St., is the largest in Chicago, Ill., furnishes its graduates with good positions. Send for circular.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

The Lower Gila Valley.

C. W. H. says it is impossible for him to answer all the letters called forth by his former article, and asks the Bureau to make room for what follows:

This valley is situated in the southwestern part of Arizona on the Gila river. The valley is from three to nine miles from the S. P. railroad, Sentinel being the nearest station. The valley is about 20 miles long and three miles wide in the widest part. Irrigation is necessary to produce crops. The Gila river affords ample water for all irrigating purposes. A water right sufficient to irrigate 160 acres of land will cost about $400. This may be paid for in yearly installments. One can live here as cheaply as any where else. Provisions are about the same here as east of the Rocky Mountains. As yet there have been but few wells dug. The water is generally good, but some is a little brakish. Wells are easily dug. It is an easy day's work for two men to dig a well here, water being found at a depth of 12 to 20 feet, according to location. Good horses can be bought from $50 to $100; a cow and calf for about $30. "The Resources of Arizona" gives the highest heat attainable at Fort Yumas in the years 1880-81 as 106.42 in August; the lowest in January, 32.09 degrees. The fort is situated 269 feet above sea level, and is about 80 miles west of here. The "hot season" lasts about three months. The climate cannot be excelled nine months out of the year. There are some warm springs here which are said to be an infallible cure for rheumatism. There is an abundance of fuel, water and game. The soil is peculiarly adapted to the raising of sugar cane, hops, figs, peaches, apricots, grapes and oranges, and other tropical fruits. In fact, there is no country west of the Rocky mountains which seems so well fitted for the raising of fruits.

The land office is situated in Tucson, but entries may be made before the clerk of the county in which the land lies. The land is mostly very level. It is covered with mesquite and sage brush, and along the margin of the river cottonwoods are abundant. Mesquite is a hard wood, but is quite easy to chop, and is the best fuel I ever saw. It is not thick all over the ground, but is in bunches or spots, and is quite easily cleared off, a fire burning the roots completely out of the ground. A species of the mesquite called "screw bean," from the peculiar shape of the bean, makes excellent fence posts, and is said never to rot in the ground. There is no timber for lumber, and lumber will have to be shipped from California, at a probable cost in car load lots from $25 to $30 per M. The best materials for building purposes are stone (of which there is an abundance near by), and adobe (unburnt) brick.

The soil is the richest alluvial deposit, and is mixed with volcanic ashes, said to be in France the very best grape land. There are two rainy seasons—namely, from December to March, and in July and August. I quote from a pamphlet describing the Salt River valley in regard to wages in this country: Carpenters, $3.50 per day; blacksmiths, $4; bricklayers, $5; stonemasons, $5; bakers, $3; stonecutters, $5; wagonmakers, $4; plasterers, $5; machinists, $5; laborers, $1.50; farm hands, $30 per month. I would advise no one to come here without some means, but I am quite certain that a man who is industrious and economical can start here with $300 or $400, and maintain his family in a plain but substantial manner, until he can raise something, which will be as soon as he can get water on his place, as vegetables can be raised here at any season of the year. To those who are desirous of coming I would say that it would be well to come at once, for this land will not be unoccupied long. There are no ditch monopolists or companies here, but a few settlers who are poor, but are industrious, and cheerfully working in getting out water, and they will have considerable of the land wet in time for crops this fall.

David Crockett.

T. P., Logan, Ia.:

1. Please explain what was known as the Underground railway during the agitation of the slavery question. 2. Why is the compromise of 1850 also called the "Omnibus Bill?" 3. Give biography of Col. David Crockett.

1. It was the popular way of expressing the various ways in which fugitive slaves were assisted by their sympathizers in the North. 2. Because it also provided for the admission of California, the erection of New Mexico and Utah into territories, the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, etc. 3. He was born at Limestone, Tenn., August 17, 1786. His father, of Irish birth, opened a tavern on the road from Abington to Knoxville, where David passed his youth from 7 to 12 years of age. He was sent to a country school, but on the fourth day quarreled with the schoolmaster, and, after playing truant for a time in the woods, fled from home to avoid a flogging. For five years he roamed about with drovers and carriers, till in his 18th year he returned home, attended school for two months, learning his letters for the first time, and soon after married and went to live in the wildest portions of the state, distinguishing himself as a hunter. In 1830 he served in the Creek war under Gen. Jackson, and after the peace settled on Shoal Creek, in a desolate region of Tennessee. A community of reckless characters having flocked together, it was found necessary to establish a temporary government, and he was appointed one of the magistrates. He soon afterward became a candidate for the legislature, and made a successful electioneering tour by shooting at matches and telling amusing stories. He was twice re-elected to the legislature, but devoted himself especially to bear hunting, till in 1827, he was elected a representative in Congress. At Washington he obtained notoriety by the eccentricity of his manners and language. He was elected as a Jackson man, but soon after his re-election, he changed from a partisan to an opponent of Jackson's administration; and in 1831 it required his most strenuous efforts to secure a re-election. Finding the influence of Jackson irresistible in Tennessee, Crockett subsequently sought a new career in Texas, then in revolt against Mexico, and, after a series of military exploits, met his death while defending Fort Alamo. After a hard siege, the survivors, six in number, including Crockett, surrendered, but by order of Santa Anna they were put to death. His autobiography was published in 1834.

Mottoes of States.

Reader, Nobesville, Neb.:

1. What is rated a city of the first-class? 2. How many are there in the United States? 3. Can you give the mottoes of all the states?

1. It is regulated by state law—usually cities of 50,000 inhabitants. 2. There are about 50 having over 50,000 inhabitants. 3. They have been given several times; here they are once more: Alaska, has no motto. Arkansas—Regnant populi, "The people rule." California—Eureka, "I have found it." Colorado—Nil sine numine, "Nothing can be done without divine aid." Connecticut—Qui transtulit sustinet, "He who brought us over sustains us." Delaware—"Liberty and Independence." Florida—"In God is our trust." Georgia—"Wisdom, justice, and moderation." Illinois—"State Sovereignty, National Union." Indiana has no motto. Iowa—"Our liberties we prize, our rights we will maintain." Kansas—Ad astra per aspera. "To the stars through difficulties." Kentucky—"United we stand, divided we fall." Louisiana—"Justice, union and confidence." Maine—Dirigo, "I direct." Maryland—Crescite et multiplicamini, "Increase and multiply." Massachusetts—Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem, "By the sword she seeks placid rest in liberty, or Conquers a peace." Michigan—Tueber, and Si quaeris peninsulam amoenam circumspice—"I will defend;" "If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look around you." Minnesota—L'Etoile du Nord, "The Star of the North." Missouri—Salus populi suprema lex esto, "Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law." Mississippi has no motto. Nebraska—"Equality before the law." New Hampshire has no motto. New Jersey—"Liberty and Independence." New York—Excelsior, "Higher." North Carolina has no motto. Nevada—Volens et potens—"Willing and able." Ohio—Imperium in imperio, "An empire in an empire." Oregon—Alis volat propriis, "She flies with her own wings." Pennsylvania—"Virtue, liberty and independence." Rhode Island—"Hope." South Carolina—Animis opibusque parati, "Ready in will and deed." Tennessee—"Agriculture, Commerce." Texas has no motto. Vermont—"Freedom and unity." Virginia—Sic semper tyrannis, "So always with tyrants." West Virginia—Montani semper liberi, "Mountaineers are always free." Wisconsin—Civilitas successit barbarum, "The civilized man succeeds the barbarous."

Paul Jones.

S. J., Duck River, Tenn.:

Please give a short sketch of the life of Paul Jones, of naval fame.

He was born in the southwestern part of Scotland, July 6, 1747. His name was John Paul, the Jones having been added by him in after life. When 12 years old he was apprenticed to a merchant of Whitehaven, and sailed on his first voyage to Virginia. There his elder brother was established as a planter. Paul was for a time engaged in the slave trade, but quitted it in disgust, and made voyages to the West Indies, which it was said he made very profitable. He was in Virginia when the revolutionary war began, and in December, 1775, entered the colonial navy as a lieutenant. He, in a cruise in the sloop Providence, of six weeks' duration, made sixteen prizes. The year following he was made a captain, and in 1779 and 1777 took many prizes, and broke up the fishing at Cape Breton. He sailed for Scotland, and made a bold attack on Whitehaven; he tried to capture the Earl of Selkirk, in order to bring about an exchange of prisoners, but the earl was absent, and the crew plundered the house of silver plate, which, however, was afterward restored to Lady Selkirk by Paul, who purchased it from the crew. His exploits were continued, one being the capture of the Drake, a sloop-of-war superior to his Ranger in force. He tried to obtain a better command, and finally secured the ship Duras, which name he changed to Bon Homme Richard, and finally August 14, 1779, sailed from Lorient, having under his command a squadron of five ships; he had captured or destroyed by the middle of September some 26 vessels. In the terrific encounter, September 23, of the Bon Homme Richard with the British ship Serapis the latter was captured, but the Richard had to be abandoned, and she soon after sunk. When Jones arrived in France with his prize, he was received with great honor, a sword was presented to him by Louis XVI., and when he came to the United States in 1781, Congress voted him a gold medal and Washington addressed him a highly complimentary letter. After a time he went to Paris, where he was invited into the Russian service with the rank of rear admiral, but was disappointed at not receiving the command of the Black Sea fleet; he quarreled with the admiral, fell into disfavor at court, owing to intrigues; he was retired from the the service, with a pension that was never paid, and died at Paris, neglected and in poverty.

To Embalm Birds—The Alkalies.

S. W. F., Stanton, Neb.:

1. Tell me how to stuff birds. 2. Recipe for tanning deer hides with the hair off; also, of muskrat, mink, etc. 3. What is alkali, and does the water effect the human system?

1. Camphor, one ounce; corrosive sublimate, one ounce; alum, one-half ounce; sulphur, one ounce; all finely powdered and mixed. To embalm, mix together five pounds dry sulphate of alumina, one quart warm water, and 100 grains arsenious acid. Inject three or four quarts of this mixture into all the vessels of the human body. This applies as well to all animals, birds, fishes, etc. 2. Has been given a dozen times.

3. The word alkali is of Arabic origin, *Kali* being the name of the plant from the ashes of which an alkaline substance was first procured. The name now denotes a class of substances having similar properties. The alkalies proper are four in number—potash, soda, lithia, and ammonia. The first three are oxides of metals; the last is a compound of nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, and, being in the form of a gas, is called the volatile alkali. Potash, being largely present in the ashes of plants, is called the vegetable alkali; and soda, predominating in the mineral kingdom, is designated as the mineral alkali. The "alkaline earths," as they are called—lime, magnesia, baryta, and strontia—are distinguished from the former by their carbonates not being soluble in water. The distinguishing property of alkalies is that of turning vegetable blues green, and vegetable yellows reddish brown. Blues reddened by an acid are restored by an alkali. The alkalies have great affinity for acids, and combine with them, forming salts, in which the peculiar qualities of both alkali and acid are generally destroyed; hence they are said to neutralize one another. In a pure state, alkalies are extremely caustic, and act as corrosive poisons. Combined with carbonic acid, especially as carbonites, they are used to correct acidity in the stomach; but the injudicious and continued use of them is attended with great evil.

Ben Wade—Tom Corwin.

A. D. F., Hannibal, O.:

1. Did Ben Wade ever fight a duel with a Southern man? 2. Give a sketch of the life of Tom Corwin.

1. No, but he let it be understood that if he was challenged he would fight with knives, in a dark room. 2. He was born in Bourbon county, Ky., in 1794. His father removed to Ohio in 1798, and was for many years a member of the Ohio legislature. Thomas was reared on a farm, where he was kept at hard work except in the winter months, when he studied at school, or at home, as opportunity offered, and succeeded in acquiring much solid information. In 1815 he commenced the study of law in Warren county, and in 1818 was admitted to the bar, where he soon won quite a reputation. In 1822 he was elected to the legislature, where he distinguished himself in a speech in opposition to a bill proposing to restore public whipping as a punishment for small crimes. After serving in the legislature for seven years, he was elected to Congress in 1830. He supported Clay for President in 1824, Adams in 1828, and Harrison in 1836-40. Having been selected in 1840 as the candidate of the Whigs for governor of Ohio, he delivered a speech in defense of Gen. Harrison, in reply to an attack of Gen. Crary, of Michigan; and during the Presidential canvass of that year he made speeches in almost every county of the state, and exercised an effective influence in favor of Gen. Harrison. He was elected governor, and in 1845 United States Senator. In 1846, when war with Mexico was affirmed to exist by the act of Mexico, he denounced the policy of the President and the party in power as an attempt to possess themselves of Mexican territory which they had failed to purchase by treaty. In 1848 he supported Gen. Taylor for the Presidency; in July, 1850, he was appointed secretary of the treasury, which he filled till March 4, 1853, when he returned to Lebanon, O., and again engaged in the practice of his profession. In 1858 he was again elected a representative to Congress, where he served till 1861, when he was appointed minister to Mexico. He remained there until the arrival of Maximilian, when he returned to Washington. He was conservative on the subject of slavery, but supported Lincoln for the Presidency. He died in Washington, December 18, 1865.

Clearing-Houses.

G. F. H., Cannelton, Ind.:

1. Please explain the workings of the "clearing-houses" in the larger cities, the relations of banks to the same, etc. 2. Of what denomination is Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn?

1. Answered at length some months ago. The clearing-house of London was the first of its kind. The object is to save time and trouble. All the banks and bankers associated as members are for this purpose, as it were, but one individual. In Philadelphia, for instance, the clearings are made each morning at 8:30, just before which hour a messenger and a clerk from each bank are at the clearing-house. The clerks take their seats inside a series of desks arranged in the form of a hollow oval. Each messenger brings with him from his bank a select package for each other bank, containing all the checks or drafts on such bank. The name of the bank sending and that of the bank to which it is sent are printed on each package, and the amount sent is written thereon. The messengers take their places near the desks of their respective banks, and they have with them tabular statements of the amount sent to each bank and the aggregates. These are exhibited to the respective clerks and noted by them on the blank forms. When the manager gives the word, all the messengers move forward from left to right of the clerks, handing in to those clerks the packages addressed to their respective banks, and taking receipts for them on their statements. When the clerks find all correct, the messengers take the packages and return to the banks. The several clerks then pass around a memorandum of the debits, credits, etc., each of his respective bank. If these are found to balance, the clerks leave the clearing-house. If not, they remain until the errors are discovered. Each bank is obliged daily to furnish to the clearing-house a statement of its condition, and tables are daily furnished to the several banks of the condition of all banks. By the intervention of the clearing-house $3.85 are made to do the work which would require $100 without it. 2. Presbyterian.

Pestalozzi—Rosseau—Wiggins.

A. W., Greenwood, Kan.:

1. Please give biography of Pestalozzi. 2. Who was Rosseau? 3. Has Prof. Wiggins ever prophesied anything that actually occurred?

1. He was born at Zurich, in 1745. His family belonged to the middle-class gentry. He was destined for the ministry, but preferred the law. He soon tired of this profession, and removed to the country to devote his life to farming, marrying about the same time the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Moved by the contemplation of the unhappy condition of the masses of the people he devoted himself, during the intervals of his work, to the consideration of the means best suited to promote their elevation. He converted his own house into an orphan asylum, and endeavored, by a judicious blending of industrial, intellectual, and moral training, to afford a specimen of sound education, and one so contrived as to be practicable as a national scheme. But the pursuit of his benevolent enterprises involved him in bankruptcy, and his only consolation was having saved from degradation and neglect upwards of 100 children, and having issued several volumes on education, containing the results of his experience and his hopes for the future of the masses. He made several subsequent attempts to found schools, with varying educational success, but with unvarying pecuniary embarrassment. His writings, meanwhile, increased in number and importance. He was the first to introduce graduation in arithmetic. His special attention, however, was directed to the moral and religious training of children, as distinct from their mere instruction. Almost all his methods are now substantially adopted by the instructors of elementary teachers, and to no man, perhaps, has primary instruction been so largely indebted. He died in 1827, overwhelmed with mortifications and disappointments. 2. A French author, born at Geneva in 1712; a brilliant writer on certain subjects, but addicted to all the vices of the age. 3. Not to our knowledge; but he has made so many prophecies that it would not be at all strange if some of them come to pass.

Cider-Vinegar.

N. J. L., Wilmot, Kan.:

Give a process for making good cider vinegar on a small scale.

Take ten gallons apple juice fresh from the press, and suffer it to ferment fully, which may be in about two weeks, or sooner, if the weather is warm; then add eight gallons like juice, new, for producing a second fermentation; in two weeks more add another like new quantity, for producing a third fermentation. The third fermentation is material. Now stop the bunghole with an empty bottle, with the neck downward, and expose it to the sun for some time. When the vinegar is come, draw off one-half into a vinegar cask, and set it in a cool place above ground, for use when clear. With the other half in the first cask, proceed to make more vinegar in the same way. Thus one cask is to make in, the other to use from. When making the vinegar, let there be a moderate degree of heat, and free access of external air. The process is hastened by adding to the cider, when you have it, a quantity of the mother of vinegar, as it is called—a whitish, ropy coagulum, of a mucilaginous appearance, which is formed in the vinegar and acts as a ferment. The strength of vinegar depends on the amount of sugar or starchy matter to be ultimately converted into active acid. There are other modes of making cider vinegar, but the above is said to be the best.

Miscellaneous.

I. W. L., Grand Rapids, Mich.:

Is there any one at Sitka that I could write to for information concerning Alaska?

Write to Andrew T. Lewis, clerk and receiver of public moneys.

R. G. D., Turlington, Neb.:

My father died in a Southern prison in 1864. To whom should I write for information as to when and where he was captured?

Adjutant General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.

J. C., Antrim, O.:

Why has the state of Rhode Island two capitals?

The state was originally formed of two separate colonies, and neither colony would consent to give up its capital. The state being so small the inconvenience of having two capitals is not very great.

C. M. B., South Bend, Ind.:

What can be put into common glue to keep it liquid and not spoil its adhesiveness?

If a little muriatic acid be put into glue when it is dissolved, ready for use, it will retain the glue in the same condition for a long time. The use of a small portion of sugar of lead will also prevent fermentation. To make good liquid glue, fill a glass jar with broken-up glue of best quality, then fill it with acetic acid. Keep it in hot water for a few hours, until the glue is all melted, and you will have an excellent glue, always ready.

Sub., Avon, Dak.:

Are all homesteaders that were restricted to 80 acres within railroad limits, entitled to 80 acres more, or is it only for soldiers?

Only to soldiers who had, previous to the passage of the act, taken a homestead of less than 160 acres. That is our understanding of the law.

Sub., (no postoffice):

Are women allowed to attend funerals in Scotland?

Have never heard anything to the contrary. Scottish Presbyterians, as in the case of some English dissenters, have no funeral service, except a prayer and occasionally the reading of a chapter of Scripture, before the body is borne from the house; but in other respects the Scottish ceremonial differs little from the English.

W. F. M., Greencastle, Ind.:

Give recipe for coloring brown on cotton.

Work through a solution of protochloride of tin, of the specific gravity of 1 degree Baume, for 30 minutes; after washing, work for one-half hour in a decoction of two pounds of lima or peachwood and one pound logwood; lift the goods out and add three ounces alum in solution, and work the goods in it 15 minutes; wash and dry. By varying the proportions of logwood and limawood a variety of shades may be produced.

W. N. A., Kansas, Ill.:

1. Please give the amount of revenue received by the United States on imported sugar for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1885. 2. What was the value of the sugar crop produced in the United States in the year 1885? 3. Is there a tariff on wheat?

1. Nearly $51,000,000. 2. The sugar product of Louisiana was 170,431 hogsheads, the average weight of the hogshead being reckoned at 1,137 pounds net. 3. Yes; wheat, 20 cents per bushel; wheat flour, 20 per cent. ad valorem.

E. L. E., Dykes, Mo.:

1. Were there any women with Columbus on his first visit to America? If not, when did the first ones come? 2. If a man takes a homestead entry and receives a duplicate, can he sell his claim and relinquish his interest and afterwards homestead again?

1. No. The first women to land in America were two who came with a party of 70 colonists, who arrived at Jamestown September 10, 1608. 2. Think not; the homestead laws are not intended to aid speculation, but to afford opportunity to secure a home.

T. H. C., Austin, Ind.: The name Indiana was first applied to a tract of land lying on the Ohio river, above the Kanawha, granted by the Fort Stanwix treaty of 1768 to Capt. William Trent and other traders, for goods destroyed by the Indians, and when the Northwest territory was divided, in 1800, it was given to that portion of the territory now covered by the limits of Ohio. The "Hoosier State" and "Hoosiers" are the fancy names, and are said to have originated from the general rough response given in early days to a knock at the door—"Who's yere?" But Webster says the word is "a corruption of 'husher,' fomerly a common term for a bully throughout the West."

Reader, Monroe, Ia.:

Please give a discription of the river Yukon, of Alaska. Also character of country through which it passes and race and character of people along its shores.

The Yukon is 70 miles wide across its five mouths and the intervening deltas, and from one to five miles wide for the first thousand miles of its course. It is navigable for 1,800 miles, and with its tributary, the Pelly, for nearly 3,000 miles. According to the census of 1880 the population of the Yukon division was 7,000, the majority being Esquimaux or Innuits. The Aleutian population and a part of the Innuits were civilized under the Russian domination, and live after the European style. The land abounds in fur-bearing animals.

H. C. W., Albina, Or.:

Please tell us what it costs per bushel on wheat from Chicago, Duluth and Toledo to Liverpool, and the average time by steam and sail?

	Lake.	Canal.	Ocean.
Duluth	6½c	9¾c	8c
Chicago	5 c	9¾c	8c
Toledo	2½c	9¾c	8c

Time—Toledo, sail to Buffalo, three to four days; steam, 30 hours. Chicago to Buffalo—Sail, ten days; steam, four days. Duluth to Buffalo—Sail, fourteen days; steam, six days. Nearly all grain taken by ocean goes in steam vessels; time, eight to twelve days. The above rates are likely to change almost any day. The above figures are average ones on transportation, as under adverse winds or absence of wind, it takes a longer time.

W. K. Whitesville, Mo.:

1. How are certain oils distilled or rectified, so as not to become rancid? 2. Tell how to blue a soft metal gun-barrel.

1. One of the simplest methods is to dissolve about two per cent. of gum benzoine (in fine powder), or ab about one per cent. benzoic acid, in the oil or fat, by the aid of a gentle heat. Nitric ether, or its alcoholic solution (sweet spirits of nitre) is also used. Another method is to heat the oil or melted fat for a few minutes with powdered slippery-elm bark, in the proportion of one drachm of the powder to one pound of the fat. The bark shrinks and gradually subsides, after which the fat is poured off. It communicates an odor like that of the hickory-nut. 2. Apply nitric acid and let it eat into the iron a little; then the latter will be covered with a thin film of oxide; clean the barrel, oil and burnish.

C. W. F., Dartown, O.:

1. Was Wm. Pitt Palmer, the author of the poem "Light," printed in the BLADE, the author of a volume of poems? Please give a short history of him. 2. I have been informed that potatoes are usually shipped as ballast and free of transportation from foreign countries, thereby saving to the owners of ships the loading and unloading of sand as ballast. Is it true?

1. He wrote a number of poems, but do not know that they were ever published in book form. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., February 22, 1805; was long a resident of New York city, and successively a medical student, a teacher, a writer for public journals, and a clerk in a public office. 2. Do not think it is a "usual thing," but rather an occasional occurrence.

J. M. B., Merrill, Wis.:

1. A sewing machine agent here tells me that the Blade Sewing Machine company has no manufactory in Toledo; that the Blade machine is made in New York, and that the same machine is advertised under another name. Please explain. 2. Give a recipe for a cheap and durable paint for fences.

1. The machine is manufactured in Toledo, expressly for the BLADE. It is hurting the old monopolies, and of course their agents squeal in sympathy. 2. For a durable black paint, grind powdered charcoal in linseed oil, with sufficient litharge as drier; thin for use with well-boiled linseed oil. For a green paint, add to the above sufficient yellow ochre to make the shade of green required.

J. G. T., Fawn, Kas.:

1. Do you think that Shakespeare was really the author of the works attributed to him? 2. Who is Alexandre Dumas, fils, and what is the meaning of "fils" affixed to his name? 3. How are elections held in England and what are the qualifications required for a voter?

1. Yes. 2. A French novelist and dramatist. Fils means son; his father's name was also Alexandre. 3. All elections for members of Parliament must be by secret vote or ballot. There is a household and lodger franchise, and a voter must be registered. The sole qualification required to be a member of Parliament is to have attained the age of 21. But all priests and deacons of the church of England, ministers of the church of Scotland, and Roman Catholic clergymen; all government contractors, and all sheriffs and returning officers for the localities for which they act, are disqualified both from voting and from sitting as members. No English or Scottish peer can be elected to the House of Commons, but Irish peers are eligible.

Sub., Cheney, W. T.:

What uses is mica put to? Are there any factories where it is worked up for any purposes?

The different species are distinguished partly by their different optical characters as well as by their differences of composition. Muscovite, the most familiar form of mica, is a constituent of granite, gneiss, mica slate, and some other kindred rocks. The mineral is very generally distributed, but certain localities are distinguished for the production of large plates of it. In Siberia they have been found more than three feet across, and they have been obtained of great size in Sweden and Norway. This is also the case at Acworth, Grafton, and Alstead, N. H., and in some parts of Canada. It is used mostly for the doors of stoves and the sides of lanterns, for which it is well adapted by its transparency and refractory character. It has been used as a substitute for window glass, its toughness recommending it for this purpose on board vessels of war, in which the concussion from the discharge of heavy guns might occasion the fracturing of glass. It has also been used for spectacles, optical instruments and bronzing powders. Extensive mica mines were discovered in Mitchell county, N. C., in 1867, which had evidently been worked centuries ago. Wherever stoves are manufactured, mica is worked up.

A. R., Stuttgart, Ark.:

1. Will you give the different articles used by the American people that have a tariff on them, especially on lumber? 2. What was done with the invalid pension bill?

1. The list is a long one. This is only a partial list of articles paying a duty of $100,000 or upwards per year: Animals, art works, books, brass, buttons, cement, chemicals and dyes, clocks, coal, cotton manufactures, fancy articles, fish, flax, hemp, jute, fruits and nuts, furs, glass and glassware, hay, hops, iron and steel manufactures, jewelry of all kinds, liquors, musical instruments, provisions, seeds, silk and manufactures, soap, sugar, molasses and confectionery, vegetables, tobacco, wood and manufactures, wool and manufactures, zinc, spelter, etc. The following shows tariff duties on wood and wooden wares: Timber, hewn and sawed, and timber used for spars and in building wharves, 20 per cent. ad valorem. Timber, squared or sided, not specially provided for, one cent per cubic foot. Sawed boards, planks, deals, etc., $1 per 1,000 feet board measure. Hubs, posts, etc., 20 per cent. ad valorem. Laths, 15 cents per 1,000 pieces. Shingles, 35 cents per 1,000. Pine clapboards, $2 per 1,000. House or cabinet furniture, not finished, 30 per cent. ad valorem. Manufactures of wood, not specially provided for, 35 per cent. ad valorem. Wood, unmanufactured, not specially provided for, 20 per cent. ad valorem. 3. It passed the Senate, but when it reached the House a substitute was reported, and before action was taken Congress adjourned.

FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN and Scalp of Infantile and Birth Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, Milk Crust, Scall Head, Scrofula and other inherited skin and blood diseases

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers free from poisonous ingredients.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

BACK ACHE, Uterine Pains, Soreness and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. Warranted, 25c.

THOUSANDS OF SQUIRRELS.

Mrs. Capt. Crane Killed Three Hundred On One Tree.

"In no part of the United States has game been so plentiful as in Northwestern Ohio," said Admiral Huntley, this morning. "Years ago when I came to this vicinity every variety of game—deer, foxes, coons, rabbits, squirrels, and all kinds of water fowls were so abundant that a person could kill all he needed to keep his family in meat, by going into the woods a short distance from his house, or walking to the river or any of the small streams.

"The woods were dense, and browsing and picking to be had anywhere by animals or birds. Certain kinds of animals would live on leaves, grass, and nuts, and the birds on seeds. Some animals would sustain life by eating other animals.

"Squirrels were especially plentiful. I remember the BLADE said I killed 17 squirrels on one tree not far from where I live. That was true, but a gentleman who read the account in the BLADE said that if the killing of squirrels by Mrs. Capt. Crane had been mentioned, the history of early game shooting about Toledo would have been complete.

"Captain Crane lived where Bridge street crosses Front street, in a neat cottage. There was a belt of woods composed of oak and hickory trees that reached out from the forest nearly to the house. At the point of the woods, only about 50 feet from the house, stood a large locust tree. On this tree hundreds of squirrels would gather. Capt. Crane had a double-barreled shot gun, which Mrs. Crane used. She was an expert shot, and whenever she wanted a squirrel dinner, she would take the gun, go to the lower end of the lot, and kill all she wanted. She killed at least 300 squirrels on that one tree.

"There was a small stream near the house, and the squirrels no doubt made their way to it to bathe in and drink it. Squirrels are a semi-aquatic animal and like the water. They are scarce now on account of the woods being chopped away. As soon as the forests began to thin out they emigrated by the thousands."

—Can consumption be cured? Yes. One man only, discovered the laws of gravitation. One man only discovered the virtue of vaccination. And one man, after years of study and reflection, has discovered the cure of consumption. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" *is its specific.* Send two letter stamps and get Dr. Pierce's pamphlet treatise on consumption. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HEBREW NEW YEAR.

The Custom of Interchanging Gifts—The Name Given the Day by the Hebrews.

The Hebraic new year which was celebrated on Thursday by the Hebrews of this city, was in former times, that is before the beginning of the Christian era, observed with a great deal of pomp. The Romans were accustomed to give and receive presents on that day, much as the Christians interchange gifts on Christmas and New Year's. In the time of Emperor Claudius this custom grew to such proportions that it became a burden to the empire and was limited by the emperor's decree.

According to tradition, the world was created on this day, over 5,000 years ago. It has several names, including Yom Hadden, Yom Therooh, Yom Hazzikkorom, Rosh Hashohonoh. The reason for these different names is given in the following catechism:

New Year (Rosh Hashohonoh), or the first day of Tishri, which is the beginning of the Hebrew year. On that day we adore God as the creator of the world; humbly submit to His control; confess our sins before Him, and pray to be judged, not according to our merits, but according to His mercy (Yom Hadden). Our soul is aroused to God's great glory in His might and wisdom, and we tremble in fear and awe at the Divine presence that fills the universe, which resounds with praise to the Almighty; it is the day of sounding the trumpet (Yom Theroob). We remember the many favors which we have received from God, and pray to Him that He may continue His loving kindness to us in the to come: Day of remembrance (Yom Hazzikkoron.)

Shooting a New Keyhole.

The night air was somewhat loaded with his hiccoughs as he struggled home by daylight up the steep sides of Sutter street. The cars had commenced running, but he would not take one. He knew that he had missed the last car long ago, and he could not understand that yesterday was over and to-day had come. He was surprised to meet a good many people coming down town, and in trying to puzzle out what was up he gradually reached home. A stray policeman who had been left out all night, heard a revolver shot, and in defiance of danger ran. He found the inebriated gentleman firing through his own door.

"Hello! What are you doing?"

"Darn it, can't you see? I can't find the keyhole of thish door, and I'm shootin' in a new one. I've got to get my key into this door somehow."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

DR. LOOMIS'S LATEST. IMPROVED "VAPOR BATTERY." The Wonder of the nineteenth century.

Patent applied for. During the years 1884-85-86 thousands have used the batteries under his directions. The blind have been enabled to see, and the deaf to hear. People suffering with catarrh, in some cases between 30 and 40 years; also neuralgia, hay fever, asthma, nervous headache, colds, etc., etc., have been cured. Sufferers are requested to investigate; one treatment without charge. Catalogue sent upon application. Address

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We have made a Specialty since 1877 of giving as Premiums to those who get up clubs or purchase Tea and Coffee in large quantities, Dinner and Tea Sets, Gold Band Sets, Silverware, etc. Teas of all kinds, from 30 to 75 cents per pound. We do a very large Tea and Coffee business, besides sending out from 60 to 90 Club Orders each day. Silver-Plated Castors as Premiums with $5, $7 and $10 orders. White Tea Sets with $10 orders. Decorated Tea Sets with $13. Gold Band or Moss Rose Sets of 44 pieces, or Dinner Sets of 112 pieces with $20 orders, and a host of other premiums. Send us postal and mention Toledo BLADE, and we will send you Illustrated PRICE AND PREMIUM LIST. As to our reliability we are pleased to refer to publishers of Toledo BLADE. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 811 Washington street, Boston, Mass.

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LANDS Send to FREDERIKSEN & CO., 181 Washington st., Chicago, for free maps and particulars of 250,000 acres selected R. R. and State lands in Southern Minnesota and Central Kansas, $5 to $10 per acre. Easy terms. Excursion rates. Free fare to buyers.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practising physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It effected a speedy cure.—G. Stoveall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe Cold, which grew worse and settled on my Lungs. By night sweats I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My Cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Saulsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine, and was cured.—Ernest Colton, Logansport, Ind. ††

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Logan Told a Fact.

"Let me get at him. I want to shake hands with the next President," exclaimed an enthusiastic man, as he elbowed his way through a crowd at a railway station, where a train had stopped which bore Gen. Logan on his way to attend a soldiers' reunion.

"How are you, General?" he roared, extending his hand through the open window of the car where the general sat. "I am going to vote for you for President in 1888."

"My dear friend," replied the general, blandly, "there will have to be a change in the constitution of the United States before you can vote for me or any other man for President. That is the business of the electors."

And the people whose hats and bonnets had been dislocated and whose corns had been trodden upon by the enthusiastic man in his frantic rush to get at the general, now opened a wide gap for him as he slunk back, and made sarcastic remarks at him, and told him they didn't believe he'd get any postoffice.

The Prefix "Mr."

The superfluity of the prefix "Mr." before a man's name has seldom been shown in so startling a manner as it is at present in this city. On a large poster, in immense letters and three separate lines, one almost blind can easily from a distance make out "Mr. Edwin Booth." The utter uselessness of the meaningless "Mr." occupying a full line and in type as large as the name, is ridiculously apparent. Edwin Booth needs no "Mr." to bring him into prominence. Fancy one speaking of the late "Mr." George Washington, who was "first in war," etc.

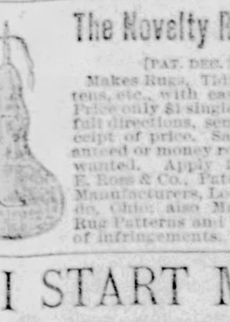
He Sent Her a Doll.

A Kentucky planter was so pleased with the acting of a little girl in a play at Louisville that the next day he sent her a fine large doll to "amuse her when not at the theatre." This is the reply he received: "Kind friend, have just received your note and package containing the doll; thanks very much. The doll is very handsome. I showed it to my husband, and we think it will be a great amusement for me."

DIED.

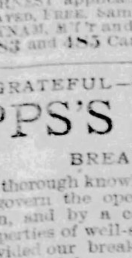
How often do we see under this heading the name of some one near and dear to us. Many whose names are thus printed would to day be alive and well if they had put prejudice and poisonous drugs aside and accepted the honest offer we have been making them for years past. During the last nine years we have cured tens of thousands of patients suffering from chronic ailments after all other treatments had failed, by means of our wonderful Electric Medicated Appliances. We have so much faith in our goods that we send them on trial, and do not require payment unless they make a cure. Can you ask anything fairer than this? Different appliances to cure Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Debility, Asthma, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Lungs, &c. Illustrated book giving full particulars and testimonials from every State in the U. S., and blank for statement of your case sent free. Address Electric Pad M'f'g. Co., 44 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to day, remember we take the risk of the Appliance failing, the only risk you take is the risk of being cured.

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.



DR. LIEBIG'S GUIDE TO Health and explanatory diagnostician sent (sealed) free, giving the secret why thousands cannot get cured of nervous debility, weakness, loss of manhood, premature decay, unnatural drain from the system, and all complaints resulting from youthful folly, abuse and excesses of maturity, or badly treated cases of a special nature. Call or address LIEBIG DISPENSARY, for diseases of men, 400 Geary street, San Francisco, Cal.

OHIO Improved CHESTER HOGS not subject to cholera. 788 sold in 1885. Largest shipment of any breed by any firm in the world. Two weighed 2806 lbs. Send for description of this famous breed. Also fowls. The L. B. Silver Co., Cleveland, O., U. S. A. If the above breed are not liable to cholera the importance cannot be overestimated and should be investigated.



The Novelty Rug Machine [PAT. DEC. 27, 1881.] Makes Rugs, Tidies, Hoods, Mittens, etc., with ease and rapidity. Price only $1 single machine, with full directions, sent by mail on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agents wanted. Apply for circulars to E. Ross & Co., Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, Lock-Box 184, Toledo, Ohio; also Manufacturers of Rug Patterns and Yarns. Beware of infringements.

I START MEN OF SMALL MEANS in the New lucrative business of "HOME PHOTOGRAPHY." By the recent great discovery of substituting a DRY Gelatine film for WET Colodion the entire material is now prepared in large Photo. Factories, and SOLD READY FOR USE, similar to Cartridges for a Gun; Enabling Men or Women with no experience, to produce Superior Photos to what formerly required long years of difficult practice, costing less than 50 cts. for one dozen large photos that sell for $4 to $6. It is paying big with other business in STORES or SHOPS at home, or from HOUSE TO HOUSE. The novel surprise of a man with complete apparatus appearing at the door ready to photo. anything, Persons, Groups, Buildings or Animals, secures profitable orders in nine out of ten homes; Affords Steady Work and pays 300 per cent. profit. To EARNEST applicants (one copy) of Process ILLUSTRATED, FREE, sample Photos, 10c. FRANKLIN PUTNAM, Mf'r and Dealer in Photo. Apparatus, 483 and 485 Canal street, New York.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

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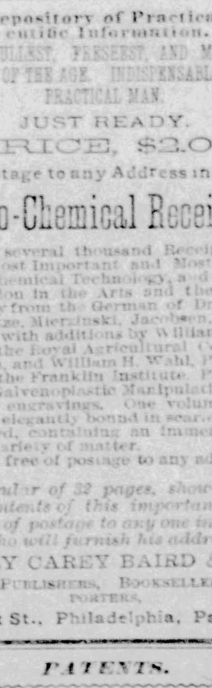

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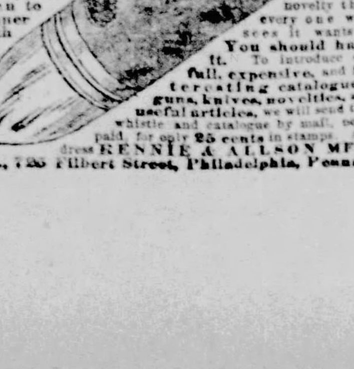

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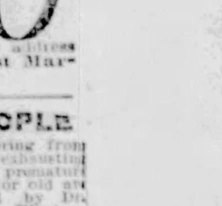

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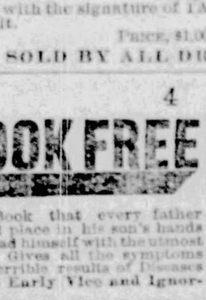

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REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE mercantile reports for the past week disclose the fact that the business revival has been somewhat checked. This was to have been expected. With the improving prospects for trade came a renewal of the labor disturbances. These are being settled, but they checked business. It may be set down as a surety that a healthy revival of business will never take place until better relations are established between capital and labor, than now exist. So long as labor strikes and disturbances to business are liable to occur at any moment, capital will not seek investment with that degree of freedom necessary to insure good times. As matters now stand it is for the working classes to decide whether the stagnation, which has characterized the past three years, shall be brought to an end or not.

THE department of Agriculture has issued its October estimates of the yield of most of the leading staples, which, except cotton, are final. In all staples a larger yield is reported than had been previously indicated. The yield of cotton is put at 6,670,000 bales, which is 120,000 bales more than were produced in 1885; corn, 1,650,000,000 bushels, against 1,936,000,000 in 1885, and 1,795,000,000 in 1884; wheat, 466,000,000 bushels, against 357,000,000 in 1885, and 512,000,000 in 1884; oats, 600,000,000 bushels, against 629,000,000 in 1885 and 583,000,000 in 1884; rye, 26,000,000 bushels, against 25,000,000 in 1885 and 28,000,000 in 1884; and barley, 60,000,000 bushels, against 54,000,000 in 1885 and 61,000,000 in 1884. All these staple productions bring in about a full average yield. There is a deficiency in wheat and corn, but it is insignificant, indicating a merely trivial difference between ample plenty and oppressive superabundance.

THE disaster at Sabine Pass and along the Gulf last week, is even more terrible than was at first reported. One hundred persons were drowned at Sabine Pass alone, and the storm shrieked over the country to the great lakes in the North. It will be weeks before the actual loss of life occasioned by marine disasters can be known. Certainly it will be very great. In the gulf, as in the lakes, many men will rest with only the changing billows as their headstones. As for the widowed wives and childless mothers made by the disaster, who shall hope to count them?

THE meeting of the supreme legislative body of the Knights of Labor, at Richmond, Va., has been a good thing for the organization, for it has shown them that there are a number of factors in the labor problem that they have not hitherto considered. They find, for instance, that negro labor is badly paid, because the negroes, having been slaves so long, can be kept down; and that this poorly paid labor is coming in competition with white labor, to the determent of the latter. They find that so long as the negroes are uneducated, kept out of their political rights and not allowed to rise, so long they will live on very little, so that white men connot compete with them.

MR. POWDERLY, in a speech Thursday to the Knights of Labor national assembly at Richmond, urged upon his hearers the necessity of temperance, and asked them to endeavor to impress the importance of this subject on the various local assemblies. He called attention to he fact that not one of the general officers elected at this general assembly used intoxicating liquors. Each of the general officers then formally pledged himself to total abstinence from intoxicating liquors during his two years' term of office. This is cheering news. The great work of Prohibition goes steadily forward.

THE political battle in Indiana is lively. The Democrats have so managed the debt as to add $1,160,000 to it since January 1, 1885. Under the Republican administration of Gov. PORTER it was reduced nearly one-half.

THE Democratic papers of Florida are yelling in concert, "Save the state legislature!" The Bourbon counting-out machine must be rusty, to judge by the noise they make.

THE rumor at Washington now is that after the completion of his annual report, Sec. MANNING will permanently retire from the cabinet.

PROHIBITION has been adopted in Simpson county, Kentucky, by a majority of 300 votes. The opponents of the measure made no fight, and but about 900 votes were polled.

HENRY WARD BEECHER caused some excitement in Dr. Parker's City Temple, London, on Friday, when, after delivering a sermon, in answer to questions, he expressed his disbelief in the doctrine of divine retribution.

THE South is increasing in manufactures, and the free trade idea is dying out in a corresponding ratio. Six years ago there were 161 cotton mills in the South; now there are 310. The output has increased in that time still more largely, it being 88 per cent. greater now than it was only six years ago. With free trade or with a revenue tariff, the millions of dollars which the product of those mills represent might have been turned out by English cotton-mills. Suppose that this had been done, and the goods had been brought back here and sold for a trifle less than the Southern manufactures sold them for, would there have been any real gain to the South? The millions of dollars paid out to the thousands of employes would have been paid to English workmen, and would have been spent in England. Now they go into the pockets of Americans, and the South prospers.

THE holders of national bank stock will interested in a decision rendered a few days ago by Judge WALLACE, of the United States circuit court for the district of New York. A year ago a tax receiver levied a tax upon certain shares of national bank stock. The banks joining the shareholders, obtained an injunction restraining the collection of the tax. Thirty-five banks moved to have this injunction made permanent, and Judge WALLACE's decision is in denial of this motion.

OUR Southern brethren "of the proud Caucasian blood" are doing their best in some sections, it seems, to settle the negro question by causing a large admixture of white blood. To such an extent has miscegenation gone in northern Louisiana that recently a public meeting was held in one of the parishes which adopted resolutions strongly denouncing the inter-marriage and cohabitation of whites and blacks, and threatening to socially boycott all white men with negro wives or paramours. A vigilance committee of nineteen was appointed to warn those living with negro women to leave them and lead a moral life. Another committee was appointed to correspond with prominent citizens in other parishes to endeavor to bring about the co-operation of all North Louisiana in this movement.

THE Supreme court of the United States is now in session, with a docket of 1,100 cases, the largest ever known.

ONE of the United States district attorneys who is going to be asked to resign by the President for violating the civil service order that government officials shall not meddle in politics, is none other than A. K. DELANEY, of Wisconsin, who defeated BRAGG for renomination. The strange part of the affair is that BRAGG and DELANEY had a bargain in regard to the distribution of offices, and BRAGG gave DELANEY the district attorney's place, the latter signing a paper stating that he would not run for the congressional nomination against BRAGG. But he did, and after 100 ballots beat BRAGG.

THE sensation of political circles in New York is the nomination of Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT for mayor by Tammany Hall, which organization is said to have completely demoralized the County Democracy by invading their ranks and choosing therefrom a candidate. There is a strong effort making to unite the Democracy on HEWITT, in order to defeat HENRY GEORGE, the workingman's candidate. The tocsin has been sounded, "Anything to beat GEORGE!"

NOTHING has occurred in Great Britain last week to change the aspect of affairs as it then appeared. So far matters in Ireland seem to be in a condition highly satisfactory to the government. Should things go on as now it will be a considerable Tory triumph. Landlords generally, are responding to Lord HARTINGTON'S appeal not to deal harshly with their tenants, and there have been very few evictions. Reductions have been made in judicial rents far beyond what was expected, and if the tenants will follow Mr. PARNELL'S advice to accept a 50 per cent. reduction and pay rent wherever possible, the winter will be likely to pass in comparative quiet. The critical time will not, however, arrive until next month, and then the real condition of affairs will appear.

THE Bulgarians are evidently determined not to be under Russian control, as in spite of the Czar's expressed wish, the great council, called the Sobranje, is summoned to meet the 27th of this month. If the Czar desired to exasperate the Bulgarians to the utmost he could not have carried out his desire better than by sending Gen. KAULBERS to them and permitting him to take the course which he has. In consequence a chamber has been elected, of the members of which he can not control more than 40 out 525, so that any candidate that he may select will be sure of opposition. At present it looks as if Prince ALEXANDER would be re-elected, and it is said that in this case he has promised to return. Of course this would be a direct insult to the Czar, who will not be likely to accept the situation, and then as the sympathies of several of the Powers is with Bulgaria, the war will be likely to begin. One thing is certain, and that is, that the latter country is more hostile to Russia than ever, and Gen. KAULBAR'S ill-judged proceedings are the cause.

It is reported that the British government has determined to maintain a protectorate over Egypt. This is felt to be necessary in order to keep the supremacy over the Suez canal, and to do this, she must, at least, dominate Lower Egypt. It is probable, however, that this will be done by British gold instead of powder, as it will be the aim to keep the army out of that country if possible.

THERE is no question but M. DE FREYCINET has obtained a strong hold upon the French people, as has been shown by his reception during his recent tour through the country. He claims that the republic is stronger to-day than it has ever been, and it is undoubtedly true. M. GREVY has proved himself just the President needed and, as said before, M. DE FREYCINET is exceedingly popular, as is Gen. BOULANGER, the Minister of War. The latter has been carrying out reforms in the army until it is now in splendid fighting trim, and ready for action should the occasion arise.

THE storm of last Thursday was not, it seems, confined to this side of the water, but was seriously felt upon the English coast. The wind began blowing a gale upon Thursday night, which increased all day Friday until it became a hurricane. Great damage was done to shipping and several buildings were blown down in the seacoast towns.

THE cholera is raging with the greatest violence in Corea, the death-rates at the capital reaching to 1,000 a day. It is described as an appalling pest spot, and the ravages of this dread disease outrivals the terrors of the plague in London. At last accounts the citizens were so overcome with horror and despair as to give over the task of burying the dead.

A PRIZE has been offered in Paris, to be competed for by all nationalities, for the best practical application of electricity to any branch of industry. The conditions have just been made known by the minister of Public Instruction, and are exceedingly liberal. The prize is $10,000, and the lists will be open until June 30, 1887, the award to be made by a special committee appointed by himself. American electricians will have an opportunity to avail themselves of this competition to show the progress they have made.

NOTICE the advertisements of the books published by the Blade company, on the 5th page of this issue under the head of "Publisher's Department." They are the cheapest and best books published anywhere. Many of them are offered at less than half the publisher's price. Order at once to avoid the rush that always occurs just before the holidays.

"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

The Rum Power dare not let the people of any Prohibition state, or county, or municipality test the advantages and benefits of Prohibition. Atlanta is to-day a fair sample of their methods. The liquor licenses have about all run out in that city, and a large wholesale liquor dealer has removed his establishment to a town some 30 miles away, and advertises extensively in the Atlanta papers that he will fill all orders for Rum by the next train after their receipt. This enables the satellites of the Rum Power to keep up a clamor that "there is as much liquor drank in Atlanta as ever," and to mourn eloquently that the money therefor goes out of the city to other places. There is of course a vast deal of falsehood in the claim that as much Rum is drank as ever. That it is not so, is amply proved by the testimony of men of the highest standing, even if it were not self-evident to all thinking people.

But even under the present state of things, while Rum can be obtained by a certain class, there are manifest advantages over the old conditions under the free reign of Rum. There is not a saloon in the city. There is not on every hand an open door tempting men to enter a hell-hole. The children are growing up without constant familiarity with the infernal Rum traffic. The better class of the community have their faces set against Rum, and the young man who has his way to make in the world sees clearly that it will not do for him to affiliate with the defiers of public sentiment who make the evasion of the liquor law their chief end in life. The Rum-slaves, the men who have become so much the victims of drink that they think they cannot exist without supplying the dreadful craving for Rum, will have it in some manner, legal or illegal; but their hold on life is not for many years. The present crop of drunkards will, in the course of nature, all die off; and the great benefit of the law will then be shown in there being no new recruits to the ranks. The Rum traffic will die a natural death, from lack of customers.

There is another point which is never alluded by the advocates of Rum. It is, that localities which have once given Prohibition anything like a fair trial, *do not abandon it.* The sentiment in favor of law grows stronger as the substantial blessings accruing from an elimination, even though it be not absolutely complete, of the infernal Rum curse. There is no question among the people who have tried it but that Prohibition is a benefit. How else can the growth of sentiment in its favor be accounted for? Let us look at the facts in the case of Atlanta—facts that are hushed up by the foes of Prohibition:

The secretary of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce reports retail business of all kinds has increased from 10 to 25 per cent. over that of last year.

The president of the same body (who strongly opposed the adoption of Prohibition) admits that the bank reports show a corresponding increase.

There are eight railroads tributary to Atlanta. Their freight business for July and August (the law went into effect July 1) shows an increase ranging from 20 to 100 per cent. over those of the corresponding months of last year.

The tax rate of the city was lowered a few weeks ago 25 per cent—that is, from 40 cents to 30 cents on each $100 of valuation.

Here are four facts which the enemies of Prohibition cannot deny, and which they cannot explain on any other hypothesis than that the business of the city is increasing, and that the expenses have become less, or that the valuation of taxable property is increasing. Now it was the strongest argument they used against Prohibition, that business would be injured, the value of property be diminished, and that Atlanta would go to ruin generally. The facts prove that they are liars. Atlanta is prospering. All retail business shows a healthy increase, and the reason is patent; the money which before was spent in saloons is now spent for other things. It goes for articles that will add to the comfort, health and well-being of the people, rather than for that which will degrade them and drag their families down to poverty and misery.

Is not Prohibition a success in Atlanta, even with the evasion of the law by confirmed drinkers and the minions of the Rum Power?

The state of Kansas is an example of the fact that a trial of Prohibition leads to a growth of public sentiment in its favor. The New York *World*, a Democratic and anti-Prohibition paper, sent its Washington correspondent to Kansas, to report upon the status of Prohibition. He admits that there is no dissatisfaction with the law among the people at large, and declares that if the Prohibitory amendment were again submitted to a popular vote it would receive a much heavier majority. He quotes the shippers of liquor to the effect that their sales in Kansas "have decreased about 25 per cent." As they are working hard to convince the nation that "Prohibition does not prohibit," this admission is a most important one. They admit a decrease of one-fourth, and the truth is much greater than this. And the additional point is to be noted that the sale is decreasing instead of increasing. Public sentiment is making itself felt, and the law is being more strictly enforced. There are no new drunkards being made in Kansas. It is the old bummers who are consuming what liquor goes into the state.

Rhode Island's Prohibitory amendment went into operation on July 1. The effect is already seen in the decrease of offenses against the laws, as shown by the total number of arrests made in the state. The total arrests in the month of July have been over 600 in each of the preceding four years. This year they numbered only 263. August, 1885, had a total of 543; August of this year, 348. September, 1885, had 606 arrests; the September just past had but 333. In the city of Newport, "the cells in the police station are generally empty," is the report, and the amount of Rum sold is not one-twentieth of what it was under the reign of the saloons. And the admission of the papers of the state uniformly is that the sentiment among the people in favor of Prohibition is growing steadily. The men who doubted its practicability are now its most staunch supporters. The effects of Prohibition are shown to be so beneficent, the decrease in the number of breaches of the peace and other minor offenses, which are so often the direct effects of Rum, is so great, that the skeptical are convinced, and the people are rallying in its support.

Maine is solid for Prohibition, in Kansas and Iowa the sentiment grows steadily in its favor. The same is true of Rhode Island, and the Southern states are steadily increasing the area in each which is emancipated from the control of Rum. Wherever the people have a fair opportunity to test its benefits, Prohibition stands firm. In point of fact, the Rum advocates can point to no place where Rum triumphs over Prohibition where the latter has a fair trial. The Rum Power is alarmed. A national convention is called to meet in Chicago, of the liquor dealers of the United States, to devise a method of stemming the growing tide of Prohibition. The call for this meeting sounds the tocsin of alarm. It admits that "Prohibition sentiment is alive and active in every voting precinct of the nation, and has gained a strong hold upon the people." It admits that "its progress threatens the annihilation" of the Rum traffic, and that "these are facts too patent to admit of argument."

"By their fruits ye shall know them."

The fruits of Prohibition are prosperity, wealth, a decrease of crime, an improvement of social conditions. It has made friends wherever tried. The fruits of the Rum traffic are known to all men—for who is there in this broad land who has not been familiarized with the evils born in the shadow of this upas? Even the Rum kings see the handwriting on the wall; Rum has been weighed in the balance, and found wanting. The Rum Power is alarmed for its life, for the people are aroused. It may seem to be long to the faithful workers in the ranks of Prohibition, but the time is coming, when the people will rise in their might, from ocean to ocean, from the Lakes to the Gulf, and will

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

The Republican state central committee of Ohio has just completed a canvass of the state, and the result is a most gratifying, not to say astonishing, one to the Republicans and the friends of honest government. The result indicates that the Republican majority in the state will be something like 22,000. So far as MCBRIDE'S candidacy is concerned, the only points wherein the canvass shows that inroads will be made in the Republican vote is in the three mining districts of the state—the Tuscarawas, the Mahoning and the Hocking valleys. This is because of MCBRIDE'S being the president of the state Miners' union. It is clearly shown, however, on the other hand, that the Republican loss in these three localities will be more than recouped among the farmers, who do not take kindly to MCBRIDE'S communistic doctrines nor demagogic course in the General Assembly.

The result of the canvass in the Congressional districts is also most gratifying. It indicates the election of the Republican candidates in the following districts:

First, Benjamin Butterworth; Second, Charles E. Brown; Third, E. L. Williams; Seventh, John Little; Eighth, Robert P. Kennedy; Ninth, W. C. Cooper; Tenth, Jacob Romeis; Eleventh, A. C. Thompson; Twelfth, Jacob J. Pugsley; Fourteenth, Charles P. Wickham; Fifteenth, C. H. Grosvenor; Seventeenth, Joseph D. Taylor; Eighteenth, William McKinley, jr.; Nineteenth, Ezra B. Taylor; Twentieth, George W. Crouse; Twenty-first, Amos Townsend.

The Sixth district is shown to be very close between HILL and BOOTHMAN, with the chances in favor of the latter. In the Thirteenth (the Columbus district) it is also a close race between OUTHWAITE (free trade Democrat) and Dr. SHEPARD. The battle is on the tariff, but though the regular Democratic majority is about 3,000, the free trade sentiments of OUTHWAITE, and his record on the Pacific railroad bill, are aiding Dr. SHEPARD among the farmers and flockmasters, and in the mining region of Hocking and Perry counties. The Knights of Labor are also bitterly opposing OUTHWAITE on account of his being a free trader.

In the Tenth district, the canvass shows that HURD will be badly left. This county (Lucas) shows a majority of 2,000 against him. The agitation in the Eighth, Twentieth and Twenty-first districts by the labor and Democratic candidates does not promise much aid and comfort to the Bourbons, and in the Eighth (Gen. KENNEDY'S district), where the combined Democratic and labor elements are moving heaven and earth to compass the defeat of "King Bob," a careful estimate shows that they will be mistaken in their loud claims that he will be retired to private life by at least 2,000 majority. In Clarke county, the hot-bed of opposition to KENNEDY, he will have not less than 600 majority, while the figures on the other counties of the district will bring his total majority up to not less than that named. An especial effort is also being made to defeat GEORGE W. CROUSE in the Twentieth district and AMOS TOWNSEND in the Twenty-first, by virtue of the combined Democratic and labor strength, but the canvass shows good safe majorities in both cases.

As regards the Supreme judgeship, the Ohio Saloonkeepers' association is making an especial effort in behalf of Judge Follett, the Democratic candidate for re-election, but the losses sustained by M. J. WILLIAMS in the larger cities on this account will be more than offset by the gains in the country districts.

The Prohibition candidates do not cut much of a figure in the returns received, a great falling off in their strength being noticeable in many hitherto strong temperance communities. This is accounted for by the fact that under the local option feature of the Dow law the saloons have been closed up in more than 100 towns and villages in this state, and to the practical temperance men this is a showing that has considerable weight.

TO THOSE INTENDING TO STUDY ART.

The Toledo Academy of Fine Arts is now open and in successful operation. Those intending to study art should send to D. KNIGHT CARTER, Actuary, Toledo, Ohio, for a prospectus. The school offers facilities for procuring a complete Art education superior to any this side of the Atlantic. The principal teachers, Mr. EDMOND OSTHAUS and Miss AMY KIRKPATRICK, are entirely competent, Mr. OSTHAUS being a graduate of the world-famous Art Schools of Dusseldorf, Germany, and what is quite as important, there is attached to the school, a gallery of over 1,000 oil paintings by the first masters of the world, for the sole use of pupils in copying. The school is also supplied with an abundance of casts, drawings, etc., and the course of instruction is made comprehensive and thorough. The BLADE recommends the school to all who desire a thorough art education. Lady pupils will be provided with good homes, and especial care will be taken of young pupils of either sex. The management is entirely reliable. Mr. Carter, the actuary, will answer all inquiries.

BLAINE ON THE TARIFF.

On last Saturday evening Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE made a speech at Philadelphia, which was listened to with the deepest attention by an enormous throng of people. His opening remarks were devoted to the tariff, and we reproduce them:

Mr. Chairman, no party can live upon its records any more than a man can live by claiming an honorable ancestry. The party should claim popular approval for what it shall do rather than what it has done. [He then spoke of the working people's millions in the saving funds as evidence of the benefits of a protective tariff.] The six leading manufacturing states have a thousand millions to the credit of the wage workers in such banks, against only four hundred millions for all the wage workers in Great Britain and Ireland. From the time of the declaration of independence to the inauguration of Lincoln, all the foreign shipments from this country amounted to about $7,000,000,000, while in the 20 years under the protective tariff the exports reached $12,000,000,000.

Could there be a stronger illustration that while we are enabled to control the policy of foreign nations, could there be a stronger illustration of a necessity of controlling a policy of our own? A free-trade writer in this country, who would be a man of very great fame if others thought of him as he thinks of himself, suggests the discovery that really we have a great deal of free trade at home. From the time we had the first national contest of the Republican party we have spread our country over an area as large as the continent of Europe, with millions constantly increasing, with a continental area of over thirty-eight states and nine territories. We exchange without hindrance or tax, or custom, or any obstruction whatever. Where is there a parallel in the world? What nation in the world can show you any parallel?

When a Philadelphia manufacturer can send his product through thirty-eight states and nine territories, over 3,000,500 square miles of area without a single penny of tax. [Applause.] England has no such free trade. They levy duties on her in Canada, one of her provinces. They levy duties on her in Ireland. She hasn't absolute free trade even in Australia or Ireland. If there be virtue in free trade we have it. If there be virtue in protection we have it, and there never was a nation in the world that was so fitted for a protective policy as the United States. I am not going to argue over the whole field to-night. I will not argue whether a country like Canada, for instance, producing practically but one or two things out of the soil, is fitted for protection; but here we stand, with all the cereals, with cotton, sugar and all products—a great world's exchange within ourselves—I say, whatever can be as well made here as in other countries should be made here. [Applause.]

WHAT HURD REALLY MEANS.

"Revenue reform" is merely another name for free trade. It is the first step in the path to national ruin which the free trade fanatics, working blindly in the interests of Great Britain, are endeavoring to have this country take. There is an effort making in this district to confuse the issue, and make the voters believe that "tariff reform" has nothing to do with free trade. This is a piece of trickery.

Thera was held in Chicago, November 11 and 12, 1886, a "national conference of free traders and revenue reformers." The proceedings of that meeting were printed in pamphlet form, and a large number of them were distributed in this district, because they contained a full reprint of papers read at that meeting by FRANK HURD and BENJ. REECE. Each copy had a loose slip laid inside it, which was to be filled out by the recipient. On one side was a blank with spaces for his name, age, occupation, political party, residence, etc., and on the other was the following:

I FAVOR

1.—Repeal of tax on raw materials.
2.—Repeal of navigation laws.
3.—Tariff for revenue only.
4.—Absolute free trade.
5.—Direct taxation.

(Check the numbers you favor.)

This slip was to be filled out and sent to the American Free Trade League, New York.

Here we have the progressive steps, leading to absolute free trade and direct taxation. If we raised no money by duties on imports, for the payment of the public debt, pensions and other governmental expenses, the funds to pay them would have to be raised by direct taxation. As provided for in the constitution of the United States, this would have to be paid by the states in proportion to the population.

To show where the free traders wish eventually to land us, let us look at the tax we would have to pay. If we were to raise each year by direct taxation the sum now brought in by the tariff, Ohio would have over *twelve millions* to pay yearly! How much would we of Lucas county have to pay? The population of Ohio by the last census was 3,198,062; of Lucas county, 67,377—over one-forty-seventh of the entire population of the state. Our share, therefore, would be over $225,000 every year!

This is what "revenue reform" means. It is a step in the direction of free trade, and the full purpose of HURD and his fellow-conspirators against national prosperity is absolute free trade and the raising of the revenue to carry on the government by direct taxation.

If the tariff is to be revised—and, as the conditions of business change, revision is needed—it should be done by the friends of national industry, not by its foes. To put the work into the hands of the enemies of American industry and American labor is to insure a vital stab. It would mean such a change in the economic conditions of the country as would blight the prospects of our manufacturing interests, and of the hundreds of thousands of people dependent upon them for labor and support. As the New York *Sun* (Democratic) says:

The British industries that now languish, such as the iron and steel shops and the great coal mines, would boom as they have never boomed before, and the iron and steel shops and the coal mines here would shut down, and their operators would have to seek some other employment—perhaps go to England.

That is exactly what "revenue reform" means—the abandonment of the protective feature of the tariff. The masses engaged in the great industries, as employes and employers, and the multitude of others whose welfare depends on the prosperity of the industrial classes, are not ready to welcome the proposed change. They do not approve the plan of "booming" business abroad at the cost of killing business at home. Nor are many of them deceived by HURD and his followers, who seek to disguise their bitter hostility to protection under the name of "tariff reform."

THE STORY OF ANDERSONVILLE.

We have just published a new edition of JOHN MCELROY'S wonderful book, "Andersonville—A Story of Military Southern Prisons," which is announced elsewhere. Those who want this great book, great as a literary work and great in its truthfulness, can procure it by remitting $1.25 to the BLADE. This is about half its original price. Every soldier, or friend of the soldier should have it.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE.

The desperate attempt of the free traders of England, under the lead of the Cobden club, to establish a free trade propaganda in the United States, has led to the establishment of an organization in the United States to combat the pernicious doctrine which would make us the tributary to British prosperity and destroy our industries that those of England may thrive. This is the American Protective Tariff League, ROBERT P. PORTER, secretary, 23 West Twenty-third street, New York. Its object is, by adequate duties upon imported products, to protect American labor, whether agricultural, manufacturing, mining or commercial, against the competition of low-priced labor in foreign countries.

The League recognizes that the American people should not, and will not, submit to the low standard of wages prevailing in other countries; that this is a government by the people, and not one in which the people are subordinate to the governing powers; that the existence of the republic depends upon the maintenance of a high standard of American citizenship; and that in all questions of public policy the advancement of the citizen takes precedence of every other consideration.

It claims that, not only the industrial growth of the republic, but the prosperity and social well-being of its citizens, are promoted by a judicious protective tariff. The recent report of the United States Labor commission shows that, during the past quarter of a century, under a protective tariff, cost of production and expenses of living have steadily diminished, rates of wages have increased, and wage-earners, in common with all other citizens, have reaped incalculable benefits from the general cheapening of commodities that has followed home production and healthful home competition.

It maintains that cost of production and expenses of living are diminished, and rates of wages increased, with the advance in the productive power of labor; and that the growth of this productive power depends upon the opportunities and rewards for intelligent effort afforded by a high standard of wages.

It affirms that the intelligence, skill and ambition of our workmen, encouraged by liberal wages, will enable them to compete advantageously with cheap and unintelligent labor everywhere; that the same methods by which many of the advanced products of American labor are now successfully competing abroad with similar products of foreign labor, may be applied to other industries; and that cheap production, through high wages and intelligence, will enable us not only to hold our own market, but ultimately to command the markets of the world.

While opposing monopolies and exclusive privileges, the League advocates and upholds that policy which protects the right of every American citizen to his share in the fruits of American labor, employed under free government, in the development of our unequalled material resources.

Finally, The American Protective Tariff League proposes a union and organization of all industrial workers America in defense, and for the elevation of the American standard of wages, living and self-government.

In furtherance of this purpose, it appeals to all who share in the trials and achievements of American industry, whether wage-earners or wage-payers, to combine in support of a movement which, with their aid, will not only insure the triumph of the American system in America, and improve the condition of all our people, but, by its influence and example, advance the conditions of industrial life throughout the world.

Addressing, therefore, all workers, whether employes or employed, the American Protective Tariff League proposes to make known in every practicable way the principles and advantages of the American protective system, with the intent thereby to limit the importation of the products of foreign labor, and thus maintain and broaden the fields in which American labor may be profitably engaged.

Under no circumstances will the league identify itself with any political party—its aim being to unite all parties in support of the policy which it advocates.

THE best Sewing Machine made is the Blade, and it is sold at about one-third (less than half,) the price of machines made by the monopolistic concerns. See advertisement on 5th page.

TARIFF TALKS—IV.

THE TARIFF AND THE FARMERS.—CONTINUED.

We gave in a previous issue the duty upon grain, live stock and a number of other farm products. To these may be added the following, in reply to queries of various correspondents, whose letters and postal cards we cannot take the room to answer singly: Animals coming to America pay 20 per cent. duty, except those imported for breeding purposes, which are free; barley, 10 cents a bushel; bristles, 15 cents a pound; cement, 20 per cent; dyes, about 40 per cent; flax, hemp, jute and textiles, from 20 to 40 per cent.; hay pays $2 a ton; hops pay 8 cents a pound; leather pays about 40 per cent.; olive oil 25 per cent.; provisions pay 22 per cent.; rice pays 2¼ cents a pound; salt, from 40 to 80 per cent.; seeds pay from 20 to 40 per cent.; soap pays 25 per cent.; molasses, 29 per cent.; sugar 73 per cent.; tobacco, 80 per cent.; vegetables pay 30 per cent.; woods from 15 to 35 per cent.; wool pays from 24 to 45 per cent.

Free trade writers are constantly crying that the agricultural classes get no benefit from the protection extended to them, but we find that the above articles paid, in 1885, for import duty, $21,588,000 in taxes, exclusive of $51,000,000 taxes on imported sugar, $7,200,000 on tobacco, $2,800,000 on leather, and $3,164,000 on wool—$64,000,000—or, in all, $85,748,000 out of the total of $177,000,000 received by the United States in 1885 for customs. The farmer got every article of home manufacture he bought during 1885 cheaper than he would have got it had he been compelled to send to Liverpool or Paris for it, and the farmer had it brought to him over railroads that would not have existed but for the fact that iron could be made at home and hired people could be paid enough to enable them to ride over the railroads. In Mexico they have railroads, but they have no people to carry except such as may be imported or carried free.

3.—NATIONAL UNITY.

The fact is entirely lost sight of, in all free trade arguments, that the country is an unit. Whatever aids one section aids all. The benefit of one is the benefit of all; the injury of one is the injury of all. It is a fact, though the free trader will not mention it, that the farmer in Iowa, or Kansas, or Texas would find ruin staring him in the face if the manufacturing establishments of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, the cotton factories of the East, the great iron industries, the woolen mills, the thousands of busy hives of protected labor were all wiped out. We call special attention to Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, because the free trade writers constantly endeavor to array West against East by talking of the "farmers of the West," as if there were no farms east of the Alleghanies; and they speak of the "Eastern manufacturers" as if there were no industries in operation west of the same mountain chain.

Now it is a fact that the entire West, even far beyond the Mississippi, yes, beyond the Missouri, is dotted with manufacturing industries. It is a fact, known to but few outside of the industries interested, that if the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, be taken as a center, and a circle of, say 125 miles radius be described, it will include in its area the greatest consumption of iron and steel in the manufacture of machinery of the West, and one of the most important manufacturing areas in the Union.

To return from this digression to the main point: free trade disregards the fact of the organic unity of a nation. Let us illustrate the practical working of national necessity. One country may be deeply in debt, or may be exhausted by war, or from some other cause must tax its people heavier than another country. A machine, we will say, must give a certain percentage of the sum it makes its owner to help pay the governmental expenses. In another country this expense is unnecessary. It is plain to all that the people of these two countries must compete with each other on unequal terms. The one whose machine does not pay tax can sell the product of that machine cheaper than the other; the result is, ruin to the people with capital invested in such machines, unless the government steps in and by a duty equalizes things.

Then there is a law of trade which may be illustrated thus: If the English manufacturer has supplied his home market with his product, he sells the rest outside at whatever price he can get above bare cost and transportation. Now, is it fair to let him come into our country, and sell that surplus in competition with our own makers of the same goods, who pay taxes here, are liable to military duty, are part of our own nation—our own brothers?

Let us apply the principle right here at home. Here is a town which is growing in population and wealth. It requires money to grade and pave the streets, to put down sewers, for parks, for a city building; it gives aid to a railroad or two to induce them to run their lines through it; it needs funds to pay its officials, its police, etc. All this money has to be raised by taxation. Merchants come there, buy lots, erect business houses and residences, and pay the heavy taxes imposed in order that they may share in the benefits of the improvements that are necessarily made. Along comes a man with a stock of dry goods, or of boots and shoes, or of hats and caps, or of clothing, which he has picked up at Eastern auction rooms on different occasions. He finds a vacant room that he can get for a few weeks at a merely nominal rent. He pays no taxes in the town; he has no property there, he has no interest in the town's prosperity. He can undersell the regular merchants in the same lines of business. Is it right, is it just, that he should be allowed to do this? This question is answered in thousands of towns by a heavy municipal tax on such transient dealers, and on peddlers, etc. The principle is a sound one. It is better for that town, for all the people in it, that the business men who largely aid in paying its taxes, who contribute to its prosperity, shall be protected from interlopers who would not pay a penny in taxes or aid the town in any way.

THE SURPLUS.

There is a theory much dwelt upon by free traders that protection utterly fails when there is a surplus of any home product, which surplus must ago abroad for a market. This is especially insisted upon with regard to farm products. A few facts will show it to be a fallacy. Notwithstanding an export of $14,000,000 worth of live stock, in 1885, foreigners were made to pay a tax of $679,994 on imported animals; that with an export of $629,130 in barley foreigners landed 10,000,000 bushels on our shores and paid a million dollars in taxes on it. And so on, through the list of nearly thirty articles. The facts are all against the theory that our foreign export is our profit, or that the price abroad fixes the price at home. Wheat may be higher at Chicago than in Liverpool, and it often is—the real price, too, and not the speculative figures of the grain gamblers. On this branch of the question, we quote a very strong argument from the Chicago *Current:*

Yankee sewing machines were $35 in England and $70 at home for two decades. The farmer's profit is his piano instead of his wife's spinning-wheel and loom; his profit is his organization of labor with his town-fellows, whereby he and they work to advantage, and do ten times as much as they used to do. The surplus food must be sold at whatever it will bring among poor hungry foreigners—not at what it is worth to rich hungry Americans.

If the barbaric tribes had more wants—more profit—they could also have a tariff, and England might welcome it in this case. Trade would prosper. The government must be supported, and it is the most extravagant Republic on earth. Our imports brought us $177,000,000 in 1885. If the farmer's goods all went the other way, how does the farmer account for the fact of the itemized tax-payment we have mentioned? That is, how could the imported articles which are all related to the farming industry, pay twenty-five millions in taxes in the year 1885?—twenty-one millions exclusive of $51,000,000 paid on imported sugar, $7,200,000 on tobacco, $2,800,000 on leather, $3,164,000 on wool, or $85,000,000 in all? How was it done?

ENGLAND GETTING SICK OF FREE TRADE.

England is the one country which is the dream of the free trade fanatics. She has free trade—but the fact is, her people are getting tired of is. The economic conditions of the world are changing. Manufactures are increasing elsewhere, and each country is protecting its own, realizing that it is sound national policy to render itself independent, as far as possible, of industrial dependence upon any other country. England is getting the worst of it, and the Tories, even, are talking of "fair trade," which is their phrase for a tariff system.

Lord SALISBURY, the English premier, is a "fair trade" man; his theory is that if a nation taxes English products, he would tax that nation's products in return. The recent utterances of the London *Times* have annoyed every American free trader. England, just at present, is the victim of every land that has a high tariff, and high tariffs are increasing in number. Ten years ago a high tariff man in England would have been regarded with horror. To show the wondrous change in public opinion in that country, we quote the following from the *St. James Gazette*, a Tory organ:

M. Ferry, in a speech which had a great effect in preserving its majority in the Councils-General for the French government, claimed for the Republic that it had "consecrated the great principle of protection to native industry," and denounced the Empire for having introduced free trade. This is not the view which we are taking. The abstract economical argument for free trade has long since lost its interest, and it is time wasted to talk about great principles and their contraries; what we have now to deal with is a set of very disquieting facts. There is, however, one excuse for the unqualified language in which French statesman of all parties speak of protection. What they are really afraid of is Socialism, the alarming fruit in all countries of lowness of wages and deficiency of food. Now it may be true, as the economists tell us, that protectionism is of the nature of Socialism; that is to say, all interference with the natural course of trade is essentially Socialistic. But what the French public men mean is, that, of two modes of abating discontent, they prefer protective duties to Socialistic experiments. In this country, when a number of facts which perfectly explain themselves threaten distress, there is an instant demand for the Socialistic expedient of robbing somebody. We have considerable doubt whether this system has any advantage over protection; but, however that may be, the first necessity is that the country should understand what its real position is, and should see that, next to the duty of combating disruption, British statesmen have no duty so urgent as that of addressing themselves to this position.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE—DON'T DELAY.

All who propose to purchase a sewing machine this fall or winter should get their orders in for the Blade machine as soon as possible. There will be a rush for this popular machine during the next month, and we prefer to avoid delays if possible. The way to do it is to order now, that you may receive it in time for your winter's work. We are filling orders now the same day they are received.

Remember the Blade machine is sold for $18, and with it the WEEKLY BLADE is sent for one year gratis. It is the best machine on the market, and as thousands of those now using them will testify. You get for $18 a better machine than any of the $65 machines on the market. Remit $18 to the Blade company, Toledo, Ohio, and get a magnificent sewing machine and the WEEKLY BLADE one year.

THE CIVIL SERVICE RULES.

There is much dissatisfaction expressed by office-seekers over the new rules that are proposed by the civil service commissioners. The most important one of these provides that all the marking of papers shall be done in Washington, by a board of examiners who shall be in constant session, who shall examine and pass upon all papers. The purpose of this new regulation, as explained by Mr. OBERLY, is to guard against any possible favoritism in the grading of papers, which might happen under the present practice of leaving the examination and marking of examination papers to the local examining boards. It is impossible to get an examining board in any of the various towns and small cities where examinations are held that will not be personally acquainted with, or least know something about, nearly every applicant who comes before them for examination. It is very easy for them to regulate their marking to suit their preferences. Moreover, different local boards mark differently, so that a man who would pass with a high percentage before one board, would fail before another. What the new rule proposes is, in place of the departmental board of fourteen in Washington, to have a board of seven, whose duty it will be to mark all the papers for the whole country without knowing the names of any of the applicants. This will secure uniform grading and perfect fairness. The proposed rule concerning examinations is in accordance with the law, and provides that persons who have been promoted without examination may be examined if reported by the head of the bureau as inefficient.

Another one of the new civil service rules will have the effect of removing the custody of applications from the appointing officers. Candidates for appointments will be required to file their applications with the local examining board. The net result of the proposed changes will be to take away the most powerful incentive to political work, by placing clerkships at the command of the most competent candidates, and not making their appointments mere acts of favoritism, as at present. The most effective measure that could be adopted would be to pass a law extending the provisions of the civil service act to a large number of offices at present beyond its purview, and thus reduce the available spoils to a minimum. But the Democratic House will do nothing of this sort. "What are we here for if not the offices?" is the sentiment which animates your average Bourbon.

THE best Sewing Machine made is the Blade, and at its price, $18 with the WEEKLY BLADE one year, it is by far the cheapest.

THE turning of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington over to the Democrats has evidently turned the rascals in instead of turning them out. The city of Chicago has been flooded with counterfeits of the new silver certificates before the genuine are fairly on the market, and before the people have become fully acquainted with the appearance of the real ones. These spurious notes are nearly as well executed as the genuine, and can be detected by only one slight flaw on the back. Now, it took nearly three months to get up the plates for the genuine notes; hence the counterfeiters must have been at work fully that long, and hence they must have had access to the designs for the notes in the Bureau itself. Therefore, the counterfeiters must be employes of that Bureau, or in close collusion with them. This is the first time in the history of the government that counterfeits were out before the people got hold of the genuine. Republican management was superior to Bourbon carelessness.

EIGHTEEN dollars procures the Blade Sewing Machine and the WEEKLY BLADE one year. Remit at once and avoid the holiday rush.

THE lessons of history are worth studying. It is a fact in our own history that every radical reduction in the tariff has been followed by a financial crash; and it is also a fact that every such reduction has been made when the Democratic party was in control of Congress.

WHERE all must shovel and hoe, wages must be low.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Republicans of the Seventh Missouri Congressional district nominated John R. Martin for Congress.

THE price of milk in Chicago is expected to go up, as the result of shutting off the supply of distillery milk.

COL. CHARLES WHITTLESEY, the distinguished geologist and scholar, died in Cleveland, O., aged 79 years.

THE total number entitled to seats in the Knights of Labor convention is 755, and the total number present is 710.

DEMOCRATIC fiends attempted to blow up with dynamite a speaking stage erected by the Republicans at Nelsonville, O.

THE Quebec elections have resulted in the return of 36 Liberals and 28 Conservatives. There is one election yet to be held.

THE President has requested the accused Indian officeholder to reply to Mr. Swift's charges of violating the civil service laws.

THE National Educational association will hold its next meeting in Chicago. Ten thousand people will probably be in attendance.

THE Liquor league of Indiana is making appeals for money contributions to the Democratic campaign fund, fearing Republican success.

THE National Laundrymen Association agreed that each manufacturer should not sell any goods to Chinamen, under penalty of $500 for each sale made.

THE relatives in New York of the late Vice Pres. Hendricks deny any intention of contesting Mr. Hendricks's will, as was stated in a dispatch from Indianapolis.

THE government receipts so far this month amount to $14,547,000, and the expenditures during the same period to $8,307,000, showing an excess of $6,240,000.

DEREVERA & Co., the New York sugar merchants who failed last July, filed their schedules Wednesday. The liabilities are nearly $1,550,000, with actual assets of but $7,371.

THERE is considerable excitement in New Jersey politics, over the publication of a letter from Rep. Pidcock, agreeing to pay $100 each for delegates to the recent nominating convention.

THE business failures occurring throughout the country in the last seven days number, for the United States, 160, and for Canada 19, or a total of 179, as compared with a total of 190 last week.

THE number of deserters from the United States army the past fiscal year aggregate but 1,800 against 3,100 in 1885, 3,600 in 1884, and about an equal number in the four or five preceding years.

THE sea-wall protecting Eads's jetties, at the mouth of the Mississippi, was badly damaged during the recent storm. Concrete blocks weighing several tons were washed away or torn from their foundations.

ALTHOUGH no formal order to that effect has yet been issued, the impression prevails at the War department that Geronimo and his fellow captives will shortly be removed from San Antonio to Ft. Marion, Fla.

RUSSIA has presented another veto to the Bulgarian government declaring the recent elections illegal, and demanding the postponement of the meeting of the Sobranje. The government refuses to yield to quit Sofia.

THE issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended October 16, was $816,904; same week last year, $1,029,750. The shipments of fractional silver dollars since October 1 amount to $508,139.

THE issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended October 9 was $934,883; during the same period last year $1,064,744. The shipments of fractional silver coin since October 1 amounted to $268,289.

THE President has appointed Col. O. B. Wilcox, 12th infantry, to be brigadier-general, vice Gen. J. H. Potter, retired. Gen. Wilcox has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth to assume command of the department of the Missouri.

THE Standard Oil company has purchased the property of the American and Empire Refining companies in the Pittsburg district, and the Raccoon Oil company's land at Shamoken, Pa. The price paid by the Standard company aggregated $2,000,000.

IN the National Council of the Congregational church, at Chicago, the secretary's report showed the total of 4,171 churches, and 380,000 members. The following officers were elected: Secretary, Rev. H. A. Hazen, Auburndale, Mass; treasurer, Dr. Perrin, Farrington, Conn.

AT the meeting of the Western Union telegraph company's stockholders, Samuel Sloan presiding, the following new directors were elected: Austin Corbin, Henry B. Hyde, and John G. Moore. These gentlemen take the places of Harrison Durkee, deceased, Frank Work, and Hugh J. Jewett.

AT the second day's session of the national railroad time convention the rules prepared by the committee were adopted with only a few alterations. These rules will govern the movement of trains on all roads of the United States and Canada after November 12.

THE alarming statement is made that there are nearly 300 cases of a fatal fever at Biloxi, Miss., and that victims of the disease are buried quietly at night. The state board of health has issued a notice to the officials of Biloxi declaring a strict quarantine against it. Many believe the disease to be yellow fever.

IN the Circuit court at Baltimore, in the case of the Cigarmakers' Union against individuals for counterfeiting the label placed on union-made cigars, Judge Phileps decided against defendant, stating that the label is the property of the Cigarmakers' Union, though the body may not be incorporated.

MICHIGAN crop reports for October, as made from returns from threshings up to September 25, show an average of 16.82 bushels wheat per acre in the southern four tiers of counties, and 13.87 bushels per acre in the northern counties. These figures indicate a total yield in the state of 26,594,518 bushels.

AT the regular weekly meeting of Methodist ministers in Cincinnati, a resolution was adopted by a two-thirds vote extending sympathy and moral support to Mr. Francis Murphy in his temperance work. The third-party men all voted against it, holding that Mr. Murphy favors the Republican party, which the third-party men are aiming to defeat.

THE following gentlemen compose the executive committee of the Anti-Saloon Republicans: A. B. Nettleton, Minneapolis, Minn.; C. H. Chase, Chicago; Edwin Lee Brown, Chicago; Wm. A. James, Highland Park, Ill.; J. C. Shaffer, Chicago; E. P. Wheeler, Beloit, Wis.; R. E. Jenkins, J. P. Rumsey, E. F. Craighs, Chicago. F. O. Popeno, of Topeka, is secretary; and S. A. Kean, of Chicago, treasurer.

MRS. GRANT has received from Charles L. Webster & Co., the publishers of the "General's Memoirs," a check for $150,000, being the second payment on account of the profits of the work. The former payment was for $200,000. Mr. Webster said that probably within a few months Mrs. Grant would receive $100,000 more. The last check represents the collections made on the book up to date. Mr. Webster thinks Mrs. Grant will realize at least $500,000 on the work.

THE will of Anne C. Coleman has been admitted to probate in Philadelphia. Among other charitable bequests she leaves $5,000 to Nashotah College, Waukesha county, Wis., to found in said college a theological scholarship to be called the "Edward Coleman scholarship," the benefits of said scholarship to be given in the first place to a student from the state of Pennsylvania, and in case of no such student, then unto such student as the faculty of said college shall deem most worthy.

THE President has made the following appointments: Benjamin Folsom, of New York, to be consul of the United states at Sheffield, Eng. (Mr. Folsom is a cousin of Mrs. Cleveland.) Charles H. Grover, of Leavenworth, Kas., to be the agent for the Indians of the Pottawattomie and Great Nemaha agency in Kansas; Frank H. Goodeyear, of Buffalo, N. Y., to be a commissioner to examine and report upon a section of railroad constructed by the Northern Pacific railroad in Washington Territory.

JUDGE JOHN J. KEY died in Washington Tuesday night, aged 70 years. He was a native of Washington county, Ky., was the law partner of Sen. Voorhees, in Terre Haute, Ind., and was sent to England in 1876 to represent the United States in common claims involving a large amount of money. He was a descendant of Chief Justice Marshall, and was distantly related to the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." He leaves a widow and three children.

IF the comfort and prosperity of American workingmen are to be maintained as befit the proud character of American citizens, they must zealously guard against taking any step that tends to lower the wages of American workmen to the European standard.

THE last issue of the Boston *Pilot* has this editorial mention:

The strongest, most eloquent and most astonishing argument in favor of prohibition ever made in America is "Petroleum V. Nasby's" article in the October of the *North American Review*. If the beer brewers have no answer for it, their business ought to be stopped by the strong hand of the law.

THE free trader insists that the United States must not attempt to produce anything which can be produced cheaper elsewhere; the protectionist declares that we should be dependent upon other nations for nothing whatever.

FREE TRADE is a fallacy which has its warmest supporters among those who know least about the practical bearings of the subject. Look over the leading free traders here, and the truth of the above will be apparent.

THE introduction of manufactures diversifies occupations; the rewards of labor increase as occupations become diversified.

THE difference in the amount of wages here and in foreign countries measures the amount of protection needed.

MR. GLADSTONE is suffering from fever, and his condition is believed to be worse than is publicly admitted.

Medical Bureau.

Rules for Those Sending Queries.

1.—No queries will be answered unless from actual subscribers to the BLADE, whose names are on our subscription books. If the name sent is not found there, no attention will be paid to the letter.

2.—The real name and postoffice address must be given in every case. The name will not be published; we will give initials, or any fictitious signature you may choose. The address will always be published.

3.—All queries must be in a *separate* letter. They must not be made part of a business letter, or part of a letter to any other department of the BLADE. This is necessary, as they have to be handed to the physician who is to answer. Address the envelope, "The BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left hand corner write, "Medical Bureau."

4.—No answers will be sent by mail, in any case whatsoever; so it is useless to ask us to do it.

5.—Give full particulars of the case; tell age, sex and occupation of the patient, and give every detail necessary to ascertain the nature and cause of the disease. This will enable us to prescribe more definitely.

All queries will be answered strictly in the order received.

SPECIAL—TAKE WARNING!

We wish to notice every letter. We wish to do this promptly. We are getting too many letters for the space we can use. We are about six weeks behind-hand in answering.

After this coming Saturday, no letters will be filed for answering, until we have answered all now on hand. So don't write until we give notice again that we are ready to receive letters. If any letters are received, they will be given no attention. We are compelled to take this course, as our readers will see.

Cases for Treatment.

The following embrace all letters received up to September 11:

445.—A. M., Custer, Mich.: It is impossible to diagnose your ailment from your letter. It is too brief, and the condition of the digestive organs, nerves, circulation, etc., are not given.

446.—H., Manhattan, Kan.: Scrofulous ulcers, eruptions, etc.—The case is a bad one of long standing. It should have had attention in childhood. Obtain the following of a good druggist:
Iodide potassium.................. 6 drachms.
Fluid extract pulsatilla.......... 1 ounce.
Fluid extract bearsfoot........... 1 ounce.
Alterative compound (P., D. & Co.'s) 4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful in water after each meal. After it is all taken, obtain:
Syrup of hypophosphites (Fellows's)... 6 ounces.
A teaspoonful after each meal. When this is all taken, obtain another bottle of the former prescription, and go on alternating them. This should be kept up for several months.

447.—D., Chicago, Ill.: Indolent catarrhal trouble in posterior nasal passages; constipation.—Obtain this for the catarrh:
Sulph. zinci........................3 scruples.
Tinct. golden seal..................1 ounce.
Aqua dest., q. s. ad................4 ounces.
M. Inject one syringeful into the nose morning and evening, by using a "posterior nasal syringe," obtained of any druggist. If the syringe is too troublesome, inject a couple of tablespoonfuls through the front of the nose with a common syringe, being sure it runs clear back to the throat. For the constipation, take:
Tinct. aloes........................½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchona, q. s. ad.....6 ounces.
M. A tablespoonful three times a day.

448.—B., Forest City, Ia.: Trouble in head from ulcer 2 years ago in ear; constipated; no appetite.—For the constipation take the second prescription in case 447. Also get:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia...........................4 ounces.
Take a large teaspoonful just after each meal. Continue the first prescription until the bowels move regularly at least once a day, and keep taking the second from 2 to 3 months. Keep the bowels open, take exercise in the open air, bathe frequently.

449.—C., Savannah, Mo.: Indigestion, kidney trouble, dropsical swellings, nervous prostration, varicose veins of legs, etc.—For the varicose veins, use elastic bandages or stockings, which a druggist will order for you. For indigestion, take:
Lactopeptine........................10 grains.
Bismuth subnit......................10 grains.
Creta preparata.....................1 drachm.
M. Divide into 10 powders. Take one immediately after each meal. Also take this for nervous prostration:
Pyrophosphate iron...................2 drachms.
Comp. tinct. gentian, q. s. ad.......3 ounces.
M. Two teaspoonfuls before each meal. Continue for 6 weeks to 2 months. For the kidney trouble, take:
Acetate potassa......................2 drachms.
Liquor ammon. acetat., q. s. ad. 6 ounces.
M. Two tablespoonfuls every 3 hours.

450.—K., Mancos, Colo.: The trouble is some disease of the interior ear, but its exact cause cannot be told without examination. Consult the best doctor in your vicinity.

451.—B., Beulah, Colo.: Swelling of feet and ankles; constipation.—For the latter, take the second prescription in case 447. For the former, the last prescription in case 449.

452.—C., Rockford, Mich.: Moth patches are generally due to liver derangement, and are generally removed by restoring that organ to its natural condition. An excellent medicine for the purpose is:
Fluid extract wahoo..................4 ounces.
A teaspoonful morning and night.—A cure for the tobacco habit is impossible, unless the person makes a determined effort to give it up. Chewing gum may be used, swallowing the saliva all the time, and never spitting, and also taking this:
Comp. tinct. cinchona................4 ounces.
A teaspoonful ½ hour after each meal.

453.—T., Reno, Neb.: Growth on the end of tongue.—Impossible to tell its nature without examination. Consult a good physician without delay, as it might be cancerous.

454.—T., Vernon, Tex.: Neuralgic pains resulting from rheumatism; constipation, torpid liver, dyspeptic symptoms, etc.—Take this:
Elixir wahoo and blue flag (Wyeth's)...6 ounces.
A tablespoonful on going to bed, and in the morning on rising. This will act as a brisk cathartic, and should be continued a couple of days. Then reduce the dose to a teaspoonful and take at the same times for several more days, to exert a tonic and alterative action on the liver, and to break up the constipation. For the dyspeptic symptoms, take:
Lactopeptine.........................2 drachms.
Pulv. pepsin.........................1 drachm.
Carbo vegetabilis....................1½ drachms.
M. Make 18 powders. Take one just after each meal. For the other troubles take:
Elixir hypophosphites of iron, quinia and strychnia..........................6 ounces.
Take a tablespoonful ½ hour after each meal, and continue for 8 or ten weeks.

455.—C., Neoga, Ill.: Hay fever.—See case 177.

456.—R. D. W., Newcastle, Pa.: Dizziness, bad breath, pain in back of head and spinal cord. Obtain:
Elixir wahoo and blue flag (Wyeth's)...4 ounces.
Take a teaspoonful morning and evening, till all is used. Also take:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia............................4 ounces.
Take a teaspoonful after each meal, and continue 6 or 8 weeks.

457.—C., Columbus, Kan.: Catarrh in throat; pimples, nervous itching, especially on genitals, etc.—For the catarrh in throat, obtain the first prescription in case 447, and gargle with two tablespoonfuls morning and evening. For the other troubles, take:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia.............................6 ounces.
Take a teaspoonful after each meal, and continue for 2 months. Keep the bowels open, bathe frequently, and eat only plain, easily digested food.

458.—A. J. R., Collyer, Kan.: If you will follow strictly the rules and prescriptions laid down in case 180, a cure is certain.

459.—Enquirer, Princeton, Ind.: Nasal catarrh, hay fever, asthma.—See case 177. For asthma, take this:
Fl. ext. yerba santa..................4 ounces.
Fl. ext. grindelia robusta............4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful every 4 hours.

460.—A. J. G., Parkwana, Dak.: Itching on legs; canker sores; lame back, over kidneys, etc.—Take this:
Acetate potassa.......................2 drachms.
Liquor ammon. acetat., q. s. ad. 6 ounces.
M. A tablespoonful every 3 hours.—For the itching, etc., take this:
Tinct. ferri muriatis.................½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchona.................8 ounces.
M. Take two teaspoonfuls before each meal.

461.—S., Ellensburg, Wash. Ter.: Enlarged tonsils require a surgical operation. Apply to the best physician near you.

462.—S., Austin, Minn.: For dark brown spots on the face, (moth patches), see case 452. —Moles can be removed by a surgical operation, with but little pain. There is no medicine that will remove them.

463.—L., Marietta, O.: The black spot you constantly see before you depends upon a diseased condition of the fluids of the eye. An examination is necessary in order to treat intelligently. Consult a good physician.

464.—W., Vernon, Iowa: Your case calls for the course of treatment in case 180. Pursue it faithfully. The constipation must be broken up, so that the bowels will move actively. We think that probably the prescription in case 454, continued for several days, and then followed with the prescriptions in case 180, would be the best possible. If the bowels become at all constipated, take the elixir wahoo and blue flag again, in teaspoonful doses, or just large enough to give one free evacuation daily.

465.—Lemons, Cedarville, Cal.: Rheumatic affection of chest; irritated throat. Take this:
Iodide potassium......................½ ounce.
Liq. ammon. acetat....................2 ounces.
Spts. æth. nit........................1 ounce.
Syr. aurant. cort., q. s. ad..........4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful 4 times a day. Use no milk, fat food, sour fruit, pickles, or sour food of any kind. For the throat, a gargle of salt and water. Also obtain:
Tinct. ferri muriatis.................½ ounce.
Comp. tinct. cinchona.................8 ounces.
M. Take two teaspoonfuls before each meal.

466.—Health Seeker, Almont, Mich.: Constipation.—Follow treatment of case 454—first prescription.

467.—M., Bozeman, Mont.: Follow treatment of case 447—first prescription.

468.—L., Bozeman, Mont.: Indigestion, etc. —The lump you speak of will probably not injure you in your present condition. Afterwards, consult a good physician. It is probably the cause of all your troubles. It would be unsafe for us to prescribe in your present condition.

469.—Van Optic, Redwood Falls, Minn.: Scrofulous troubles, catarrh, indigestion, constipation.—At your age, you need to husband all your energies. You should work very little, if at all; never expose yourself to damp or wet, wear flannels constantly, and always make your health your first care. For the catarrh, use the first prescription in case 447. For the digestive troubles, use this:
Elixir wahoo and blue flag............4 ounces.
A teaspoonful morning and evening. Also obtain this as a general nerve-tonic:
Elixir iron, quinia and strychnia...4 ounces.
A teaspoonful just after each meal.

470.—L. W. L., Forkston, Wyo.:—Sleeplessness.—Obtain the following:
Fluid extract Jamaica dogwood...1 ounce.
Compt. tinct. cinchona..............3 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful every night, ½ hour before retiring. Keep the bowels open, bathe often, and take care of your health.

471.—B., Juniata, Neb.: Incontinence of urine at night.—Give this:
Tinct. belladonna.......................1 ounce.
Elixir calisaya.........................2 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful before going to bed. If the patient is full grown, the dose may be slightly increased. Its use must be continued steadily for 8 or 10 weeks.

472.—O. S., Taylor's P. O., Ore.: Burning and pains in ball of foot.—Take this:
Strychniæ muriatis......................2 ounces.
Muriatic acid, dilute, q. s.
Elixir calisaya.........................2 grains.
M. A teaspoonful every 4 hours.

473.—Z., Jamestown, N. C.: Your condition is one of nervous debility. It can be cured. Take this:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia..........................6 ounces.
M.—A tablespoonful after each meal.

474.—D., Louisville, Kan.: Your system is broken down from hard work and child-bearing. Stop it. The anteversion of the womb *must* be corrected, and if necessary a pessary must be worn constantly to keep it in place. Keep the bowels open, eat plain, easily digested food, do very little work, take plenty of exercise in the open air. Take this as a general nerve tonic:
Strychniæ sulph................1½ grains.
Quiniæ sulph...................32 grains.
Tinct. ferri muriatis..........3 drachms.
Vini portensis, q. s. ad.......4 ounces.
Make a solution. Take a teaspoonful in a wineglass of water just before each meal. For the child's catarrh use the treatment (third prescription) in case 213.

475.—Health Seeker, Laddonia, Mo.: Probably due to nervous debility.—Take this:
Strychniæ sulph.................1 grain.
Quiniæ sulph....................30 grains.
Ext. gentian, q. s.
Make 30 pills. Take 1 pill 3 times a day, continuing for 2 months. Your description of the eruption is too imperfect for us to decide.

476.—L., Ute Creek, N. M.: The letter you send us is a sample of quack management—an endeavor to scare a man into paying a large sum of money for worthless medicine. Follow treatment of case 180, steadily, until you recover.

477.—Fk., Ellinwood, Kan.: There is such a disease as consumption of the bowels, but you haven't it.—Get this for your bowels:
Elixir wahoo and blue flag.........4 ounces.
A teaspoonful every morning and night. Also obtain:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia...........................6 ounces.
Take a tablespoonful after each meal. Continue the latter medicine steadily for 2 or 3 months. Take great care of yourself.

478.—Texas, Hillsboro, Tex.: 2 or 3 months steady following of all the directions laid down in case 180, (with the 3 prescriptions), will cure you.

479.—D. M. W., Calito, Cal.: Galvanic belts are humbugs. Follow case 180 faithfully.

480.—H., Deposit, N. Y.: Consult a good physician as to the growth on the toe.

481.—B., Lincoln, Neb.: For hay fever, see case 177.—For catarrh, first prescription in case 447.

482.—B., Baraboo, Wis.: Follow case 180 strictly.

483.—S., Bolivar, O.: For the child's eyes, we would suggest a visit to the best physician obtainable. The history of the case is too imperfect for us to form a safe opinion.

484.—A., Seneca, Kan.: Catarrh.—Follow first prescription in case 447.

485.—M., Highland, Ore.: Burning feet and hands; nervous twitching of limbs.—Take this:
Strychniæ muriatis..................2 grains.
Muriatic acid dilute, q. s.
Elixir calisaya.....................4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful every 4 hours.—For the child's incontinence of urine, give:
Tincture belladonna.................1 ounce.
Elixir calisaya.....................2 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful morning and evening. Continue for at least two months.

486.—M. D. L. S., Castle Rock, W. T.: Follow case 180 steadily. After this trouble is cured, write and we will prescribe for throat, etc. Keep the bowels open, bathe often, and take great care of yourself.

487.—F., South West City, Mo.—For the catarrh, use first prescription in case 447. The other trouble is dyspeptic. Take this:
Elixir pepsin, bismuth and strychnia, 3 ounces.
A teaspoonful before each meal.

488.—C. A. W., Smiley, O.: The growth under the nail needs the services of a good surgeon. It may be no trifling matter. Seek advice at once.

489.—H., Laporte City, Iowa: Follow case 180.

490.—P. J., Platea, Pa.: Polypus of the nose can only be cured by a surgical operation. Go to Buffalo, or some other large city, and consult a first class surgeon. The catarrh probably results from it.

491.—S., Nashville, Mich.: Follow case 180.

492.—L., Alexandria, Neb.: The practice of which you speak destroys all nervous force. Stop at once. Get this:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia.........................6 ounces.
A tablespoonful after each meal. Have your wife take it also, and keep it up steadily for 2 to 3 months.

493.—K., Raritan, N.Y.: Obtain the following:
Elixir wahoo and blue flag........6 ounces.
Give a tablespoonful on rising in the morning and at bed time, for 2 days. This will act as a brisk cathartic. Then reduce the dose to a teaspoonful morning, and evening—just enough to cause one full evacuation daily. Also get this:
Peptonic pills (Wyeth's)..............No. 30.
Take one immediately after each meal. They are not a patent medicine; druggists generally keep them, or can order them for you. Also obtain:
Elixir pyrophosphate iron, calisaya and strychnia.........................6 ounces.
A teaspoonful in a wineglass of water just before each meal. Keep up this treatment, with the two latter prescriptions, for 2 months, or even longer. Drop the wahoo and blue flag as soon as the bowels will move regularly without it.

494.—S., Milwaukee, Wis.: Catarrh.—Follow treatment in case 447—first prescription.

495.—W. Carlisle, Ind.: Severe pain in upper part of spinal column and head.—Take the following:
Sulph. quiniæ.......................2 drachms.
Tinct. muriate of iron..............½ ounce.
Tinct. kinchona comp................2 ounces.
Syr. rhei aromat., q. s. ad.........4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful every 5 hours. Observe laws of health regarding food, drink, bathing and sleeping.

496.—Subscriber, Malvern, Kan.: Take the treatment of case 180. It will do you more good than anything else.

497. M., Blood's Depot, N. Y.: Use the prescription in case 492 for 2 months or longer.

498.—A. B. C., Wolcott, Ind.: Morphine habit. Obtain this prescription:
Strychniæ sulph.....................2 grains.
Tinct. cinchona, comp...............½ ounce.
Acidi phosphoric, dil...............1 ounce.
M. Take 10 drops 4 times a day. Continue for one week, then stop the morphine entirely and instantly. No matter how much you suffer, do not take any. Keep taking the above steadily. Be very careful not to exceed 10 drops. If there is much prostration, take port wine in tablespoonful doses frequently.

499.—M. W. J., Knoxville, Ill.: Follow case 180. Keep the bowels open with the second prescription in case 447.

500.—H., Atlantic, Iowa: Severe pains in toes; joints beginning to enlarge.—Rheumatic trouble. Take this:
Acetate potassæ.....................½ ounce.
Liquor ammoniæ acetatis.............2 ounces.
Spts. æth. nit......................1 ounce.
Syr. aurant cort., q. s. ad.........4 ounces.
M. A teaspoonful every 4 hours. Eat no fruit, lemons, vinegar—nothing acid. Rub the sore joints with this:
Chloroform..........................1 ounce.
Tinct. aconite......................1 ounce.
Tr. sapo comp.......................2 ounces.
M. Apply morning and night.

A Perilous Position.

A laborer while digging a well at Norristown, Pa., last Saturday struck a quicksand and became fastened. He called for help, and ropes fastened to a windlass were lowered, but as they pulled he cried that they were tearing him limb from limb. He was finally rescued by means of grappling-hooks placed under his feet, a crib having been lowered around him. When extricated he had been in the quicksand seventeen hours.

Roumelia and Soudan.

Rumelia is a Turkish coinage, and means "the land of new Rome," that is, the country near Constantinople. The ou in Roumania and Roumelia is French and not necessary. In English it is better to spell Rumelia and Sudan than Roumelia and Soudan.

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RAMBLER'S NOTE BOOK.

A Summer Vacation in Norway—The Fields and Fjords of Norway—From England to the Land of the Vikings—A Glimpse of Quaint Old Bergen—Its Harbor, Fisher Folk and Stores, with a Glance at Its History.

The north of England does not have very much hot weather during the year, but when it does come it makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. The latter part of June, 1885, was exceedingly sultry. The atmosphere at best is anything but pleasant, and when the fierce sun beats down upon the fog-laden air there is a damp stickiness prevalent that makes life hardly worth the living. So it was during the last ten days of June. The canny Novacastrians, accustomed to the sharp East winds, the marrow-piercing mists of the North Sea, fretted and fumed and declared they were stifled by the awfully hot weather. It was uncomfortable, truly, though the thermometer only ranged among the seventies. But that was warm enough to convert the mist into steam, to make ones linen succumb to the joint effects of sun and fog, and to induce a feeling of utter discomfort even in the act of breathing.

It was at such a time as this that my good friend Adams, for years the able editor of the Newcastle Weekly *Chronicle*, the most influential of the English provincial press, proposed a short run over to Norway, "just to get out of this beastly climate, you know." Adams had been to America, and had learned to appreciate and enjoy our clear, dry air, keen and bracing in winter and hot and dry in summer.

So it happened that on the fifteenth of July, 1885, Adams, a mutual friend—David Gordon, head of a large London and Newcastle publishing house, and myself, made a part of the passenger list of the staunch steamer Norge, as she steamed down the river Tyne, past the miles of ship yards, chemical factories and dry docks, between North and South Shields, past the cliffs of ancient Tynemouth and stood boldly out to sea.

There was nothing eventful in that 40 hours run across the North sea. The Norge was in command of Capt. Wiese, a sturdy Norwegian, heavy bearded and thick set, an ideal old sea-dog who with but little effort of the imagination might have been converted into a viking of the most approved type. The passengers were a miscellaneous congregation of business men, going to Norway in the interest of trade, clergymen off for a fortnight's holiday, and pleasure seekers like ourselves, who wanted to leave the smoke and fog, heat and dust of coaly Newcastle and seek new life in the clear air of the wondrous Norwegian fjords.

We left the Tyne on Tuesday evening, and early Thursday morning were called on deck to see the low lying mountains forming the western coast of Norway, and a few hours later, it was even then quite early enough, we landed on a queer looking dock at Bergen. And a most dismal introduction to Norway it was. There was a gentle rain—it rains so easily in Norway that the mere sight of an umbrella is often sufficient to start it,—and everything round about us was wet and cheerless. Even the old fishermen in their oddly shaped boats, had but little to interest us, as we drew on our light rubber coats, Mackintoshs, they call them there, and started up town to the hotel. We had no idea then of the important part those Mackintoshs would play during our sojourn in the land of the Vikings.

At the hotel, a small, comfortable looking place, we found that every room was taken, and that the same condition of affairs obtained at the other hostelries, there being an unusual influx of visitors just then, the most of whom were waiting for departing steamers.

Rather than sleep in improvised beds on the dining room floor, we decided to leave that night for the Romsdal Fjord, the great objective point to tourists from Bergen. The boat for Floro did not leave until midnight, so we had a whole day in which to explore the quaint old town which lies on a peninsula, surrounded on three sides by mountains, some peaks of which are two thousand feet high. The good people of Bergen are fond of counting seven somewhat prominent hills round about them, and comparing their little town of 34,000 people to proud Rome on its seven hills.

While the morning was still young, we went down to the harbor, near where is the market place. There were found hundreds of fishermen in their sharp-pointed boats, selling their cod, salmon, haddock and rainbow-tinted herring to maidservants and housewives who came down to the dock in all sorts of weather to purchase their day's supplies. Here it was we expected to find some pretty costumes, but Gordon, quite a connoisseur, said that the Cullercoats fisher folk could make a much more picturesque scene.

Friend Adams, being well on in years and the father of an interesting family, didn't seem to care so much about this fish purchasing, and suggested that we go over to Walkendorf's Tower, which we could see looming up on the other side of the harbor.

"Now, see here," said Adams, "you young men should improve your minds while you are over here, and in order to assist you in that herculanean task, I took the trouble, on the boat, while you two were playing 'penny nap,' to read up on Bergen and Norway. Listen, now, and I will permit you to share in my stock of knowledge."

"Thanks, awfully," said Gordon. "It's deucedly kind of you, I'm sure, but do you know that this beastly rain has made me awfully dry. Let's go and get a whisky and water before you begin."

Such an appeal could not be denied, especially as we had all slept badly the night before and had had but an indifferent breakfast some four hours before. So we started off for "a pub, that is a Norwegian pub," as Gordon expressed it, and a most remarkable search we had. Up one street and down another, past tobacco shops, millinery stores, drug stores and all kinds of fancy goods shops we passed, but all to no avail. No public house—or refreshment bar could be found.

At length Gordon declared that he was simply perishing, that he must have relief or die. The pattering rain increased his thirst. "I'll have it or know why," said he as he branched up to a policeman, and going through the motions of taking a drink, asked in English where in the deuce there was a bar. The officer couldn't understand a word of English, but a merry twinkle of his eye showed that he understood what we wanted. He took us up the street a short distance and showed us a large warehouse-looking place and raising his hand to his lips threw back his head, smacked his lips and said something in Norwegian, which we translated as "There you are. Get what you like."

We went into a large room, at one end of which was a glass partition, through which we could see clerks at work over great ledgers.

"Rum place this for a drink," said Gordon.

"This must be the custom of the country," replied Adams. "At any rate here is a bell. Let's see what it will do to alleviate our sufferings."

We took our place at one of the numerous little tables and Mr. Adams rang the bell. It was answered by a young man who asked us in good English what we desired.

When Gordon said he would take a glass of whisky and water, the young man said he was very sorry but they had no spirits on sale.

"Well what kind of a country is this," said Gordon, as he told the boy to bring him some sherry. "I had always heard that the Scandinavians were a fearfully besotted race."

"That, sir, was the case in the olden times, but now you will find very little drunkenness in Norway. Here in Bergen there are only four places where spirits may be obtained at retail. There is next to no drunkenness in Bergen now.

"You see, sir, some time ago a philanthropic company was organized here and it has, by a special law, obtained the control of the sale of spirituous liquors in Bergen. This company by the terms of this same law is obliged to devote the greater part of the profits to public improvements. There is a popular road now being made over the mountains, by this company, and it is called the Drammensvei, or 'Dram-way,' from the fact that the funds for its construction were furnished by this company, or board of trustees, who are by law prohibited from any personal gains.

"There is every possible safeguard thrown around the use of liquors, too, so that temptation is reduced to a minimum. We are all obliged to close at 8 o'clock in the evening, and after that hour you can't get a drink for love or money, except at your hotel, where you can get wine or beer—no spirits—and then by the pint or quart bottle only."

"All very nice for the good people of Bergen," grumbled Gordon, "but I would just like to be at the 'Turk's Head,' in Newcastle, for a few minutes—that's all."

As we walked along the quay past the bargaining fish wives, with their chattering tongues and clamping wooden shoes, Mr. Adams, without the slightest warning, said abruptly: "Bergen was founded in 1070 by Olaf Kyrre, on the site of an old residence of royalty. It was a favorite spot of the old Vikings, and many a one met his fate in the broils hereabouts.

"To briefly sketch the history of the interesting old town to you less fortunate comrades let me say briefly that Bergen—according to the authorities I have consulted—owed a great deal of its early prosperity to the Hanseatic League, which established a factory here early in the 15th century. Those ancient Germans were an enterprising lot and they soon obtained control of about all the business there was done, driving out all other nationalities and usurping the places of the Norwegians themselves."

And then our venerable guide, philosopher and friend—gray-haired but full of kindly youthfulness that made him the most delightful of all traveling companions, went on to tell us the story of Christopher Walkendorf, who was the first to successfully oppose the Leaguers, and who finally broke the power they had exercised for upward of a century. It was a glorious day to all Norwegians when in 1763 the last of the Leaguers' property was sold to a native of Bergen.

We went over to the tower, now used as an arsenal, named in honor of Walkendorf, but were unfortunately unable to obtain admittance. It is a massive old pile, built in the thirteenth century, enlarged in 1565 and restored to its present state in 1848.

There are not many public buildings of importance or special interest in Bergen, and on a wet day, such as that memorable Thursday of ours, the few there were lost their interest to us, though we "did" them all, one after another, in an aimless, unsatisfactory way. The museum, of whose treasure in carved wood and marvelous silverware we had heard so much, was closed to us because it happened to be Thursday, and the public could only be admitted on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

We were not a very sentimental party, we three wet and bedraggled tourists, but there came over all of us a feeling of reverence as we stood, up in the cemetery of Bergen, beside a simple, unpretentious bronze urn, which contained the ashes of one of the most illustrious citizens of Bergen—a genius known and admired the world over—a man and an artist, simple and unaffected in his ways, but kindly of heart and noble in all the attributes that go to make a man—Ole Bull. His widow, an American, who lives now with her parents in Cambridge, Mass., has a warm place in the hearts of the people of Bergen, who look upon Ole Bull as their greatest citizen.

From the cemetery we retraced our footsteps through the winding streets made picturesque by the high, irregular buildings, with their red tile roofs, to the main thoroughfare, where we spent the greater portion of the afternoon very pleasantly in the various stores. The fancy goods shops were especially interesting, with their varied assortment of carved wood, curious silver spoons, with long, twisted handles, silver ornaments of all kinds, Viking's ships in miniature and exquisite photographs, which revealed the beauties of field and fjord we were about to visit.

ROBINSON LOCKE.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

The Poem, "There is No Death," Not Bulwer's.

EDITOR BLADE:—My attention has just been called to the publication of the poem entitled, "There is No Death," in your paper of September 16. It is credited to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and my purpose in writing this is to do justice to the real author of the poem, my uncle, J. L. McCreery, at present engaged as private secretary for the Assistant Attorney General at Washington, D. C. You will find the poem in a book written by him entitled "Songs of Toil and Triumph," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1883. In the preface of the book he thus tells how the poem became credited to Bulwer:

"The first poem in this volume has been the subject of considerable controversy. It was written late in the fall of 1862 and was sent the next Spring to *Arthur's Home Magazine*, Philadelphia, appearing therein in the number for July, 1863. One E. Bulmer, of Illinois, copied it, signed his own name to it and sent it (as his own) to the *Farmer's Advocate*, Chicago. The editor of some Wisconsin paper clipped it from the *Farmer's Advocate* for his own columns; but supposing there was a misprint in the signature changed the "m" therein to a "w," and thus the name of Bulwer became attached to the poem. An immense accession of popularity immediately followed. Copies of papers containing it—credited to Bulwer—have been sent to me from nearly every state in the Union, and from England, Scotland, and Ireland; it is to be found in orthodox and spiritual hymn and song books, in at least one school reader in wide use, and in a score of bound volumes of selections; it has been quoted from in speeches in the legislatures of several states, and several times in the Congress of the United States. On the last day of January, 1880, I had the pleasure of sitting in the strangers' gallery of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., and hearing the Hon. Mr. Coffroth, member of Congress from Pennsylvania, in his oration on the death of Hon. Rush Clark, member of Congress from Iowa, quote a portion of this poem, which thus became embodied (credited to Bulwer, as usual), in the *Congressional Record* (see Forty-sixth Congress, 2d session, part I, p. 638). Every reader can decide for himself whether this wide-spread popularity has its basis in the merits of the poem, or in the celebrity of its supposed author."

From a long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. McCreery, I know that he has labored for years to get the credit due him, but you are, no doubt, well aware of the difficulties to be overcome under the circumstances. I sincerely hope you will give this letter the same prominence you gave the poem, and help to right a wrong. Respectfully yours,

E. W. COOK.

Ft. Wayne, Ind.

GOSSIP ABOUT WOMEN.

The wife of Pres. Diaz, of Mexico, is not yet 26 years old, and is a devout Roman Catholic.

Harriet and Virginia Washington, the nearest surviving relatives of Gen. Washington, are in want in Barryville, Va.

Queen Margaret, of Italy, is a beautiful woman, besides being a charming dancer, a thorough musician, and an artist.

It is now that the maiden possessed of a sealskin sacque observes with delight the chilliness which has begun to tinge the atmosphere.

Miss Harriet E. Colfax, a cousin of the late Schuyler Colfax, is, and has been for 25 years, keeper of the lighthouse at Michigan City.

A rosy-cheeked maiden of 15, Miss Minnie Wilson by name, runs a stage route between Hamline and Milnor, in Dakota, which is said to be extremely popular.

"Mark my word for it," said an elderly lady of Brockland, N. Y., "there's going to be a war. All these boy babies that have been coming along lately mean something."

Queen Victoria, who is called a modest old lady by all who know her, refuses to be introduced to any lady of the realm, or any other realm, who does not appear before her clad in a gown cut decollete and made with short sleeves. No one in England dares to know more about what is fashionably proper than the Queen, and so the decollete bodice is accepted as the standard for all full dress occasions.

The *Traveller* tells of an Arkansas mother who never has trouble giving her children medicine. "When I want Tom to take castor oil," says she, "I pour some in a glass and say: 'Here, Tom, drink this, but you needn't ask for any more.' He drinks it right down and always asks for more." It was on this same principle that a Massachusetts farmer induced his cattle to eat buckwheat straw. He built a low fence around the stack, and once or twice a day clubbed the cattle away.

A gait for women that is now agitating the fair creatures at Saratoga, has been named in honor of that noted summer resort. One who describes it says that the first requisite is to throw your shoulders back, the chest forward, chin up, and stomach in, and then walk, wriggling head, limbs, body, and especially bustle. The aim is to secure a series of revolutions which shall be simultaneous, but opposite. In simple brevity if your head moves right your body must move to the left, and before your foot reaches ground you must describe a circle with the entire limb. The gait is practiced in a night-dress before the mirror. The part of the business most difficult to master is the proper position of the stomach.

An Apt Comparison.

The life insurance agent has been talking steadily for an hour or so, when the victim, perceiving a chance to get a word in edgeways, remarked:

"Do you know you remind me of a sudden death?"

"How so?"

"Nobody is safe from either of you."—*Texas Siftings.*

From the French—of Course.

Between friends:

"Ah, my dear Jeanne, I am delighted to see you. How are you getting along since you married?"

"Delightfully, I assure you."

"Have you any children?"

"Oh, no; our lodgings are too small for that."

A Distressing Experience.

For Many Years Health to Him was Only a Memory or a Dream, but Help Came at Last.

Mr. R. S. B. Hatch, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., is now eighty-two years of age, and enjoys good health. There is nothing necessarily remarkable in this fact in itself, but taken in connection with others it is remarkable. In a letter dated November 16, 1885, he says he suffered from liver complaint for thirty years.

None of his physicians were able to give him more than transient relief. This is no discredit to them, as liver complaint, when deeply seated, is often most obstinate and unyielding to the usual resources of medicine.

However, life went on, but health to him was only a memory or a dream. "Three years ago last summer," he writes, "I had a stroke of apoplexy. After this serious and nearly fatal setback I had less ability than before to contend against my chronic trouble. All the natural attendants on the Liver Disorder—namely, impaired digestion, impure blood, and a more or less general disarrangement of the body, added to my suffering. When my advanced age is also remembered I think you will justify me in having about made up my mind that no material aid was to be looked for in my case."

But help was nearer than he knew. He adds: "About one year after the apoplectic stroke I was persuaded by my friend, Mr. D. H. Hoag, to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Words cannot express how I rejoice at the providence that led me to do so. The story is one too long to tell in detail, but the substance of it is this:

"My liver trouble is cured. My appetite is uniform, I digest my food without difficulty and enjoy refreshing rest. I feel as youthful as a man may who in the order of nature is, and must be, so near his journey's end. I am also glad to say that Kennedy's Favorite Remedy completely warded off a second attack of apoplexy with which I was threatened."

Comment on this simple and truthful story is scarcely called for. To other sufferers it is only necessary to say that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is constantly working cures equally noteworthy in all cases of Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Digestive organs.

PEBBLES FROM THE BEACH.

An English society journal estimates that there are as many as 4,000 Americans in London at present.

Sen. Leland Stanford makes it a matter of pleasure to give away the purses won by his horses on the turf.

The man who claims that Grant needs no monument is the man who never has more than one cigar.—*New Haven News.*

Mr. Cheek has been nominated for insurance commissioner of Wisconsin. He must have risen from an insurance agent.—*Boston Herald.*

Geronimo is a thoroughly bad man. Not only does he scalp, rob, and burn promiscuously, but it seems that he plays cards on Sunday.—*New York Sun.*

A young lady in town says the new postal letter-sheet envelope will not find much favor with her sex. It is large enough, she says, for the letter, but there is no room for the postscript.—*Norristown Herald.*

Judge Manning, the new minister to Mexico, is so bald that one solitary hair which looms up from his overshadowing bump of benevolence looks as lonesome as a single palm tree in the midst of a weary desert.

There are many honest, well-meaning people in this country who hope to live long enough to see the day when the fate of nations in Europe will no longer depend upon the dictate of three men.—*Springfield Union.*

Miss Julia Thomas, a young colored woman, went to Europe as the Topsy in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company. She has remained in Berlin ever since, acting with a white company, and has played Topsy in German.

When the Czar of Russia heard that the Bold Britons had helped themselves to th island of Thaso in the harbor of Salonica, he exclaimed: "You don't Thaso!" To which the predatory John Bull responded: "We do."—*New York World.*

Marshall P. Wilder, who recently returned from London, speaks of Lady Wilde as being even more eccentric than her two sons. Her receptions are attended by the most prominent people in London and are much sought after. She receives her guests seated upon a throne, with Oscar on her right and Willie on her left.

SOCIETY is astonished, says the Boston *Home Journal*, to find that Mr. Edwin Booth is a charming and delightful man. For years he has been considered morose and moody, never caring to make the slightest effort to be agreeable to any but his few intimate friends. Within the last year he seems to have turned a new leaf, so that now it is a very great pleasure to meet him socially.

The disposition of the thrifty temperance farmers of Iowa, to be willing to sell their corn to local distilleries provided the whisky is sold outside the state, reminds one of the virtue of the woman who "experienced religion" at a revival. "Finding that my jewelry was dragging me down to hell," she remarked, "I took it off and gave it to my sister."—*New York World.*

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

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IT IS THE BEST,

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AND

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1 do	do	10,000
2 PRIZES OF $6000		12,000
5 do	2000	10,000
10 do	1000	10,000
20 do	500	10,000
100 do	200	20,000
300 do	100	30,000
500 do	50	25,000
1000 do	25	25,000

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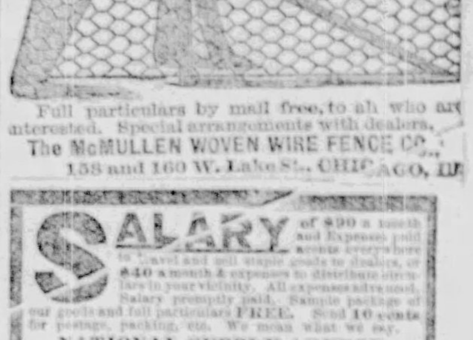

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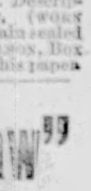

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"Nellie, like the educated children of most 'new people,' had a profound veneration for old blood and thorough breeding. Her ideals of the perfect ease and fine courtesy that obtains in 'our best circles' broke and fell under the experiences of the next few hours."

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"The Charity of the Jonesvillians," by Josiah Allen's Wife, full of humor and pathos—a rich story.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

THE OCTOBER DAYS.

I wonder how many have been enjoying the glorious autumn weather that has been like a benison for some time past. The days were a dream of delight and one began to wonder whether this world is so bad a place to live in after all. The sky had a soft, warm blue tint, with a glory over it that was thrown down through the air, like, and yet unlike the sunshine that is called golden, like in its beauty but wanting the dazzle of the spring and midsummer light. There was a suggestion of coolness to temper the heat; the frosts had kissed the trees and they were turning a variety of colors in resentment of such familiarity; the late flowers were blooming with a wild luxuriance as if they felt that the reproductive season was growing short and uncertain, and all together made up a season of such beauty as is not often experienced.

I wonder how many housekeepers looked around their homes which, no doubt, showed to their keen eyes, a positive and crying need of cleaning from cellar to attic, and then, resolutely took their way out into the sunshine to bathe in its richness, to breathe the clear air that seemed redolent with the fragrance of ripened fruit, to gather the clustering blossoms that would soon bend low before the icy breath of coming winter, to dream, as only one can dream in the soft hazy October days, of those years when

"Blithe were the hours, gay were the flowers,
Pleasant the showers when we were young.
How sweet the hay then! how hard the play then!
How the birds sung when we were young."

It is not that maturer years have not brought pleasures to each and all of us, but they have brought a world of cares also, and life has not the sunny outlook it had in those days now no more.

This is why the most of us look back with unmixed pleasure, even though the present holds dear delights, and the future is not dreaded. The difference between then and now appears in another stanza of the same song of the poet from whom I have quoted:

"The castles we builded! too quickly they crumbled,
The fleets that we floated, all wrecked on the shore;
But little wrecked we, we had plenty of time then,
Long, long sunny hours in which to build more."

That is it! "Plenty of time in which to build more," but in later years, the sweeping away of a single ship we launch hopefully, means a loss infinitely greater than then, but it would not, could we only convince ourselves of what is certainly true, that the effort we made to launch the good ship counts just as much for us in the eternities, as if it had reached its destination. It is not always what we succeed in doing, as what we endeavor with all the might that lies within us to accomplish, that will stand highest in the reckoning at the end of mortality.

I have wandered from the October days, and my wonder as to how they have been used, whether, as I said, the work which could be deferred, has been, and health and vigor gathered in outdoor wanderings and enjoyments. It has been well, if not only the housekeepers, but the business men and women, have, so far as has been possible, dropped their cares and labor for a few hours during these bright days, and taken into their lives all the good which could come from communion with Nature in one of her happiest moods. It was a good time to pause in the rush and hurry in which most of us live, and think, while we drank in the glory which surrounded us, whether we are making out of life all that we could, or whether the years are slipping by, carrying us swiftly to the beyond, while the treasures we might enjoy lie all unheeded at our feet.

Those of you who have spent October days amid the grand old hills that seem anchored for eternity, know what their glory may be in their richest fullness. Especially is this true in the New England and Middle States. The foliage of the trees seem to have wrapped themselves in flames of many colors, so gorgeous is the array in which they place themselves. Then with the soft hazy atmosphere, and the brooding quiet that seems to settle over everything, the world seems a place to enjoy with the sensuous pleasure that comes from content, instead of one in which to work and worry, as most of us take it.

To me, there is no sadness connected with these autum days. They never bring me thoughts of death and decay as to many, never make me feel how transitory is life and all its blessings. Rather this beauty and glory fill me with a sort of exultation, as typifying the possibilities of a future which will not end with the body. They remind me too of the moral and intellectual richness of lives which have been well lived up to the autumn of their years, the fruits of which are beyond compare. Of the winter that is coming I do not think, only as a wise prevision teaches me to prepare for its severities, just as a strong and stalwart man, whose face is turned to the setting sun of life, prepares for the hour when feeble old age will hold him in its grasp. But the preparation in either case need not, and should not, take away the capacity for enjoyment of the beauty and glory which rests in the present, if our eyes are not shut to their shining.

There is a prosaic side to the consideration of these autumn days which must not be forgotten. It has not to do with housecleaning, fruit preserving or winter clothes-making, nor yet with any arrangement for satisfying the cravings of a mental hunger, but it does concern the bodily health. Perhaps there is no season of the year when people use less discretion than in this, because the sun shines, and, in the middle of the day with such fervid heat in his rays. It is as if he were afraid that each day might be his last, and so gathers strength for a mighty effort as the noonday approaches, and then dies away gradually to the eventide. It is often like being transferred to the heat of midsummer from almost winter's cold, and back again within a few short hours. The system does not readily accommodate itself to such changes, and without the utmost vigilance, the doors will swing back for the entrance of disease, and perhaps of death.

There is no doubt that a great deal of the sickness which comes with this season, as well as with the spring-time, could be prevented with a little extra forethought. Two or three days of falling rain will render the house damp and cold, especially at morning and evening, just the atmosphere to produce the shivery feeling that is excessively uncomfortable, and which, if people would but recognize it, is the sure precursor of something far more serious. "Not cold enough for a fire," and so they sit, and the delicate ones are soon subjects for a physician's care, while even the stronger often succumb to colds or to fever. The wise thing to do always, whether it be summer, autumn, winter or spring, is to have a little fire after a storm, to dry out the moisture, and during the October days, at morning and evening, when there is a chill in the air, a little artificial warmth in the rooms most frequented is not only pleasant, but necessary to safety. Then, too, the clothing should be warmer, and the change ought to be made very early in the season. A little discomfort at mid-day is far better than the evils that follow a chill at night and morning.

With these precautions the beautiful autumn time may be enjoyed without the drawbacks of which people are apt to complain. We may watch the winter's wooing of the summer, and enjoy to the utmost all the rich treasures which it is her pride and pleasure to heap up in his sight, to be swept ruthlessly away when he shall have conquered. It will not be long now before—

"Outside the garden, the wet skies harden;
The gates are barred on the summer side:
Shut out the flower time, sunbeam and shower-time;
Make way for our time, the winter tide.
Green once and cheery, the woods, worn weary,
Sigh as the dreary weak sun goes home;
A great wind grapples the wave, and dapples
The dead green floor of the sea with foam."

It is time enough though when the winter days are really here to meet their gloom, but now let us garner all of the splendor and glory of the golden autumn that are within our reach to grasp.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Hat Rack.—In these days, when everything odd is considered attractive, any one could make a pretty hat rack for a hall by finding a prettily shaped small tree and cutting it off at a proper height, then sawing the limbs to the right length to look well, place it in a small, low box for a foundation. The box must be weighted or filled, then the top placed on smoothly, having had an opening made for the trunk before it was fastened on. The box must then be painted and varnished, and the tree may also be varnished. If the roots can be left on, just cutting them down so that the trunk will stand erect, and the whole will look in good proportion, the effect will be much better. In that case the roots must also receive a coat of varnish.

Screen.—A pretty and not expensive one may be made by taking two pieces of the soft pongee silk of different colors which go well together, one for one side and the other for its opposite. Before they are put into the frame, follow with tinsel a pattern on each which has been stamped. One side might have one large pattern in the center done with pretty shades of the tinsel, and the other side could have a pattern in each of the four corners with the varieties of tinsel. Put the two pieces together facing outwards and fasten in frame. This is not very much work, and the effect is good. —ED.

Berries for Decoration.—The time of year is at hand when stoves must be set up, houses banked and all preparations necessary to the approaching winter made. Among other things are the pretty berries and leaves to be gathered for our mantle bouquets. The woods furnish numerous kinds of wild berries that ripen with the frosts, and are beautiful when employed in the decoration of our homes. The sumachs are the first to ripen their dense clusters of scarlet berries, and shows to a better advantage amid its own green foliage, before Jack Frost changes the dress for the autumn colors. A few of these large bunches, which are too large to appear nicely alone, help to set off the green sprigs of cedar with their lead-colored berries. The numerous wild roses furnish showy hips, and are well worth gathering to increase the variety of our autumn berry collection.

The burning husk bears peculiar looking four-lobed red capsules that are very attractive, as they hang on their long, graceful stems. The outer portion of the pods soon open and expose the dark red pulp to view, and thus add to their beauty. But the climbing bitter-sweet surpasses all other autumn berries for their beauty when used in decorating. The climber is in itself very attractive and deserves much attention as such, but when its orange-colored pods bust open and show the scarlet interior seed covering, it is truly beautiful.—MAMIE DRAYTON.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t. treble; sh c, short crochet.

TO MAKE THE TWIST in mittens, set up six stitches for twist, knit across six or eight times plain, then take off first three on a small needle, skip and knit the next three, then twist by knitting the three off the small needle last instead of first. Leave a seam stitch between each row of twists. —AUNT JANE.

Oak Leaf Lace.—Cast on 10 stitches, knit across plain. 1st row—k 2—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 1—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 1; 2d row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 3d row—k 2—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 3—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 1; 4th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 3—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 5th row—k 2—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 5—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 1; 6th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 5—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 7th row—k 2—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 7—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 1; 8th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 7—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; 9th row—k 2—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 14; 10th row—k 2—cast one over the other, continue until 10 remains—k 5—t t o 2—p 2 tog—k 2; repeat.—MAY.

Edging.—Cast on 11 stitches. 1st row—k 3—o 2—n 4 times; 2d row—k 2—p 1, 4 times—k 3; 3d row—k 3—o 2—n 6 times; 4th row—k 2—p 1, 6 times—k 3; 5th row—k 3—o 2—n 9 times; 6th row—k 2—p 1, 9 times—k 3; 7th row—k 3—o 2—n 13 times—k 1; 8th row—k 3—p 1—k 2—p 1, 12 times—k 3; 9th row—k 3—n 20 times; 10th row—cast off 4—n 8 times—k 2; 11 stitches; repeat.—J. C. M.

Child's Crocheted Hood—(One year old).—Materials: Star light, two-threaded strong, any shade; fine bone hook. 1st row—make a chain of 10 stitches, going over the chain single crocheted 25 times. 2d row—single crochet in every stitch of first row. 3d row—increase in every second stitch. Continue in this way until you have eight rows, then two rows, without increasing. To form the shell: 1st row—double crochet 6 times in every 8th stitch. 2d row—work 10 double crochets, in the center of every shell, and one short stitch over the five skipped stitches. This forms a plain scallop. Crochet a row of chain stitches over the scallops by making four chain stitches and one short stitch in the center of each scallop. Crochet one plain row. This finishes the crown of the hood. On this row crochet two more plain rows, leaving 25 stitches open, to form the neck of hood. On these three plain rows crochet and two more rows of shells. Again two rows of shells, as before, then three plain rows, crochet one row of chain stitches and one plain row of single crochet all around the hood, which finish it to the lace and gives it shape. Crochet any pretty edge all around it.—S. E. S.

Correspondence.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES ON THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—He was three years old, a Saxon, with the yellow hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion. He was an active, busy little body—too young to be left to his own devices, and too old to be hushed to sleep by a lullaby and laid in his crib. He must have exercise in the open air, and as he was liable to accidentally commit suicide, I was averse to the idea of taking charge of him, even for a few days.

But no appeal would have been availing. His mother was sick, confined to her bed his father otherwise engaged, and as the child must be cared for, I accepted the inevitable and entered the line of duty with enthusiasm. He was not only active and busy, as I have said, but he was a hard working specimen. He was farmer, mechanic, fisherman, and trapper by turns, and the hammering when he was at work upon musical instruments, banjos, fiddles, and like articles, was sometimes terrific. But the noise gave me little concern if he would strike the nail on the head every time and not bruise the slender little fingers. I was willing to supply him with nails and tacks by the bucket full, for he was safer sitting by his lumber with his hammer than at the stables, where he sometimes wished to go, where a horse might send him across the stable yard. He could move with the ease of a bird on the wing, apparently, and so swiftly, too, that when he left me, and I was compelled to give chase, to see that he did not come to grief in some unaccountable and unexpected manner, I found it quite difficult to overtake him. In truth I rarely did so, but was compelled to content myself with keeping him in sight. I often wondered how so small a being as he was could possibly move so rapidly. He glided rather than walked. It was necessary that I should keep him quiet on account of the nervous condition of the sick woman, and I dared not resort to any strenuous measures, even had I wished to do so; for had I crossed him his lamentations would have awakened the echos. Once, and once only, in all my dealings with the bird-like boy I took him by the arm more roughly than was my wont—it was entirely in self-defence that I did it, and though I had not hurt him at all, and I know it, at least not sufficiently to justify an outcry, he seemed to imagine that he was lamed for life, and left me, rubbing the wounded member and shrieking "You've killed my arm; you've killed my arm," till I was appalled and came to the conclusion that and would henceforth avoid committing murder in sections after that manner. He is an only child, but he was never petted, never spoiled by weak indulgence, but, on the contrary, he was subjected to a vigorous course of training. He had a fashion of planting seeds from his babyhood, and of all the children that I have been acquainted with, he was the only one that I ever saw that waited for the seeds planted to peep through the ground. They usually dig them up every day to see how they are getting along, till the frequent unearthing kills them. He seems to understand the process; and would talk about fertilizers and plants like an old sage. He never failed to secure a crop in any of his agricultural experiments save once. He had amongst his toys that had been presented to him, a dog and a lion of plaster of Paris. They were missing and when his mother enquired where they were, he said, "I planted them." "Why," said she, "did you plant your presents?" "I wanted to raise horses with feet," he replied. He was disappointed in regard to a return that time. The horses that he had hoped to see, did not come at call. He was a lover of horses and often played that he was plowing and often called for lines, with which to guide his imaginary horses. When asked what he would like best for a birthday present—it was his fourth birthday—he answered promptly, "Some live horse lines." He was wishing for such lines as he had seen men use in guiding horses. I went to him once while I had sole charge of him, and he began to pull at my necktie with his little dimpled hand, and said, "I want it for a line." The tie was of black net and longer than necessary, and he seemed to think it suitable for a plow-line. He had set his heart upon plowing with that tie for a line, and I gave it up to him and returned to my work. The little creature was possessed of a good degree of caution—cowardice, his father called it—and was not likely to visit any spot on the farm that he considered dangerous; and, perchance, he might have wandered at his own will in perfect safety. Yet I never allowed him to be out of my sight or hearing. I had read, and heard told so many sorrowful stories of the evil results of the culpable neglect of those entrusted with the care of children, that I kept a salutary fear of accident continually in my mind. I had read of the father who slept while his prattling, little child in pursuit of flowers fell over a precipice, and when he awoke he picked up, instead of the laughing, lisping little boy, only a mangled, white, tiny corpse. And also of the thoughtless young mother who sent her little boy out alone, telling him, as she did so, that she did not wish to see him any more. Her cruel wish was granted. She saw her child no more. A few hours later a still, white, breathless little form, all dripping with ice cold water, was borne to her, by those who had taken it from a pond. The little boy had walked walked upon the ice, and it had proved treacherous and broken under his weight, and he was alone. There was no strong hand reached forth to snatch the bright little being from the cold, watery death. Childhood has many foes. Earth and air are full of the arrows of death. The cemeteries are full of little graves.—MOSS ROSE.

NOVEL READING.—I saw an article in the BLADE of August 12, from Mary Brown, asking the opinion of the HOUSEHOLD in regard to reading novels.

My convictions on the subject are very decided, and I think that I have acquired those convictions honestly and from a desire to come to a right conclusion with regard to directing the education of my own little family. The desire for novel reading grows on a person from the reading of the very first one, so much so that it tends to drive out other things that are of much greater importance. After a person has read a few novels, although he may have the same chance to take up other kinds of reading that are more beneficial and elevating, his interest is not in that style of reading, and it is thrown aside for the novel. If the teachings of the novel were correct, and led the young man to form right conceptions of the world in which he is to mingle in actual life, many of the objections to reading novels would vanish. But they teach false notions of real life, and the young novel readers who have been building their fancies in accordance with the teachings of the novels, find practical life very *very* different from what they had imagined, and thus they become dissatisfied. They wonder why it was that their lots were not cast differently.

They think it is their own ill-fate. They have simply followed a delusion, and they must now unlearn that with which they have filled their minds to the exclusion of the useful, the elevating and the refining. There are more good lessons than we can learn, that are taught from grand and noble lives. Then it is worse than useless for us to spend our time, direct our thoughts, our inclinations and our talents in the opposite direction. If we have an article that was once considered of financial value, and is now decidedly useless and injurious, we soon throw it aside or destroy it. Then we ought to be much more ready and willing to do the same thing if we happen to have that about us which poisons the mind

If a person detests the folly of a certain course, then he is in a fair way to remedy that folly and change the course. We should not inflict upon others that which we have found to be a folly in ourselves. If we have a library whose influence is in the wrong direction, let us not take upon ourselves the responsibility of having some day to account for that influence.

Yours for the best interest of the HOUSEHOLD department, and the noble work you are doing in giving the people the true reasons why they should "Pulverise the Rum Power."—BEATTIE, Marshall county, Kan.

FARMER'S WIVES AND THEIR LABORS.—We see a good deal in the papers about farmer's wives being over taxed with work. There are a great many over-worked farmer's wives, it is true; and other men's wives too. As a class I believe that farmer's wives are worked no harder than women in other avocations of life. I have noticed the way women work who live in cities and villages, and it seems to me the life of the farmer's wife is to be preferred, in the majority of cases, to that of her city sister; she is not confined to two or three little rooms, but can have ample house room at very low rate of rent and an unlimited amount of sunshine and fresh air. These are of great importance to health. Her view is unobstructed by the walls of neighboring houses and in a good many instances the scenery within view from the farm house windows is of the greatest beauty—lakes, rivers and railroads, to say nothing of waving fields of grass and grain, and the animals of the farm busily cropping the grass on the hillsides not far away. Then there are the many rides she has free of charge, while the rides her city sister has are few and expensive. The choicest literature can be had and enjoyed on the farm, so that the farmer's wife may certainly not be behind her city relatives in the point of intelligence. There is unlimited out-of-door range for herself and children, away from the dust of the street; in the shade or sunshine, as one's inclination leads them or the weather demands. There is also room for flowers, and a fine place for the hammock in some inviting shade.

When we come to the kitchen why need her work be harder than the work of anybody else's wife? I do not see! If she makes butter she can certainly make the men-folks churn for her if she has not a power-churn, and a few dollars will buy a butter-worker, which is a great aid to dairying. Of course she has a sewing machine, and, by all means, she should be possessed of a clothes-wringer and a washing machine, too, if she desires to; and not only this, but many other conveniences, too, that she and her husband can arrange for. And right here I would say that my wife has got the best wringer I ever saw—thanks to the BLADE'S advertising columns for information where to get it.

To Eda, who asks for directions for cooking salsify or vegetable oyster, I will give my wife's way. Thoroughly clean the roots by washing and scraping, then cut up in to thin slices and soak in cold water two or three hours. Cook in the water they were soaked in until tender, and serve the same as oysters.—F. H. D., Corning, N. Y.

Inquiries

Will some kind reader send to the HOUSEHOLD a remedy for ivy poison?—GEORGE IVES, Como, Col.

Will some one please send directions for crocheting a ladies' toque as soon as possible? Will some one send recipe for muffins?—GRACE.

Can any of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD inform me where I can get the novel "St. Elmo," by Mrs. Evans. I have tried all the neighboring book stores. Also why is it that our corn turns brown while drying? We dry it the same way every year. Sometimes it does not, while at other times it turns very brown.—BRUNETTE.

Will some one please send directions for crocheting a skirt, also telling what kind of material is used and how much?—C.

Will some one inform me how to prepare canvass for oil painting; also what colors are used to make the correct flesh tints in oil portrait painting?—M. P. IVES, Stevensville, Montana Ter.

Would some one please tell in the HOUSEHOLD department how old tube rose bulbs are when they bloom?—B., Leavenworth, Kan.

I have heard that there is some place that they sell Kensington stamping patterns, 50 patterns and instructions for $1. If any one of the HOUSEHOLD can inform me where to get them they will confer a favor.—LIZZIE FLINN, Julietta, Idaho.

Write to the "Art Interchange," New York city, and get a copy of that paper. You will probably find out what you wish to know in that.—ED.

I can crochet 25 different patterns of lace. Some six inches wide. Who can do better? I would send some to the BLADE but do not know the name of the stitches. Will some one tell us how to make all the stitches that haven't been told. What makes my geranium blossoms blast?—MISS ELLA BECKWITH, Double Springs, Tarrant county, Texas.

Will some one inform me where I can get a book which treats of dressmaking, and also the price? Will some one who has had experience in dressmaking please give directions for basting a basque? Will some one tell me why my peony does not blossom. The buds wither instead of blooming out?—WOODBINE.

Answers to Inquiries.

Tell Eda to get two or three ounces of cedar oil and apply to bedsteads and all cracks or crevices in the room. She can soon get rid of bugs; may have to use it two or three times.

I will send pattern for pointed knit lace if I do not see one in the BLADE soon.—L. B.

Have any of the ladies tried warm or hot water and soap for curing pimples on the face? I have been using it for a year past and am well pleased with the result. I never use cold water, but always quite warm, and plenty of pure soap. I like ivory. Some people's skin will stand water as hot as can be borne. I know of others who are using hot water and like it for this. It takes some time to see any result, and the practice must be kept up all the time. Try and report.—PANSY.

To W. H. Sanders "and others" please say the powder of white hellebore root made into an ointment by mixing with lard, will cure the worst kind of itch, if well rubbed in night and morning.—AUNT JANE.

A subscriber asked how to raise snowball plants from shrubs. Bend limbs down to the ground, cover the ends with earth in the fall. In the spring cut off the limbs and replant. Roots will sprout on ends covered with ground.

If the lady that asked for a remedy for freckles will try lemon juice and glycerine it may remove them. Mix about equal parts and apply to the freckles.—HENRY.

I will send directions for oriental paintings if any one wishes it.—MRS. B. F. SMITH.

We shall be glad to have it.—ED.

To cleanse the hair and turn it gradually darker or prevent it turning gray, wet the scalp once a week with a solution of borax and soft water containing a few drops of camphor.

To remove corns soak a bit of bread in strong vinegar and apply to the corn every night for a week or until the corn can be peeled out.—X.

Mrs. L., Scranton, Pa.: "Social Etiquette" describes "Dinner Giving" and other home entertainments. You can get the book by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O.—ED.

Will Miss Bouton give a little information in regard to type-writing, where it can be learned, about what it will cost to learn, and if it will be paying to a young lady? A couple more questions I wish to ask which I hardly know whether will come under head of HOUSEHOLD or not:

First—What period is called the Middle Ages?

Second—What is the proper pronunciation of "Rosinante?"

I am not sure I have spelled the word right. It is a Spanish word I suppose, and is the name of Don Quixote's horse.—MRS. YINKINS.

There are schools in almost every city where type-writing is taught, and also many private teachers. The expense, all told, would not probably be over $25. As to its being remunerative, it depends upon circumstances. If anyone is quick and well skilled, she will be likely to obtain work. It is like all kinds of business, the best will be the most successful.

From the decline of the Roman Empire to the revival of letters in Europe, or from the eighth to the fifteenth century of the Christian era, is the period called the Middle Ages.—ED.

Several have requested "Pansy's" address. Those wishing to send her something for her album, address Miss Rose Chaney, Rush, Allegheny county, Md.

"Lillian" writes to correct her former statement as to the amount of acid used in preserving fruit. It only requires 1 dr. to a gal. of fruit, instead of an oz. I see by the BLADE that prices differ here. I paid 5 cents a drachm. It is used in the powder, and will dissolve all right in a few minutes. A lady of my acquaintance had a jar of strawberries that stood open all through the summer, and they were fresh and nice until they were all used, along in the winter. Can any one send directions for making little knitted shoes for a baby just getting into first short clothes?—LILLIAN.

Please give a good recipe for making paste for scrap books. Also how to straighten the leaves of one that has wrinkled.—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

"Old Dr. Carlin's Recipes" says: Take the best laundry starch, and wet with sufficient cold, soft water to stir smoothly Pour on boiling water until it is clear and jelly like. It is ready for use as soon as cool.

We know of no way to straighten the leaves if badly wrinkled. They may be improved by having a damp cloth placed over them, and then ironed. Put something smooth under each leaf during the process.—ED.

Recipes.

To Make Biscuits.—I am a stranger to the HOUSEHOLD, but what of that? I can make good biscuits, and let me tell "Kan. Bach" how I do it. Sift together three times, 1 qt. flour, 1 tablespoonful corn starch, and 1 teaspoonful good baking powder. Add 1 tablespoonful of lard, a pinch of salt and a cupful of cold water; mix and bake in a quick oven. This will make 8 or 9 good-sized biscuits. Tell Mrs. C. C. Day to crochet the "Pineapple" lace for curtains. I will give directions for making a nice toilet set, if the editor desires it. We find the HOUSEHOLD department a panacea for all household troubles, and the Blade sewing machine is the greatest pet we have.—NELL.

We should be glad to have directions. —ED.

Lemon Essence.—1 oz. oil of lemon; 1 pt. alcohol. Mix; shake up well. If too strong, add more alcohol.—MRS. B. F. SMITH.

For Covering Jelly in the small jar to keep it clean and sweet from dirt or mold: Cut your writing paper a trifle larger than the glass it is intended to fit, and then dip it in melted lard. Then take it out and drain all that will come off and lay it neatly over your jelly, and the work is done, warranted to keep and no whisky. Say to Anna L. Whittaker, keep the bottom of canary bird cage clean every day with a fresh paper, and sprinkle just a few saffron leaves on the bottom each day, as the bird will take all it needs at the time, and in a short time its feathers will grow and the bird be all right.—MRS. JESSIE S. SMITH.

Water Pound Cake.—1 lb. of butter, 1 lb. of powdered sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cupful of boiling water, 1 lb. of prepared flour, flavor with lemon. Beat butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the boiling water, and stir gently till cold, then the pound of flour with the whites of the eggs which have been beaten to a stiff froth, the lemon last; bake one hour. This cake cannot be told from real pound cake, and will keep two weeks.—MRS. A. C. STAATS, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Layer Cake—I want the sisters of the BLADE to try my recipe for light layer cake. The ingredients are: One cupful sugar, ½ cupful butter, 3 eggs, ½ cupful sweet milk, 2 cupfuls flour, ½ teaspoonful good baking powder or 1 teaspoonful soda, and ½ teaspoonful cream of tartar. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream. Do not melt the butter, but warm slightly, if too hard. Stir the milk well into this, and then add flour into which the baking powder has been well sifted Stir thoroughly. Then add the eggs, one at a time, taking care to stir each one in well before adding the next. Bake at once. This will make four layers. The lightness of a cake depends far more upon the way it is put together than the mixture itself. If the above directions are carefully followed, I insure success. Let "E. B. M." try this and report.—MAMIE DRAYTON.

A Remedy for the Ringing or Buzzing in the Ear.—A member of our family suffered for some time from that trouble, and was cured by having two or three drops of sweet oil dropped in the ears daily until relieved.—LAURA A. BENSON.

Recipe for Noodles.—To 1 qt. of flour add 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 cupful sour cream, tablespoonful of butter, teaspoonful of soda. Make a soft dough; roll thin, spread a layer of butter, sprinkle with flour; roll up, cut into fine shreds and boil in new milk; salt and pepper. This is my grandmother's recipe and is very good.—J. G. S.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

CARLTON, KAN. Z M Johnson, Lellah F Guild, Harlin S Carey, Frank C Johnson, Roy J Borton, Luther L Charles, Lloyd Borton, Emmet Borton, Cora Eva, Larena Eva, Jennie Mills, Matie Guild, Chas C Carey, Albert Jenkins, Henry C Borton.
LAWNDALE, KAN. Z T Perkins, A Guy Coates, Elmira E Coates, Elvira E Coates, Bessie Thompson, May Thompson, NannieThompson, Vicky Thompson, Yates Libby, Fred Morrison, Rosa M Morrison, Eva M Morrison.
NASHVILLE, O. Urban F Boling, Harry V Boling, Chas H Boling, Aurilla J Boling, Walter H Harrys, Harry C Harrys, Nellie M Harrys, Stella Harrys, Oibon W Harrys, Harry E Darrah, Wm D Darrah, Bertha Darrah, Geo L Hyatt, Chas A Powelson, Ed Powelson, Harry V Boling.
HARVARD, NEB. Ella Stone, Cora Kaylor, Glenn Hill, Emma Stone, Libbie Clark, Rollin A Bayles, Cella Stone, Leila Jones, Emery Stone, Burdette Stone, Ninnie Stone.
MANSON, IA. Mabel O Prescott, Geo F Prescott, Melvin Fleming, David Hintz, Geo M Williams, Nellie Williams, AliceShawbark'r, Maud G Farlow, Geo W Farlow, Bertie N Farlow, Frank C Long, Wm O Mitchell, HomerH Prescott, Annie L Buswell, Rose Seaver.
FOUR CORNERS, IA. Chas Stephenson, Geo Stephenson, EffieA Stephenson, EffieEStephens'n, Mary Stephenson, Lillian Kauffman, Ed Kauffman, Willie Shelber, Lelah Simmons, Willie Horton, John F Farman.
HALFWAY, KAN. Lily M Brooks, Rosa M Brooks, Eleanor Brooks, Jessie E Oysat, Rosa S Hill, Susie Rushton, Emily Rushton, Everett Oysat, Alva Taylor, Milborn C Brooks.
ULLIN, ILL. Martha A Hiatt, Essie O Lentz, Mary E Lackey, Julia E Lentz, Paul A Lentz, Lewis Thompson, Sadie Thompson, Albert R Hiatt, George W Kelly, John H Wilson, AlonzoA Sichling, Wm Lackey, Sarah Wilson, Mary Wilson, Mary Holman, JacksonM'Intosh, Stella Sichling, Martin A Wilson, Wesley Hanks, FlorenceM'Int'sh, Wm Wilson, Ida Ledbetter, Jas A Hiatt, Geo Ledbetter, Dora Hiatt, Wm Parker, Mary Ledbetter, Lottie Ledbetter, Chas Ledbetter, Nellie I Lentz, Jennie M Crippin, Jos Cantrell, Henry Cantrell, Anna E Hiatt, Ettie M Lackey, Nellie Price.
SHELBYVILLE, ILL. Charley Winson, Sid Briggs, Dexter Chafer, Harry Watton, Bertie Cramer, Alfred Williams, Chas Storm, Viola Hall, S Woodward, Minnie Carroll, Roy Hearth, Russell Wallace, W Danenbarger, Frank Snider, Oscar Leach, Eddie Keller, Willie Phillips, Ed Flowers, Carl Miller, Geo Kutz, Eva Flowers, Joe Barber, Harry Smith, Delia Beetle, Charley Anglin, Tillie Dunning, Sadie Green, Willie Morse, Bessie Matott, Belle Keller, Tom Proctor, Robt Perryman, Nellie McKibbin, Bert Hamlin, Jas Karney, Isaac Foran, Harry Igo, S Sichterwalter, August Wereck, Willie Krick, Fred Krick, Charley Proctor, Otto Seigfrid, Eugene Ballard.
HALL'S PRAIRIE, B. C. Ellen Hart, Ida Hart, Joe B Hart, John Cook Thrift, Geo W Thrift, Alfred Lamphior, Mayen Lamphior, Jessie F Brown, Arabella S Brown, Peter S Brown, David W Brown, Wm S Brown, Margaret Brown.
UNIONTOWN, KAN. Oliver Mason, Maggie Mason, Minnie Mason, David Mason, Rhoda Ralston, Ada Ralston, Myrtle A Moore, Rosa Moore, Bessie L Woods, Maud Woods, Ellis Mason, Bentie Mason, Zora Nichols.
COWLEY, NEB. Laura Foe, Olive Foe, Charley Foe, Thornton Foe, Gertie Thomas, Olive Thomas, Mary Burr, Lucinda Burr, Will Burr, Charley Burr, Elmer Thomas.
SPRINGFIELD, DAK. Aquilla Ewing, Pearl Ewing, Bertha Ewing, Willie Ewing, John Ewing, Jessie Ewing.
TABOR, DAK. Eva McLin, Cora McLin, Mamie McLin, Earnest McLin, John McLin, Geo McLin, Eddie McLin, Maggie McLin.
PAW PAW, MICH. Minnie Whipple, Minnie Rider, Blanche Hulbert, B'rnice M'Cellum, Ina Burt, Edah Gibney, Addie Rider, Nettie Hulbert, Mary Cole, Chas Bailiff, Eddie Bailiff, Daniel Bailiff, Charlie Harris, Frank Glidden, Willie Cole, Charley Bennett.
ST. PAUL, NEB. Junius J Fuller, Jas G Fuller, Minnie G Fuller, Stella S Fuller, Cora M Hill, Minnie B Hill, Winnie D Hill, Inez Hill, Edna Hill.
FAIRFIELD, NEB. Wm Owens, Henry Owens, Minnie Owens, Pearl Owens, Albert Owens, Eddie Owens, Myrtle Owens, Alex Owens.
M'ARTHUR, O. Albert Ankrom, Lavina Ankrom, Belle Ankrom, Jacob Ankrom, Annie Ankrom, Jessie Ankrom, Essie Ankrom, Rheasy Ankrom.
GRAND RAPIDS, O. Ada J Benschoter, C H Benschoter, Eunice Harman, Nettie Harman, Mertie Harman, May S Snyder, Grace H Snyder, EdwardG Snyder, JennieEnglebeck.

Names this week, 271. Total, 14,433.

TO MY BABY.

BY HESTER S. DWINELLE.

Sleep, my lone darling! thy mother is near thee,
In dreams she is watching the couch of thy rest,
And kisses—the dew of the beautiful dreamland—
Are falling in showers upon thy pure breast!

Thy dear tiny fingers now link with soft pressure;
And cheering the smile that illumes like the sun.
Ah, darling! sweet dreamer! my cup in full measure,
In bounty of loving, is truly o'errun.

Cease! cease! the wild throb of my heart's expectation!
The void of the future no living may trace!
God grant this sweet bud of rich promise may blossom,
And give to the world its true mission of grace!

—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

THE FAMOUS BELLS OF THE WORLD.

MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

It is not improbable that Tubal Cain, the sixth in descent from Adam, "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron," may have known something of the art of making bells. Church bells originated in Italy, being formed by degrees out of the cymbals and small tinkling bells used in the religious ceremonies of the East as a means of honoring the gods. Altough first introduced in the fourth century, it was not until the sixth century that they were suspended in the roofs of churches.

The hours of the day were first ordered to be struck by Pope Sebastian in 605, to announce to the people the time for singing and praying. Bells were often baptized and consecrated with great pomp, the priests anointing them with oil, washing them with water, and making the sign of the cross in the name of the Trinity. They were named as early as 968, the great bell of the Lateran Church at Rome being named by Pope John XIII. in honor of himself.

The largest bell in the world is in Moscow, the city of bells. It was cast, by order of the Empress Anne, in 1653. It is 21 feet four and a half inches in height, 22 feet five and a half inches in diameter where the clapper strikes; its circumference at the bottom is 63 feet, its thickness 23 inches, and its tongue fourteen feet long.

Fifty men were required to ring this monster bell, 25 pulling upon each side. In 1837 the Czar Nicholas caused it to be disinterred from its bed of sand where it was lodged during the conflagation of 1737, and placed it on the granite pedestal where it now rests. It was then consecrated as a chapel, the entrance to the interior being through a large fracture caused by falling timbers in the fire of 1737. The value of the metal is $330,000. It is said that at the casting of this bell nobles were present from all parts of Europe, who vied with each other in the value of the silver plate, gold jewelry, and other motive offerings which they had cast into the furnace.

There are 5,000 large bells in Moscow alone, 37 being in one tower. Whoever has visited Russia recalls the sound of the great bells which form a part of the religious worship, and are regarded by the Russians with such superstitious veneration.

The bells of China are next in size to those of Russia. In the suburbs of Pekin is the largest suspended bell in the world. To ring it a huge beam is swung against its side. There are in Pekin seven bells each weighing 120,000 pounds. At Nankin is a bell the weight of which is 50,000 pounds. The tone of these bells, however, is discordant and "panny," like that of the Chinese gongs.

The bell of St. Paul's, London, weighs 11,500 pounds, that of the Cathedral of Paris 38,000, and of Vienna 40,000 pounds. The bell of St. Peter's at Rome weighs 17,000 pounds. Notre Dame Cathedral, Canada, has a bell larger than any in England, its weight being 29,400 pounds, while that of the House of Parliament in London weighs 28,000 pounds. When it is remembered that the largest bells heard in our American cities rarely weigh more than three or four thousand pounds, some idea may be had of the volume of tone which belongs to the monster bells above described.

The heaviest bell ever made in the United States was the alarm bell formerly in the City Hall in New York. It weighed 23,000 pounds. In 1867 it was broken, and recast in smaller fire-bells.

The most celebrated bell in the United States is that known as the "Liberty Bell" in Philadelphia. It was imported from England in 1752, cracked by a trial stroke, and recast in Philadelphia by Isaac Norris. On the 4th of July, 1776, this bell announced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It was again cracked while being rung in honor of Henry Clay's visit to Philadelphia, and since then has been on exhibition in Independence Hall. It bears the following inscription, taken from Leviticus xxvth chapter, 10th verse, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The "Great Tom" of Oxford, weighing 17,000 pounds, bears the following curious inscription, whence its name:

"*In Thomæ laude resono Bin-Bom, sine fraude.*"*

On the largest of the three bells placed by Edward III. in the Little Sanctuary, Westminster, are these words:

"King Edward made me thirtie thousand weight and three;
Take me down and wey me, and more you shall find me."

On a bell in Durham Cathedral is inscribed:

"To call the folks to church in time,
I chime;
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring;
And when the body leaves the soul,
I toll."

On a bell at Lapley, in Staffordshire, England:

"I will sound and resound to thee, O Lord,
To call Thy people to Thy word."

In Meivod Church, Montgomeryshire:

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do fummon all."

The following motto may still be seen on some of the bells that have swung in their steeples for centuries:

"Men's death tell by doleful knell:
Lightning and thunder I break asunder."

The motto of Schiller's ever-memorable Song of the Bell was common to the church bells of the Middle Ages, and may still be found on the great minster of Schaffhausen and on that of the church near Lucerne: "*Vivos voco—Mortuos plango—Fulgura frango*"—(I call the living—I mourn the dead —I break lightning.)

In the belfry of old St. Michael's Church, Charleston, South Carolina, there is a chime of bells with which there is quite a bit of history connected, and which have had a more romantic career than many more famous bells.

These bells, eight in number, were imported from England in 1764, at a cost of £581. On the evacuation of Charleston, in 1782, Major Traille, of the Royal Artillery, took them down under the pretence that they were a military perquisite, belonging to the commanding officer. The vestry of the church applied to Lieut. Gen Leslie to have them restored, on the ground that they were paid for by subscription, and private property was secure under the terms of the capitulation. No answer was returned. Sir Guy Carleton, at New York, however, anticipated the wish of the vestry, and ordered the bells to be restored. Meanwhile they had been shipped to England. The vestry then applied to the Secretary of War of Great Britain, but without success. They were sold; and being purchased by a Mr. Rhinew, were generously reshipped by him to Charleson in 1783. They chimed their hallowed music thenceforward until 1863, when Charleston, being in a state of siege, they were removed to Columbia, South Carolina, and deposited in the State-house grounds. Here they were destroyed in the burning of Columbia, February, 1865. After the war they were again sent to England, and, strange as it may appear, recast by the descendants of the original founders, and returned to their old Revolutionary home, where they still mark the footsteps of the hours, and link with every tone the present with the tenderest associations of the past.—*Harpers Young People.*

*In praise of Tom I sound Bim-Bom, without a crack.

A HAMPER FULL OF FUN.

"That will be nice, Agnes; do let us surprise mother!" said Milly Reid one day to her big cousin.

"Yes, it would be great fun, and I am sure your mother would like it better than anything else; only, how can we manage it?"

Milly was but 6 years old, and thought that Agnes must be able to do everything; so she would not listen to any fears as to being able to carry out their plan. The two cousins were still talking, when 5-year old Janet came running in.

"What are you doing, Milly? You promised to have a game with me."

"We are talking about mother's birthday present," said Milly rather grandly for being the eldest of four, she used to be a little mother to them all. "We want to have our photographs taken for her."

"Oh, what fun! Will the man come here, as he did after Alice was ill?"

"I never thought of that," said cousin Agnes, "and have been puzzling my head for ever so long as to how I could get you all to Witham without your mother knowing. Of course, I can write and tell the photographer to come here."

"Mother is going to tea with Mrs. Jones on Friday," said Milly; "I heard her tell father so."

"Then that will do nicely, and I will write to the photographer at once and tell him to come at four o'clock on Friday."

For the next three days there were all sorts of whisperings and knowing looks amongst the three bigger children; only baby Edmund was told nothing of the surprise, for he was too young to understand. Friday came at last, and it seemed to Agnes as if Mrs. Reid would never start. But about half past three she drove off in the little pony chase, and the children were all taken into the nursery to have clean frocks and pinafores put on.

Punctually at four, Mr. Foster arrived, and everything was prepared in the dining-room. A big hamper was brought up, and in it all four children were placed, with a few shavings scattered about, to make it look as if they had traveled a long way by train. One photograph was taken safely enough, but Mr. Foster wished to try another. He had arranged them differently, and had just said, "Now, then, look at this bird. One, two, ——" when suddenly they all exclaimed, "There's Topsy!"

Sure enough, the pony-carriage was coming up to the door, as Agnes saw through the window. What was to be done? There was not a moment to lose. Mr. Foster retreated into the little study, which opened out of the dining-room, taking his apparatus with him. Agnes seized Edmund, told the three girls to lie still in the hamper, and went to the door to meet her aunt. But as she stepped into the hall, Mrs. Reid came in.

"I actually forgot to take the little frock I promised to Mrs. Jones for a pattern," she said. "I had nearly got to her house, and had to come all the way back. Why whatever are you doing with that great hamper in this room?"

"I had it up for the children," said Agnes.

"Well, I hope it is clean. It is rather a strange thing to put in the middle of the diningroom.

Just then there was a regular explosion of smothered laughter from the little prisoners.

"There's something alive inside," said Mrs. Reid, opening the lid. Up jumped all the children like Jack-in-the-box, and they had a hearty laugh together. But Mrs. Reid never guessed anything about the surprise that was in store for her; and one of her greatest treasures now is the picture of the hamper full of fun which she found on the breakfast table on her birthday.

"You all look happy and full of fun," she says sometimes, "and that is because you love each other."

"And you and father, too, mother," whispers Milly.—*Sister Rose.*

THE CATTLE-TRAIN.

Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for 20 minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of a window at a waterfall which came tombling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train; and the mournful sounds that came from it touched my heart.

Full in the hot sun stood the cars; and every crevice of room between the bars across the door way was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths!

The cattle lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while that I was tempted to go out and see what I could do for them. But the time was nearly up; and, while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed better than I could have done it.

I could not hear what they said; but, as they worked away so heartily, their little tanned faces grew lovely to me, in spite of their old hats, their bare feet, and their shabby gowns. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and, emptying upon it the berries from her pail, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little Barefoot's task a hard one.

But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the little pail was so soon empty; and her friend meanwhile pulled great handfulls of clover and grass for the cows, and, having no pail, filled her "picking-dish" with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars. I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little sisters of charity.—*L. M. Alcott.*

—If you are sick and suspect Malaria to be the cause, one or two full doses of Shallenberger's Pills will settle the question at once. They can do no possible harm, because they contain nothing injurious if taken in any quantity. They do not act on the bowels, but build up the strength and impart new life to the system. Sold by all Druggists.

Wraps and Dresses for Little Girls.

Little girls are given coats, outside garments of check or plaid to be worn over plain stuff frocks.

Young girls wear mantles as well as jackets, shaped very much like those of young ladies over 18.

The frocks of girls of 13 and upward are simply modified duplicates of the dresses of their older sisters.

Costumes for children are made mostly in blue or white. White woolen goods especially make lovely yet simple toilets for little girls, silk and lace being banished.

—When nature falters and requires help, recruit her enfeebled energies with Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. $1 per bottle.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Risen.

LESSON 5, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1886.

Golden Text—The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared to Simon.—Luke 24: 24.

LESSON TEXT.

John 20: 1-18.

1. The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

2. Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

3. Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

4. So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

5. And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

6. Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie

7. And the napkin that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

8. Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw and believed.

9. For as yet they knew not the Scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

10. Then the disciples went away again unto their own home.

11. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.

12. And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head and the other at feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13. And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

17. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

18. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

While it was yet dark (v. 1.) The hour just before daylight often seems the darkest hour of the night; not because the coming dawn is realized as at hand, but because the prolonged darkness has accumulated density as it were, during all the dragging night hours. And so it is yet dark, even when the power of darkness is at the very point of giving way. Darkness itself has light, for the child of God, if thus looked at. The darker it is, the more hope it brings to him. When the father of the demon-possessed child was bringing his son to Jesus for his cure, "as he was yet coming, the devil dashed him down, and tare him grievously." Similarly it is in the case of many a demon-possessed child. It is while his cure is just at hand that he seems most under the power of an evil spirit. There is comfort in this very thought to the faith-filled parent or teacher—comfort from symptoms that would otherwise cause despair. And there is comfort to every child of God groping in thick darkness—just before dawn.

They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him (v. 2.) And so Mary Magdalene was ready to mourn as a loss the missing body of her Lord, when, in fact, she had never such reason for rejoicing as in the truth that the tomb she had come to was now empty There is a great deal of misdirected mourning of this sort in the world. Men bewail as a loss that which is chiefest among their gains. An empty crib or a vacant chair prompts tears to longing eyes, when, if those eyes could follow the missing one, the whole soul would overflow with joy. Even an empty treasure-chest may be a token of enlarged blessing to him who would fain fill his eyes with the old familiar symbols of death. But before we give ourselves to sorrow that a vault is now vacant, let us be sure that we know that it would better if it were still occupied as formerly.

Then went in also that other disciple (v. 8.) This text has had a fresh meaning given to it by the famous sermon of Dr. Bushnell on "Unconscious Influence." Indeed, the very term "unconscious influence," with all the suggestiveness of its import, seems to have originated in that sermon. John stood at the tomb's entrance looking in, when the impulsive Peter came up and pushed into the tomb. Then John followed. Peter had no thought of leading John. John was not conscious of being led. But Peter did lead John, and John did follow Peter, all unconsciously. So, everywhere, the Peters are leading the Johns, and the Johns are being led by the Peters. And this unconscious personal influence which grows out of one's very self is the most potent of social influences; and he who exercises it is even more directly responsible for it than for the influence which he wills to exercise; for it is the outgrowth and the consequence of his personal character.

Saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus (v. 14.) How many weeping ones since the days of Mary have failed to know that Jesus stood by them ready to stay their tears, or to remove the cause of those tears, if they would but recognize him! If Mary had looked up with the eyes of faith, assured that Jesus was risen from the dead, according to his promise, she would have been readier to recognize her Lord. It is only by the eye of faith, that Jesus can ever be seen through flowing tears. But the difficulty is with the one who looks, and not with Him who stands with proffered comfort waiting to be recognized.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her (v 18.) He who has good news ought to share it with those whom it would benefit. It is cruel to allow others to weep when a word of cheer from us might dry their tears. Silence is a sin, when speech would soothe an aching heart, or when it would point safely to an imperiled one. Jesus commissions those who love him to be witnesses for him. Hence all that Jesus imparts to us, of counsel or of comfort, we ought to make known to others. Whatever question there may be in any mind as to woman's place in Christian work, it is clear that every woman who can bear witness to the truth that Jesus is her Savior, has a mission like that of Mary Magdalene, to tell it to others who might be without that knowledge if she did not declare it.—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

—Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

$1,000 a Page.

While the Democratic campaign book was being edited a prominent Democrat proposed to pay $1,000 for the privilege of writing one page in the book. He was asked what he desired to write. He said: "I only want to write one line to be printed on one page. It shall be good Democratic campaign material." The proposition was accepted, add the next day the gentleman presented a certified check on Riggs & Co.'s bank for $1,000, and a slip of paper upon which was written in a bold hand: "To the victors belong the spoils." The member of the committee looked at the check, then at the sentence, scratched his head, returned both to the giver, saying: "I agree with you, but cannot accept your proposal." The prominent Democrat tore up both check and paper upon which the famous matter was written and walked out of the committee-room.

Not So Foolish as it Seems.

"The way to keep well is never to allow any ailment that attacks your system to reach a chronic stage," were the words of a distinguished lecturer before the students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York. The young men thought the teacher guilty of a literary "bull," but before the end of the clinic the old professor showed how clearly susceptible of proof were his words. The secret of longevity is chiefly found in promptitude in arresting disease. The value of Compound Oxygen, as made by DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., in checking the progress of many forms of disease in their earlier stages and before chronic conditions arise, has been established by years of the severest test. Warning indications always precede the development of Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma and Rheumatism. Do not overlook or neglect them. Grapple with the enemy while it is weak. Send for a pamphlet on the Home Treatment. It is sent gratuitously to every applicant.

Getting Even.

Wife—What do you think, my dear? That young Mrs. De Hobson actually snubbed me at the party last night.

Husband—Is it possible! What did you do?

Wife—I snubbed old Mrs. Jenkins.

MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

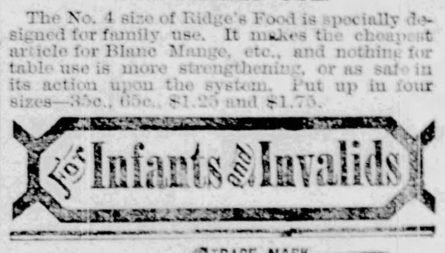
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS

RIDGE'S FOOD

FOR FAMILY USE.

The No. 4 size of Ridge's Food is specially designed for family use. It makes the cheapest article for Blanc Mange, etc., and nothing for table use is more strengthening, or as safe in its action upon the system. Put up in four sizes—35c., 65c., $1.25 and $1.75.

for Infants and Invalids



Orange Blossom is a recent discovery for the cure of falling of the womb, leucorrhœa (whites), profuse and painful menstruation, piles, in change of life, and some nervous diseases. Orange Blossom removes these conditions by absorption, that is, by drawing the watery serum away allowing the womb to regain its natural condition and position. LADIES CAN TREAT THEMSELVES. The treatment is simple, harmless, inexpensive, and often removes pain with first application, from which you may have suffered for months. One month's treatment sent to any address, postpaid, for one dollar.

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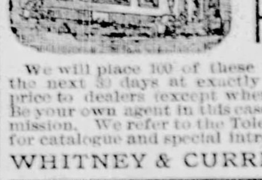

ARCADE Upright PIANOS.

We will place 100 of these Beautiful Pianos in the next 30 days at exactly the wholesale cash price to dealers (except where we have agents.) Be your own agent in this case, and save the commission. We refer to the Toledo BLADE Co. Send for catalogue and special introductory prices.

WHITNEY & CURRIER, Toledo, O.

Three Bright Ones.

"They had a boycott at the schoolhouse to-day," said a New York kid. "Is that so?" inquired his father. "Yes; a boy caught thunder for sassin' the teacher."—*Drake's Magazine.*

The bravest are not always the tenderest, as the poet sings. There is the red game rooster, for instance; he will fight a bird double his size, but he cuts up tough in a pot-pie.—*Boston Gazette.*

His mind elsewhere.—Professor (who has told the young men to bring in an essay on an original subject)—"Well, Mr. Saunders, what have you got to-day?" Collegian (who spent the summer at one of the mountain hotels)—"Er—roast beef, roast pork, fish and corned beef hash."—*Tid-Bits*

—Away with melancholy! No more rheumatism, neuralgia or toothache. St. Jacobs Oil cures all pain. Price fifty cents a bottle.

Absent Minded Indeed.

Old Gentleman—And how is your father, John?

John—He is dead, sir.

O. G.—Dead! Dear me! What a pity! And how is your mother?

John—She is dead too.

O. G.—Indeed! Dear me! What a pity, what a pity! But how is your wife, John?

John—She died last week, sir.

O. G.—Why, goodness me—what a pity! And your mother-in-law, how's she?

John—She's hearty, sir.

O. G. (abstractedly)—Dear me, what a pity.

Four Beautiful Cards.

New designs never before published. Will please any person. Also 8 color Illuminated Illustrated Book. Send free to every reader of the Toledo BLADE. Address R. G. Valentine, 57 Murray street, New York City.

Didn't Want a Revival.

The New York *Independent* is the authority for the statement that a prominent trustee in one of the largest churches in New England, successfully opposed the inauguration of revival meetings on the ground that such a meeting would destroy their new church carpets. "Besides," he is reported to have said, "what do we want with a revival? We are out of debt; our pews are all rented; our house is full, and a revival would only disturb the quiet and orderly development of the church."

—Those Complaining of Sore Throat or Hoarseness should use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. The effect is extraordinary, particularly when used by singers and speakers for clearing the voice.

Costly Philosophy.

Philosopher—Yes, my dear sir, I've reckoned up that by walking down town to my business every day I have saved $300 in the last ten years.

Spendthrift (who always rides)—And your health is better, too?

Philosopher—Oh, much better.

Spendthrift—Well, I am out that much. Good day!

Philosopher—Ah—by the way, could you lend me $5 until to-morrow?

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Shut Him Up.

"My dear," remarked Mr. Topnoody to his wife, after a little domestic jar, "a fool is not the worst thing in the world." "Possibly not, Topnoody," she replied, shortly. "On the contrary, my dear," he continued, "I think a fool is more sinned against than sinning, and that he is in many respects a superior person, and—" "Self-praise is half scandal, Topnoody," she interrupted, "and I wouldn't say any more if I was you." He didn't.

A Little German Joke.

Lady of the house—To-morrow is a holiday, Peggy, so you can go out and enjoy yourself.

Menial—There are so many common people on the streets these holidays that I would prefer to stay in the house. Perhaps you and your husband had better go out and mingle with the mob.

It Had Gone.

Bill (to a friend)—Say, Jack, is your watch going?

Jack (who had visited the sign of three balls)—No, my friend, it's gone——.

The only perfect substitute for Mother's milk. Invaluable in Cholera Infantum and Teething. A pre-digested food for Dyspeptics, Consumptives, Convalescents. Perfect nutrient in all Wasting Diseases. Requires no cooking. Our Book, The Care and Feeding of Infants, mailed free. DOLIBER, GOODALE & CO., Boston, Mass.

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

INDIGESTION.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my mules? They are ten years old, they have very good appetites, and are good feeders and have good life. They are somewhat hidebound and they will not fatten.—B. B., Glennville, Neb. [Your mules are suffering from indigestion. Give two drachms of bicarbonate of soda to each mule in the drinking water three times a day before a meal, and two drachms nitro-muriatic acid in the drinking water after they have eaten. Continue this for about three days, and then give this: Nitrate of potassa, four ounces; crude antimony, one ounce; sulphur, three ounces. The nitrate of potassa and antimony should be finely pulverized, then add the sulphur. Give a tablespoonful to each mule in a bran mash daily.—ED.]

TOUCH OF RHEUMATISM.—Have a yearling steer, very lame in his right fore leg. His knee is swollen badly, and think the trouble is there. Thought perhaps it was a bad sprain, but it has been lame now for three weeks, and does not get any better. Does not seem to be tender to the touch. Please give remedy, and oblige a reader.—A. M. S., Princeton, Ill. [Wrap the swollen part with flannels dipped in cold vinegar. Keep the wrappings wet for a couple of days. Then apply this liniment: Oil of spike, one ounce; oil origanum, two ounces; alcohol, sixteen ounces. Rub well in. Have you made a thorough examination of your steer's hoof? The trouble may be there. If not, it is rheumatism. In addition to the above, put an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water twice a day for three days.—ED.]

CAN ANY ONE TELL?—Can any member of the FARM tell me what to do with a potato patch that has been manured from time to time, but the potatoes are wire wormed. Two years ago we were told to put salt on the land and did so. Last year they were scabby. We should like to know what to do next.—A READER, Mineral Ridge, O.

HEAVES.—I have a mare that has the heaves. Will you or some of the readers tell me what will stop her wheezing and "bellowing of sides."—A. R. K., Fairfield, N. Y. [Take of balsam of fir and balsam of copaiba, of each four ounces, and mix with calcined magnesia sufficiently thick to make it into balls. Make into ten balls and give one night and morning. Dampen (not wet) the oats and hay.—ED.]

RHEUMATISM.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my cow? She got lame in her hind quarters, and she laid down and never stood since. That was nine days ago. She does not seem to have any use of her hind legs. There were no symptoms of lameness the day before.—CHAS. TUCKER, Grand River, Iowa.—[Your cow is no doubt affected with rheumatism, which cows are at times, quite suddenly. To treat her, first give three-quarters of a pound of sulphate of magnesia. After this has operated, give for two days an ounce and a half of saltpetre in her drinking water, twice a day for three days. Then every third day, for three days, give in gruel, oil of turpentine one ounce, bi-carbonate of soda one ounce. Rub on small of the back, Neatsfoot oil, four ounces; oil of turpentine, one ounce; laudanum, one ounce. Mix and apply by gentle aid through friction.—ED.]

BEE BOOK.—Will the editor kindly tell me through the BLADE FARM in next issue where I can get a good treatise on bee-keeping.—SUBSCRIBER, Sunrise. [The "Bee Keepers' Guide," published by Thomas G. Newman & Son, Chicago, Ill.—ED.]

W. R. EGGLESTON, Salida, Colorado: Pecans are said to be among the finest and largest of shade trees. The wood is highly prized on account of its strength and elasticity, for manufacturing purposes, and the fruit is excellent. It is of lofty growth and prolific. It is a hardy tree. The best way for you will be to buy the trees if you wish an early crop. They cost $3 a dozen, 1 to 2 feet high. J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, N. J., has them. The nuts may be purchased in any market, but we cannot say where to get them fresh from the tree.—ED.]

STRANGLES.—Will you please describe the disease known as strangles in horses?—JOHN DENTWARD, Chicago. [According to a veterinary authority strangles in its effect upon the body of a horse is similar to measles in the human being. Both are diseases peculiar to the young; both sometimes occur after the attainment of maturity, and both are dangerous in proportion as their advent is delayed. Strangles is developed as an abscess under the jaw; measels appears as a rash all over the body. Both, however, are eruptive, and both are cast outward at some expense to the system. Strangles are ushered in by slight general indisposition, which, however, does not pass away. Sickness rather hovers over the colt than plumps directly upon it. The animal is then, in stable phrase, "breeding strangles." After a few days a stiffness of the neck is conspicuous; subsequently an enlargement can be perceived. It is at first very hard, hot and tender. A discharge from the nose appears. The symptoms of general disease become aggravated. The throat is sore; the breathing is oppressed; the discharge is copious; the coat stares; the appetite is lost; the creature stands with eyes half closed, the picture of mute distress. At length the tumor softens. It becomes prominent at a particular spot. Upon this place the surgeon makes an incision. A pint or more of pus escapes, and the animal quickly recovers.—ED.]

CALOUSED SHOULDER.—Will you, or some one of the BLADE readers give a cure for calous lumps on my horse's shoulder, caused by the collar.—K. G. KELLY, Shade, Ohio. [As the editor has time and again answered similar questions to the above, he will be pleased to hear what readers of the BLADE FARM have to offer regarding it.—ED.]

FERTILIZER.—What is the best and cheapest mode of converting bones, for use as a fertilizer.—A FARMER, Tullahoma, Tenn. [Moore gives the following as the cheapest: "Take a large puncheon, large tub, or barrel, and put into it 200 lbs. water; add, very slowly and cautiously, 100 lbs. of pure sulphuric acid; you must be very careful, while handling this article, not to let it touch your skin or clothing, as it will instantly blacken the skin or destroy the clothing, wherever it comes in contact; and, when mixed with water, it engenders a very intense heat. Into this mixture throw 200 lbs. of bones, no matter how old or useless they may be. The sulphuric acid instantly attacks and enters into combination with the bones, reducing them to a pasty consistence, and completely dissolving them. Keep under cover, and turn them over occassionly, while the process is going on; and when completed, dump out the whole contents on the barn floor or on a platform of boards, and thoroughly work into the mass four times its bulk of dry bog-earth or dry road-dust; mix and pulverize completely with a wooden shovel. The bog-earth acts as an absorbent or drier, retaining the fertilizing properties of the compound, and rendering it easy of uniform distribution. If whole bones are used it will take six or eight weeks to dissolve them; if they are broken with an axe, they will dissolve in about three weeks; if they are ground in a bone mill four days will be sufficient. This manure is the most powerful fertilizer in existence; and, when made by these directions, it is the cheapest, as one ton is equal to 32 tones of barnyard manure. For top-dressing grass lands, use 300 lbs. per acre; for corn, potatoes, beans, turnips etc., apply 450 lbs per acre in the drill, mixing with the soil; for wheat, rye, oats, or barley, 400 lbs. per acre., harrow in with the seed; for buckwheat, 300 lbs. per acre."

SLOBBERING.—Please tell me through your columns what I shall do for a horse that slobbers badly, causing it to grow poor and appear weak, and oblige.—JAMES S. BRADLEY, Wells Ridge, New York. [Dribbling or slobbering may arise from diseased teeth, or from a diseased state of the muscles of deglutition, sore mouth or tongue. In old horses, food gathers between the teeth, and should be removed daily. You will no doubt find what is the matter with your horse by a careful examination of his mouth, and removing the cause of the irritation. A veterinary should examine the mouth of your horse. Medicine is of little use.—ED.]

Answers to Inquiries.

BOX ELDER.—Not long since I saw a request in your paper for some one to tell what they could in regard to the value of box elder. I have been hoping that some with more experience would give you the desired information. As nothing has yet appeared in answer to your request, I will try to tell you something of the value of this beautiful tree. Eighteen years since I planted my box elder trees. To-day they measure four feet four inches around. The body of the trees are 40 feet high and measure 40 feet across under the branches; have made sugar from them nine years. I know they will make twice the amount of sugar or fine syrup that the sugar or hard maple will produce, and of a finer quality. The foliage is very dense and beautiful. The wood is as good as soft maple when well seasoned. As for seeds, there is no more prolific bearer. The seeds should be planted in the fall. I can furnish seeds.—A. ACKERMAN, Sterling Centre, Minn.

Notes of Interest.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—A legal stone is 14 pounds in England, and 16 pounds in Holland. A fathom, 6 feet, is derived from the height of a full-grown man. A hand, in horse measure, is 4 inches. An Irish mile is 2,240 yards; a Scotch mile is 1,984; a German, 1,806; a Turkish, 1,626. An acre is 1,840 yards, 1 foot and 3½ inches each way. A square mile, 1,760 yards each way, contains 640 acres. The human body consists of 240 bones, 9 kinds of articulation or joinings, 100 cartilages or ligaments, 400 muscles or tendons, and 100 nerves, besides blood, arteries, veins, etc.

Potatoes planted below three feet do not vegetate; at one foot they grow thickest, and at two they are retarded two or three months. There are no solid rocks in the Arctic regions, owing to the severe frosts.

The surface of the sea is estimated at 150,000,000 square miles, taking the whole surface of the globe at 190,000,000 square miles. Its greatest depth is supposed to be equal to the height of the highest mountain, or five miles.—J. D. LEISURE.

What Has Been the Result?

Immediately after the State Fair the *Dispatch* called attention to the fact that but few of the premiums went to local horses. This was not only true of the city, but of the county and adjacent country. The farmers of Franklin county and Central Ohio are not less interested in thoroughbred horses than the people of the cities who are able and desire to own first-class roadsters.

The various uses for which the horse is employed, would seem to require almost a corresponding variety of conformations. The ideal farm horse is just as separate and distinct in its conformation as is the trotter or draft horse. When the Norman and the English and French draft horses were first imported into this country there were not many mares suitable to breed to them. Had the importers secured large heavy draft mares, and bred them to their stallions, they would have obtained draft stock that would have honored the name. Instead of selecting proper brood mares they persuaded our farmers to breed their small mares to these imported horses, telling them they would secure good coach, carriage and general purpose horses. But after many years of injudicious breeding our farmers have found their hopes a delusion. They find them a complete failure, and all they have as a reward of years of labor is an ungainly mass of flesh without style or action.

Generally speaking, what has been the result of breeding the common American stock to these imported stallions? Has it been beneficial, and are the progeny of such breeding more valuable than the native stock? The result has been very disastrous to our farmers and to the farm horse. Yet these results would not have been so terrible had the progeny been valuable, but in the majority of instances the offspring could not perform the duty of either, and were entirely worthless. They could not be called a draft, road or general purpose horse; nothing but a dirty mongrel, unfit for either, and consequently about a dead loss to the farmer. The imported draft horse is no general purpose horse. It cannot endure the excessive heat of our summers, is not suitable for driving purposes, and, as a carriage horse, is a complete failure. Farmers say they want a general purpose horse. One that can draw a load, pull a plow, drive to a carriage and, when necessary, travel eight to twelve miles an hour. They will never procure them so long as they continue to breed to the English or French horses. Being massive, strong and possessing large bone, they are suited for heavy work, yet when driven on hard roads and paved streets, soon become worthless, and unfit for use. There are many blooded horses, weighing only twelve hundred pounds, able to draw a heavier load, travel more miles in a day, and live to walk over the graves of two or three generations of them.

The farmer has had a terrible experience in this matter. How shall we remedy it? Shall we continue as we have, until it is too late to retrace our steps? Let us find out just what are the necessary elements in the make-up of an ideal farm horse, and then act accordingly. For that "like produces like" cannot be denied. Keep that axiom to the front and the battle is half won.

Just before the late war Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio were filled with horses weighing from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, generally bay in color, sound, stylish, with trapping action, and plenty of nervous energy; kind and gentle, ideal farm horses, admired and sought after by everybody, because they would do a great day's work on the farm and carry a man to the village in the evening at a "clip" that would atonish our farmers of to-day. Where did they come from? We find in the Trotting Register, vol. 2, p. 333, the following: "Messenger, (Fell's) gr. h. foaled about 1812; got by Commander, son of imported Messenger; bred in New Jersey; purchased in Bucks county, Pa., by John Fell, and taken by him to Mercer county, Pa., about 1821."

From this horse and his descendants crossed on the common stock of the country, sprung a class of the best farm horses these two states ever produced. What became of them? Destroyed by just such breeding as is described in this article. The same can be said of the Bush Messengers' in the Eastern states and the Mambrinos and Hambletonians in New York and Kentucky—all descended from imported Messenger.

But some one may say that the trotting-bred horse would make but poor "farmers." Admitted. Why? Because they are bred for speed alone at the expense of size and everything else, nearly. But it must be admitted that the elements in the conformation that will carry a horse a mile in 2:20 or 30 in five or six consecutive heats, will go a great ways in doing a hard day's work on a farm. Take the same elements and breed for size, without losing too much of this speed and energy, and what will we have? A model farm horse.

Opinions vary, among good horsemen, as to the strain out of which the model farm horse can be produced. Messenger established a family which can do anything except running. This horse, it is claimed, is the progenitor of more good trotters, road and farm horses than any other horse, living or dead, in America.

Future State fairs, to be held in this vicinity, will readily show whether the farmers of this region propose to rear first-class farm horses, or plod along with horses of less value, depending upon a foreign market for the best when the best can be produced at home. They have but to lay aside a little mite of prejudice, to learn by actual experience that the same blood elements which produce a fast trotting horse can be made to produce a model farm horse.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Minneapolis Mills.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 14.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The lighter flour output last week was not unexpected. The product was 146,660 barrels, averaging 24,443 barrels daily, against 151,885 barrels the preceding week and 171,000 during the corresponding time in 1885. Eighteen mills were running at noon to-day, and the output was 25 000 barrels.

If the switchmen's strike is not settled at once, it is very probable that most of the mills will be compelled to close down before the end of the week. Coopers are also engaged in a strike for higher wages. The supply of barrels is uncertain, though no great difficulty is looked for from this source. The matter of sufficient water power is becoming the subject of deep concern to mill owners. Those well advised claim that the mills will be troubled more than ever before in this respect upon the advent of cold weather. Flour is dull and lower, and not much is being sold.

* * * * Young or middle-aged men, suffering from premature decline of power, however induced, speedily and radically cured. Illustrated book for ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

The Nomination of Roosevelt for Mayor Suits the Times.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16.—The *Times* seems satisfied with the action of the Republican county convention, last night, in nominating ex-Assemblyman Theodore Roosevelt for mayor. The following extract from the *Times'* editorial on the subject indicates the return of that paper to the Republican fold:

"It is because we believe Mr. Roosevelt to be very much less a partisan and very much more of a reformer than Mr. Hewitt that we should prefer to see him elected mayor. * * * It need scarcely be said that we do not regard Mr. Roosevelt's election as probable. The united Democratic vote in this city outnumbers by some 50,000 the full Republican vote. But it is in every way desirable that the Republican party, with a candidate of ideal excellence, should put forth its full strength this fall. And if some further incentive is demanded, it may be added that the candidacy of Henry George brings into the contest an element of doubt which makes Mr. Roosevelt's chances of election seem far from hopeless. A large vote for Henry George would make Theodore Roosevelt the next mayor of New York."

A Hard Fate

it is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

TALMAGE ON "THE VICTORY."

How the Fight Against Crime and Vice Will Be Crowned with Success — A Revolution Coming in Business, in Politics, in Society and in the Church.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 17.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his subject, "The Victory," and for his text, Zechariah, chapter viii., verse 5: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." He said:

Glimpse of our cities redeemed. Now boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But in the coming time spoken of our cities will be so moral that lads and lassies shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

For the purpose of rousing the people to the work to be done I have preached some sermons about the dark shadows of the city. Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time; but would it not be healthfully encouraging to all Christain workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should this morning, for a little while, look forward to the time when the our cities shall be revolutionized by the Gospel of the Son of God, and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky.

Every man has his pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Cæsar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse, and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of base heartedness in a man who had no especial interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exhilaration at the evidence of its prosperity, or its artistic embellishments, or its scientific advancement.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. Swartout did not like New York, nor did Parkman like Boston, and people who have a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos, and Rhodes, and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up, at any time to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil Hall and to its Commons, and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence Hall, and its mint, and its Girard College.

If I should find a man coming from a city having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity, or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean thing have you been doing there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

New York is a goodly city. It is on both sides the river, the East river, only the main artery of its great throbbing life. We, or our children, will live to see two or three bridges spanning that river, and more and more as the years go by, we will be one; so when I say in my sermon New York, I mean well on two millions population, and everything from Spuyten Duyvil creek to Gowanus. That which helps one city will help the other; that which blasts one city will blast the other. Sin is a giant, and when it comes to the Hudson or the East river, it steps across it as easily as you step across a figure in a carpet. God's angel of blessing has two wings, and one wing hovers over that city and the other wing hovers over this city.

In infancy our metropolis was put down by the banks of the Hudson. It was as feeble as Moses in the ark of bulrushes by the Nile, and like Miriam, there our fathers stood and watched it. The royal spirit of American commerce came down to bathe. She took it up in her arms and it waxed strong, and foreign ships brought silver and gold to its feet, and it has stretched itself up into a great metropolis, looking up to the mountains and off upon the sea, the mightiest energy in American civilization.

Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon Rome. The Pilgrim Fathers will never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now, any day, on the streets of that city, see his customs, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet, and his meeting-house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations.

What Southern thoroughfore was ever smitten by prestilence and our physicians did not throw themselves on the sacrifice? What foreign nation was ever struck with famine and our ships did not put out laden with breadstuffs? What national struggle and are citizens did not pour their blood into the trenches? What street of Damascus, or Beyrout, or Madras has not resounded with the step of our missionaries? What gallery of art and our painters have not hung in it their pictures? What department of science or literature and our schools have not made to it contributions?

I need not talk to you of our public schools, where the children of the cordwainer and the mechanic and the glassblower sit side by side with the favored sons of millionaires and merchant princes. Nor need I tell you of the asylum for the insane on these islands, where those who cut themselves among the tombs come forth clothed in their right mind. Nor need I tell you of the asylums for the blind, the deaf, and the dumb, and the orphan, the widows, the outcast.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected, and many wrongs that ought to be overthrown, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to a glorious future. I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are all interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on our way to final victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his tiara. Hail, conqueror, hail.

I know there are sorrows and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around about us; but as in some bitter cold winter day, when we are threshing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will after a while come, or in the dark wihter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illuminated by some great victory—just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning; more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth, or an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God lives and that this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward a defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now in this municipal elevation of which I speak I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world, people will give their time up to psalm-singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made, there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now when that time comes of which I speak, and all double-dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business in New York and Brooklyn is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong, and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thundered down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers. I am not talking an abstraction. I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses, and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

And I will tell you Republicans and you Democrats that if you do not let down the taxes and let the people up, we will form a new party, anti-excessive taxation, anti-rum, anti-monopoly, anti-abomination, and you who have been fastening on the public spoils and reckless of the public virtue shall not have so much as the wages of a street sweeper.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, grevious taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals; there will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of moneys for some municipal improvement, which moneys, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. No Oyer and Terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empaneling of juries to try theft, and arson, and murder, and slander, and blackmail. Better factories. Grander architecture. Fine equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer opulence. Better churches.

In that better time, also coming, to these cities, the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the churches of Jeses Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not, to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not four hundred. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church, is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sins, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes which nobody knows! And then, after an hour and a half of indolent yawning, they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he has had a sleep!

In many of the churches of Christ in our day, the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The two or five dollars I pay to hear any of the great queens of song, is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbreaking song of a backwoods Methodist camp-meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God, how would it look standing amid the great doxologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ get many hours the start, it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath school children. I know a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man who, through perseverance of the saints, went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would not please to stop singing as he bothered the choir.

> "Let those refuse to sing
> Who never knew our God;
> But children of the Heavenly King
> Should speak their joys abroad."

"Prrise ye the Lord; let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities, and in the world, hosanna will meet hosanna, and hallelujah, hallelujah.

In that time, also, of which I speak, all the haunts of iniquity, and crime, and squalor will be cleaned and will be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

Mr. Eesler, of England, had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied, and rightly developed, it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius, and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow-men—I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years, where everything desirable for human life may behad by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay—where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most beautiful farms, and man may live in the most magnificent places, in all imaginable refinements of luxury, and in the most delightful gardens—where he may accomplish without labor in one year more than hitherto could be done in thousands of years, and may level a continent, sink valleys, create lakes, drain lakes and swamps, and intersect the land everywhere with beautiful canals and roads for transporting heavy loads of many thousand tons, and for traveling a thousand miles in twenty-four hours.

"From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views to be fancied. From the galleries, from the roof, and from the turrets may be seen gardens as far as the eye can see, full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with walks, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheaters, terraces, fountains, sculptured works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to tire the eye and fancy. All this to be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

He goes on and gives plates of the machinery by which this work is to be done, and says he only needs at the start a company in which the shares shall be $20 each, and a hundred or two hundred thousand shall be raised just to make a specimen community, and then this being formed, the world will see its practicability, and very soon two or three million dollars can be obtained, and in ten years the whole earth will be emparadised. The plan is not so preposterous as some I have heard of! But I will take no stock in that company! I do not believe that it will ever be done in that way, by any mechanical force, or by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love, and grace, and pardon, and salvation. That is to emparadise the nations. Archimedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it? He lifted a great sunglass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syaracuse he brought to bear this sunglass, and he conveyed the sun's rays upon those ships. Now, the sails were wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh! my friends, by the sunglass of the Gospel converging the rays of the Son of Righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world, we will make them blaze and expire.

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the streets? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No lager beer saloons. No distilleries where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No bloated cheek. No instruments of ruin and destruction. No fistpounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists and the Christian men and honest merchants of New York and Brooklyn.

Then, what municipal governments, too, we will have in all the cities! Some cities are worse than others, but in many of our cities you just walk down by the city hall, and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians, and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew city politics is often abandoned. Or they stand around the city hall picking their teeth, waiting for some emoluments or crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long, and waiting all night long.

Who are those wretched women taken up for drunkenness and carried up into the courts, and put in prison, of course?. What will you do with the grogshops that made them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than twenty or thirty dollars. But what will you do with the gambler, who last night robbed the young man of a thousand dollars? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breaks through and destroys the purity of a Christian home, and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrinking, shrieking soul into a bottomless perdition? Nothing. What will you do with those who fleece that young man, getting him to purloin large sums of money from his employer—the young man who came to an officer of my church and told the story and frantically asked what he might do? Nothing. Ah! we do well to punish small crimes, but I have sometimes thought it would better in some of our cities if the officials would only turn out from the jails the petty criminals, the little offenders, ten-dollar desperadoes, and put in their places some of the monsters of iniquity who drive their roan span through the streets so swiftly that honest men have to leap to get out of the way of being run over. Oh, the damnable schemes that professed Christian men will sometimes engage in until God puts the finger of his retribution into the collar of their robe of hypocrisy and rips it clear to the bottom!

But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be; or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one Prince was married, but when Righteousness and Peace kiss each other in all the earth, ten thousand times ten ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime purified. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working in? Oh, you think sometimes it does not amount to much! You toil on in your different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything; you might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched his hand over the Red Sea, it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out I suppose, and said: "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But after a while the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows reared as God pulled back on their crystal bits! Wheel into line. O, Israel! march, march! Pearls crushed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clap, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the foam, play the grand march of Israel delivered, and the awful dirge of Egyptian overthrow.

So you and I go forth, and all the people of God go forth, and they stretch forth their hand over the sea, the boiling sea of crime and sin and wretchedness. "It doesn't amount to anything," people say. Doesn't it? God's winds of help will after a while begin to blow. A path will be cleared for the army of Christian philanthropists. The path will be lined with the treasures of Christian beneficence, and we will be greeted to the other beach by the clapping of all heaven's cymbals, while those who pursued us and derided us and tried to destroy us will go down under the sea, and all that will be left of them will be cast high and dry upon the beach, the splintered wheel of a chariot, or thrust out from the foam, the breathless nostril of a riderless charger.

BLOOD-CURDLING STORIES.

How the Doctors on Ward's Island Treat Dead People.

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The investigation as to the manner in which the bodies of people who die in the hospitals at Ward's Island are treated by the physicians who are in charge there was yesterday begun by the Ward's Island committee of the board of emigration commissioners.

Sexton Peter Krapohl, the undertaker on the island, was called as the first witness. He said he had been undertaker for one year, having served the previous two years as orderly in the hospital. He had charge of prepairing for burial all bodies to be interred on the island. An anonymous letter which called attention to the alleged ghoulish practices was read to him, and he was asked to give, in his own way, all that he knew about the manner in which the bodies were treated before burial.

Krapohl said that almost every body was subjected to a post mortem examination, and he knew of cases in which they had been mutilated by various physicians. When asked to enumerate cases, with dates and definite explanations he produced a book in which entries of deaths had been made by him during the year. He read off these instances: Patrick Furlong died November 13, 1885, and his brain and stomach were removed; Catherine Farrell, a child, born dead on December 31, 1885, was skinned, and the body boiled. Krapohl said he performed these operations, acting under orders from Dr. Walker, of the hospital staff. He said the child was a fully developed one; that was the only case in which he knew of a body having been skinned or boiled. Julia Richendeich, 21 days old, died March 9, and her head was cut off, skinned and cleaned by Dr. Walker, who had the head carried to his rooms. On May 23, Claus Bursch committed suicide on the island, and the coroner was notified. Before he arrived an autopsy was performed on the body. The top of the skull was sawed off and the brain removed. Krapohl was then instructed to "fix" the body for the coroner, which he did by taking the top of the skull from the dead man lying on the next slab and putting it on Bursch's head. Coroner Messemer afterward called, viewed the body, and gave a permit for burial, without discovering that an autopsy had been performed.

On June 9, Gustav Frederick died, and his body was placed in the dead-house in the morning. The house was locked up, but in the afternoon, when the undertaker returned, both the eyes were gone, and the right eye of a man lying on another slab had also been taken out. Frederick's wife afterward came to see the body of her husband, and when she found cotton stuffed in the holes where the eyes ought to have been, witness said "she kicked up an awful row."

Krapohl then enumerated seven other cases in which male and female bodies had been dissected by various physicians. Krapohl said he knew what he was talking about, for he had been present at every one of the autopsies, with the single exception of the one in which the two men he spoke of had been left minus their eyes. The undertaker knew of one case in which part of the leg of a corpse had been cut off, and another where the physician had removed the upper half of a man's skull, taking one eye with it. In several instances infants had been dissected, and after the bodies had been sewed up they were placed in the coffins, the parts taken out for examination being placed in the coffin by the sides of the bodies—not put back in their respective places.

In answer to a question by the chairman, Krapohl said he did not consider it his duty to report these occurrences to the commissioners. Commissioner Stephenson elicited from him, however, the statement that he was afraid to do so for fear the physicians would have him discharged, as they had others disposed of for reporting their actions.

Krapohl said he did not know whether the physicians got permission to make autopsies or not, but he had heard relatives strenuously protest against them.

Dr. Marple, the physician in charge at Ward's Island, here delivered what Commissioner Hurlbut called a "sockdolager," by saying that in the case of the man who had lost his eyes, the undertaker had carelessly left the body too near the floor, and during his absence from the dead-house the rats had eaten the eyes out.

"Salvation" in Illinois.

FREEPORT, Ill., Oct. 14.—Capt. W. T. Mills, who has been in charge of the Salvation army meetings at Foreston the past three months, came here this morning on foot nearly all the way through the woods, having run away from Baileyville for fear that he would be killed. He arrived in this city about 4 o'clock, half scared to death and almost worn out with fatigue, as he had been on the tramp all night. The army meetings at Foreston have been interfered with more or less for several weeks, and on Sunday night a crowd of young fellows entered the barracks and made so much disturbance that the meeting had to be dismissed, and on Monday night three of them were arrested, and yesterday they were taken up to Baileyville for the trial. After the suit was adjourned last evening the crowd of excited people from the towns in question broke out into a wild mob, and some of them yelled "Cut the hearts out of the Salvationists." Some one in the crowd fired a revolver, and Capt. Mills, being afraid of being killed, fled to the timber, being chased for some distance by the mob. He is afraid to return home for fear of violence.

—Exposure to rough weather, getting wet, living in damp localities, are favorable to the contraction of diseases of the kidney and bladder. As a preventive, and for the cure of all kidney and liver trouble, use that valuable remedy, Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Balm. $1 per bottle.

News of the Week.

IMPORTANT ADDRESS

Of the Anti-Saloon Republicans — The Evils of the Liquor Traffic Portrayed — What Experience Teaches — The Destruction of the Saloon will Solve the Labor Problem.

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—The following address of the National committee of anti-saloon Republicans was issued this evening:

The National committee of anti saloon Republicans, appointed by the conference held in Chicago September 16, 1886, make, through their executive committee, to the Republican party in the United States, and to all friends of temperance and order, this statement and appeal, and they ask for it such acceptance and such active response as the gravity and urgency of the matter shall demand.

The evils of the liquor traffic, as embodied in the American saloon system, have reached a magnitude and degree of destructiveness that threaten the foundations of the government, society and home. The time has come when political parties and private citizens must take sides openly for or against the traffic with its methods and its results. Neutrality is henceforth impossible, indifference is henceforth a betrayal of the trust involved in citizenship. The anti-saloon Republican movement recognizes and proclaims this state of things.

The American liquor traffic, whatever it may once have been, is no longer a legitimate and law abiding branch of trade. The saloon system, encouraged and directed by distillers, brewers and wholesale liquor dealers, has become a vast and vigilant organization for forcing the market for intoxicating drink.

It creates a demand where none before existed that it may profit by supplying that demand; it artificially stimulates an evil habit that it may thrive by pandering to it; it methodically breeds debauchery, poverty, anarchy and crime for pay; it purposely seeks to multiply the number of drinkers, and hence of drunkards; it invades every new community, demands tribute from every home, and lies in wait with fresh enticements for each new generation of youth; it deliberately fosters the treating custom, and induces a widespread social pressure toward drinking by inventing new pretexts for treating and being treated.

Each of our 200,000 drinking places forms a distinct center of aggressive forces and skillful devices for spreading the drinking habit among men. Every plausible temptation and solution that trained talent can suggest is used to entrap the young, ignorant, toiling and homeless, with the knowledge that a customer once secured is usually a customer for life. The saloon system is an active cause, not an innocent result. It is the parent, not child, of the mass of human misery which everywhere accompanies it.

Experience indicates that four-fifths of American drinking and drunkenness is due in the first instance, not to any national appetite of our people, but to the presence and sleepless efforts of this gigantic monster, working seven days a week and 24 hours a day, unrestrained by any scruple, and everywhere contemptuous of public and private right.

If a saloon is the enemy of society it is the special foe of the workingman and his house. Defective laws and unjust customs which bear hardly upon labor ought to be and must be reformed, but the central cause of the unthrift, and resulting unrest, among wage workers is the frightful waste of the wage fund, including the gross receipts of saloons.

This absorption of the earnings of labor by the dram-shops, representing a direct yearly waste of hundreds of millions of dollars, also proportionately destroys the ability of the working class to purchase and consume the necessaries and comforts of life, thus greatly curtailing the production and trade, diminishing the sources of employment, and tending to hold wages at the lowest level. Add to this the consequent loss of time, vitality and working power, and the taxes paid by labor to counteract the public evils of the drink traffic, and a sum is produced which figures cannot represent, and which, if returned to the pocket of labor, (where it belongs), would largely replace misery with comfort, idleness with well-paid employment, turbulence with content, and solve for all time the worst phase of the labor problem.

The so-called prosperous classes do their full share of drinking, but the share that falls to those working men who drink has become, under the aggressive policy of saloons, a burden greater than they can bear; and a workingman who himself avoids a saloon still shares the load. Both in and out of labor unions the sober and frugal workman carries his drinking and wasteful comrade on his back. This law is inflexible. The workmen whose energy, trustworthiness and skill are daily impaired at the saloon, determine the standard of wages for vast industries. By their incapacity through drink they fix a low average of daily production in great establishments and wages seek a corresponding level.

The representatives of the liquor traffic in the United States have become a league of law-breakers. Not content with resisting, by personal and political action, the passage of laws in restraint of their destructive business, they have banded together to violate every such law when passed. They demand the protection of law for themselves and strike down the partial protection which the laws enforced would furnish to society against the intolerable evils they produce. Not content with unitedly refusing to obey the law, until compelled by legal process, they openly resist the enforcement by criminal means. Arson has become a common weapon, used to intimidate communities which try to free themselves from the saloon curse, and the more desperate defenders of the traffic do not stop to assassinate as a means of warfare, as the blood of Haddock in Iowa testifies.

They predict a failure for all restrictive or prohibitory laws, and then to make good their prophesies, burn property and take the lives of citizens who stood for the law's enforcement. Such outbreaks are always made by liquor dealers against restrictive legislation as an interference with the freedom of the sale; never by liquor drinkers as against interference with the freedom of drinking.

This widespread violation of one set of wholesome laws breeds general contempt for all law, and opens a hospitable door for those modern allies of the system, communism and anarchy. This criminal class, which is multiplying faster than courts and prisons can dispose of it, finds its breeding place, its school, its incentive and its council chamber in the saloon whose keeper sets a daily example of criminal disregard of laws and public good.

The address then charges the liquor men with debauching the ballot and legislatures, and continues: For the truth and justice of this indictment we appeal to the open book of current history and to every law-abiding citizen who knows whereof he speaks. Two factors combine to render the liquor traffic an incendiary thing. It is the weakness and depravity of its drinking victims and mainly our aggressive and criminal system of open sale. These are powder and torch, whose unrestrained contact curses society and threatens civilization itself. With either factor removed the curse and danger would virtually be ended. Only moral pressure, acting through centuries, can reach the former. Only legal weapons, whose actions may be made swift and conclusive, can reach the latter.

What shall be done? The national anti-saloon Republican conference, representing the predominant sentiment of Republicans and good citizens everywhere, answer that the saloons ought to be put out of existence; that the people of each state and municipality ought to have an opportunity, whenever desired, of deciding when and how this shall be done; and that until destroyed a saloon ought to be crippled by every restraint and disability which the local public sentiment will enforce, and made to reimburse as much as possible of the public loss it causes.

It is believed that this policy, backed by a vigorous enforcement of law, recommends itself to the common sense and conscience of the people, and that on this platform all reasonable friends of temperance and public safety can unite and work. It has the merit of simplicity; it is perfectly practicable and adapts itself to the needs and possibilities of all sections. It is flexible, without being indefinite. It does not require a community which is ready for prohibition to tolerate taxed or untaxed saloons until the entire state, including great cities, has reached the same level of opinion and action.

It does not compel cities to submit to the riot of free rum until they are prepared to force a total suppression of the liquor traffic within their limits. It does not attempt to apply a rule, uniform and arbitrary in details, to 60,000,000 people living under widely varying conditions. It allows for the element of time as a factor in this as in every great reform, and gives scope to those educating agencies which are everywhere at work with prodigious energy, and which are rapidly bringing all right-minded men to one conclusion.

It is permissable to reach common points by many roads. The saloon has entered politics, with its own methods and weapons. It has allied itself with the Democratic party of obstruction and reaction, and today rules that party with the rod of iron. While thousands of Democrats are opposed to the liquor traffic, their voice is silenced and their wishes ignored. The machinery, resources, and votes of powerful organizations are thus enlisted to defend and perpetuate this cancer of our civilization. Prestige, resources and the championship of a great historic party are needed on the side of the home and public welfare.

The Republican party is called to this place and work, and called by a mandate as genuine and majestic as that which summoned it into existence. Its origin, record and composition have furnished the strongest possible presumption that it would, at the right time, adopt and carry out all that is practicable and feasible in the political treatment of the liquor traffic. Down to the present time this presumption has been justified by events. By the imperious logic of its birth, its surroundings and its mission, the party has been constrained to take up and dispose of, one after another, a stately procession of political problems, as difficult as any statesmanship ever attempted. This it has accomplished with consummate ability, fidelity and courage. It is no reproach that at each epoch of its career it has insisted upon performing the first task which Providence seemed to impose upon the present hour, or that it has, from time to time, refused to divide its strength and invite national disaster by espousing all possible reforms at once.

By attacking great wrongs consecutively it has destroyed them in detail, and at each success has prepared people for another step, and the hour has struck for the next advance. Having taught the present generation to look to it for leadership for all great reforms, the Republican party could not now refuse to hear and heed a summons of this forward movement, without abdicating its place and passing at once into history.

But the Republican party is not going to retire, at least of all is it going to pass out of existence through the gateway of cowardice in the presence of great responsibility, coupled with a noble opportunity. The masses of the party are ready to move. State after state, under Republican control, is each, in its own way, waging a successful war of repression and extermination upon the saloon system, showing that the party, where most loyally Republican, is under wise leadership, most promptly responsive to this imperious demand of the hour, and with increase of prestige and vitality. The anti-saloon Republican conference did not begin or end the movement of which it was the exponent. A prominent organization for which it provided is in the field to remain, and it asks the co-operation of all Republicans in placing the whole party on the right ground in this matter.

It asks the co-operation of all friends of temperance and home in other political parties. And it does this, not as a prudential device to promote party ends. Compared with the value of the cause now at stake the interests of any political party are of smaller consequence. It is the early triumph of a great reform, not the transient advantage of the instrument of that reform. But, to say that the Republican organization, by taking a just attitude in this crisis, will maintain its character as the party of right and of conscience, and in fact assure its prolonged supremacy, is only to say that in statesmanship, as elsewhere, righteousness and courage is the best policy. ALBERT GRIFFIN, Chairman.

CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.

His Remains Arrive in Cincinnati—A Large Escort.

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 14.—The special train bearing the remains of Chief Justice Chase and the committees and others who are to attend the ceremony here to-day arrived at 9 a. m., over the Cincinnati, Washington & Baltimore railroad.

Under the arrangements made by a local committee of arrangements, of which Mayor Smith was chairman, the party was met at the depot and a cortege formed to escort the remains to Music hall. The weather, which has been fine for many days, became stormy, with rain last night, but by the time the cortege began to form, the clouds had partly broken away, and a warm sun was shining.

There was a respectful gathering of people about the Grand Central Passenger station, anxious in that way to testify their regard for the distinguished dead. A platoon of police prevented encroachment upon the space required for the orderly formation of the cortege. This was formed with the first carriage containing Gov. Foraker, Mayor Smith, Atorney Gen. J. A. Kohler, and Murat Halstead. The second carriage contained the members of the Supreme court of the state, Hons. T. F. Minshall, M. D. Follett, Selwny Owens and W. T. Spear. The third was occupied by Hon. Alphonzo Taft, Hon. A. F. Perry, Hon. M. F. Force and Hon. W. S. Groesbeck. The fourth, fifth and sixth carriages contained representatives of the Bar association and of the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati.

A "WOMAN'S BANK"

That Pays Seven Per Cent. Interest a Month on Deposits of $200.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, who was released from prison about a year ago, after serving three years for swindling hundreds of people out of thousands of dollars by her notorious woman's bank, is again working her old game here. A few months ago she and a colleague rented the large house at No. 172 West Newton street, where they have again started the famous bank. It is run on the old system, except that they take on deposit no sum less than $200, and promises 7 per cent. interest a month instead of eight. To a woman from Kittery that wanted to deposit $200, Mrs. Howe said that she had all her old customers back again, and was doing a larger business than ever. She explained that they had no circulars or printed particulars to give visitors, and did not advertise in the newspapers. The patrons were all private customers, and her cards were sufficient.

The police have been informed that Mrs. Howe is at her old tricks, and are now at work on the matter. It is probable that within a week this swindler will again be lodged behind the bars.

Thinks He Has Found the Elixir of Life.

SHARON, Pa., Oct. 13.—R. C. Fisher, a student of medicine in this city, claims to have discovered a nutrient, as he terms it, which is fully equal to that used by the Italian Succi, who completed a 30 days' fast last week. The formula for this discovery he of course keeps secret, but challenges the medical or scientific world to a severe test, which will prove its efficiency in cases for which the discoverer thinks it best adapted.

Fisher does not assert that he has found the "elixir of life," but proposes to introduce his new but not untried system to science, and claims that it foreshadows a change in the regular school of medicine. He began experiments at the California Medical college three years ago. He seems to set at defiance nature's laws, and is able to do without food for extended periods, although performing heavy physical exercise. Numerous persons in this place vouch for the truth of Fisher's statements.

That Ghastly Find.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 14.—Investigation shows that the remains found in a garbage dump yesterday, supposed to be those of a woman, were in reality those of a mummy, sent several years ago from Peru to Dr. Pershing, of the Pittsburg Female college, to be placed in the college museum. It had been on exhibition a long time and had been removed to the cellar while the museum was being repaired. While in the cellar rats had so defaced it that it could not again be placed on exhibition, and it had been ordered removed. The detectives and police were about to arrest Dr. Pershing, on the testimony of the ash-hauler, when the above explanation was made.

Hewitt's Nomination Endorsed.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14.—J. Edward Simmons sent a letter to the Business Men's association, which was read at a meeting last night. He declined their nomination for mayor, and urged the claims of A. S. Hewitt. The association then formally endorsed Mr Hewitt's nomination.

A. S. Hewitt has informed the Tammany Hall committee of notification that he will make known his decision in regard to accepting or rejecting the nomination for mayor after the County Democracy convention, which is to be held to-night.

Hotel on Fire—A Woman Burned to Death.

ELIZABETH, N. J., Oct. 15.—The Windsor hotel at Roselle was totally destroyed by fire this morning. Isabanna Sullivan, a laundress, was burned to death. The hotel was valued at $24,000, and was owned by Col. James Moore and the E. G. Brown estate, of Elizabeth, and Sanford Ross, of Newark. The insurance is $15,000.

New York Politics.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The committee of one hundred nominated Theodore Roosevelt for mayor.

The county Democracy organization endorsed Tammany's nomination of the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt for mayor.

It is semi-officially announced that the Irving hall Democracy will endorse the nomination of Henry George for mayor.

Mrs. Leach, a widow residing two miles from Dyersburg, Tenn., was criminally assaulted Wednesday night by a negro named Matt Washington, who was shortly afterwards captured and lodged in jail. Thursday morning a mob of 250 unmasked men surrounded the jail, took forcible possession of the ravisher and hung him. He confessed.

Debility

Languor, and Loss of Appetite, are cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It removes that terrible sense of *Constant Weariness*, from which so many suffer, gives tone and vigor to the stomach, and restores health and strength more surely and speedily than any other medicine.

Three years ago I suffered from Debility and Loss of Appetite, the result of Liver Disease. After having tried various remedies, and consulted several physicians, without benefit, I was induced to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle produced a marked change, and the second and third accomplished so much that I felt like a new man. I have, since that time, taken about one bottle every year, and had no recurrence of the trouble.—William E. Way, East Lempster, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

A CALIFORNIA STORY.

Overcharged With Electricity—A Boy Who Is Said to Set Fire to Objects by Looking at Them—His Father Compelled to Change His Residence.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 18.—Investigation of the story about Willie Brough, the boy living at Turlock, in the San Joaquin Valley, who was supposed by superstitious people to set fire to objects by merely fixing his eyes upon them, exploded that part of it, of course. He is evidently overcharged with electricity to a remarkable extent. The snapping of his fingers causes sparks to fly.

The postmaster at Turlock has heard him relate gleefully how he set fire to wall paper by this means. An insurance agent, it is alleged, had refused to take more risks on property in the neighborhood so long as the boy remained there. The man, however, denies this statement, but confirms the story of the peculiar electric phenomena, and declares himself deeply interested from a scientific point of view.

Popular excitement has been so great since the story of the sinister power of Master Brough was circulated that the father has felt impelled to move away, and has gone to reside on the other side of the San Joaquin river, taking refuge with his family in a cottage in the cottonwood timber, a long way from village or railroad. A reporter found him there. He denied that his son had caused fires, but admitted he had told him that when lying in bed at night he saw sparks flying about him.

Willie is an extremely nervous boy, 11 years old, with a largely developed head. In a melancholy way he said that he did not know how the mysterious light occurred, but said he saw sparks about his own body at night.

M. A. Kuhlman, who keeps a school in Mercer county, in which the alarm first began, describes how five fires broke out in one afternoon in different parts of the school house, being caused by no visible agency. Other scholars were hastily dismissed, but Willie Brough was detained. A few minutes later he fixed his eyes on a hay shed a few yards distant and called the teacher's attention to the fact that smoke issued from the same. Very soon it was in a blaze. The teacher forbade him to come to school any more. He does not believe him guilty of arson, but is inclined to think he is a victim of supernatural agencies.

On the previous Sunday eleven mysterious blazes occurred in the house of William's father. One broke out at a corner of the roof, another in some bedding on the middle of the floor, and the third charred some grain sacks in the barn. Willie looked at a straw stack near by, and flames issued out of the top.

The mother of the boy is prostrated with excitement and anxiety. Many of the inhabitants of the country around Turlock are spiritualists, and implicitly believe that no natural explanation can account for these occurrences.

LORILLARD'S HORSES.

Sale of Stallions and Brood Mares—Good Prices.

JOHNSTOWN, N. J., Oct. 16.—At Rancoca's breeding farm, Pierre Lorillard sold all his stallions and brood mares. The prices received were fair, and the total realized was $142,895. The average for five stallions sold was $6,390, and for brood mares $1,422.

Iroquois, the winner of the English Derby, was bought by Gen. William H. Jackson, of Bellemead farm, Nashville, Tenn., for $20,000. Other stallions were sold as follows: Imported Shidarth to G. Coulston, Montreal, for $750; imported Mortemer, to D. D. Withers, of Kentucky, $2,500; Duke Magenta, to W. H. Forbes, Boston, $1,200; imported Pizarro, to Milton Young, Kentucky, $7,500.

The leading prices realized for the brood mares were as follows: Agenoria, $3,000; Aranza, $4,700; Bertha, $3,000; Blairgowrie, (dam of Breeze and Blossom) $2,100; Austrino, $1,350; Breeze, $2,000; Explosion, (dam of Dewdrop and Disdain), $4,000; Florence, (dam of Hindoo, $4,000; Papacosa, (sister to Parole), $1,500; Pera (sister to Iroquois), $2,100; Perfection (sister to Parole), $1,600; Spinaway, $3,250; Vanatte, $4,000; Wanda, $3,000; Zoozoo, $2,000; Spirit, $1,500.

Will Contest Tilden's Will.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Concerning a report that Henry L. Clinton and Aaron J. Vanderpoel had been retained by the nephews of Samuel J. Tilden to contest the will of the millionaire, and that these eminent lawyers have given opinions that the document was invalid, because the residuary clause in effect gives the trustees the power to name the legatee, which under recent decisions a testator has no right to do, Mr. Clinton yesterday politely but firmly refused to "say a single word." Mr. Vanderpool was out of town.

It is believed that when Col. Samuel J. Tilden and George H. Tilden were in New York Wednesday they completed arrangements for contesting their uncle's will, and it is not improbable that they will give notice of contest when the document is finally offered for probate at White Plains next Wednesday.

Blooded Stock.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 14.—The Glendale sale of trotters continued to-day. Fifty six head were sold for $94,050, averaging $1,677 per head. The following are some of the more important sales: Melrose, $4,050, McKeun & Ijams, Terre Haute, Ind.; Pacillo, $3,300, David L. Porter, New Bedford, Ind.

On a Fishing Excursion.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The President, accompanied by Col. Lamont, Mr. Miller, commissioner of internal revenue, and several members of the Woodmont fishing club, left here last night for the club house at Woodmont, Md., on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. It is not known when the party will return.

Mysterious Suicide.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., Oct. 15.—The body of Bayard Putnam, chief of the government topographical survey, was found hanging to a tree a short distance from the geologist's camp, where he had been working. He had been missing from camp for a week. No cause for his suicide is known.

More Earthquake Shocks.

CHARLESTON, Oct. 15.—There was a slight but distinct shock of earthquake shortly after 4 a. m., which made windows rattle, but did no other harm. The same shock was felt at Summerville.

Rheumatism

We doubt if there is, or can be, a specific remedy for rheumatism; but thousands who have suffered its pains have been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you have failed to find relief, try this great remedy.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. Previous to 1883 I found no relief, but grew worse, and at one time was almost helpless. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had." H. T. BALCOM, Shirley Village, Mass.

"I had rheumatism three years, and got no relief till I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has done great things for me. I recommend it to others." LEWIS BURBANK, Biddeford, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

WASHINGTON.

YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Scientific Papers on the Wonders of the Park—Glass 100 Feet Thick.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—Among the scientific papers which will appear in the appendix of one of the forthcoming reports of the geological survey is one by Prof. Joseph D. Iddings upon an obsidian cliff of Yellowstone park. This cliff is an elevation half a mile long by from 150 to 200 feet high, the material of which, Prof. Iddings says, "is as good a glass as any artificially manufactured."

Its colors and structure not only make it highly interesting to the visitor, but furnish to the scientific investigator phenomena of importance. The cliff presents a partial section of a surface flow of obsidian which poured down an ancient slope from the plateau lying east. It is impossible to determine what the original thickness of this flow may have been. The dense glass which now forms its lower portion is from 75 to 100 feet thick, while the porous and pumiceous portion has suffered from ages of erosion and glacial action.

A remarkable feature of the cliff is the development of prismatic columns, which form its southern extremity. These are of shining black obsidian rising from the talus slope, and are from 50 to 60 feet in height, with diameters varying from 2 to 4 feet. The color of the material of this cliff is for the most part jet black, but much of it is mottled and streaked with light brownish red, and various shades of brown, from dark to light yellowish purplish and olive green. The brilliant lustre of the rock and the strong contrasts of colors with the black are very striking. In places, the glass in the process of coloring has been broken into small angular pieces, which have been again cemented by the later flow, producing many colored and beautiful breccia. In some places the material shows a fine satin lustre, while in others a deep gold sheen is noticeable, which, under the lens, revolves itself into thin beams of red and yellow light. Through the black and red glass are scattered dull bluish grey patches and beads and round grey and pink masses, the effect of which is to still further vary the appearance and beauty of the rock and make it the most conspicuous and characteristic variety of volcanic lava known.

THE MEXICAN BORDER.

Apprehensions of War—The Geronimo Surrender.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Gov. Ross, of New Mexico, in an interview with a reporter, last night, said, in reply to a question as to what is the sentiment in New Mexico in regard to the agitation on the Mexican border: "The Cutting affair of some months ago, and other similar affairs, developed more or less of war feeling, and there is a good deal of smuggling along the border, and a good deal of friction in various ways, which tend somewhat to keep alive the feeling of hostility towards Mexico. The better element of the territory is, as a rule, averse to war and desirous of the preservation of peace, but yet apprehensive that war will eventually come."

He said, in regard to the surrender of Geronimo, that he was somewhat familiar with the facts from personal intercourse with Gen. Miles and some of his officers. The account which he gave did not differ materially from that given in Gen. Miles' report. In the interview between Gen. Miles and Geronimo, at Lawton's camp, the Indian chief, Gov. Ross says, insisted on terms of surrender, but Gen. Miles refused to grant terms, saying that he must surrender absolutely as a prisoner of war; that he should not be murdered while in his possession, but must submit himself to the orders of the President.

Navy Department Order.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—The following order has been issued by the secretary of the navy:

"A custom has grown up in the navy yards of having a list of men—employes—"suspended." There is no authority of law for this and you will see that it is discontinued and all such lists erased."

The law provides that no new men shall be employed at navy yards during the 60 days preceding an election, but this does not apply to men already employed and carried along upon the "suspended" roll. The above order is understood to be intended to prevent an evasion of the law, which is now possible, by hiring new men three or four months before an election, and carrying them without pay until election time.

The President Pardons a Colored Man.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The President has granted a pardon to Charles Thomas, a colored man now serving a life sentence in the West Virginia penitentiary for a murder committed in Arkansas about ten years ago. The pardon was issued on the recommendation of Judge Parker, of Arkansas, before whom the case was tried, and because of mitigating circumstances surrounding the crime. Thomas, it seems, on returning to his home one day after a short absence, discovered that a man whom he had always regarded as a friend, and for whom he had done many acts of kindness, had alienated the affections of his wife and taken her away from his home. He became wild with rage, and overtaking the guilty pair, shot the man dead in his tracks. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged, but the sentence was subsequently commuted to imprisonment for life. Considerable sympathy was manifested for him, and a strong appeal made for executive clemency. The President, in acting on the case, said he was satisfied the man had been sufficiently punished for what he had done.

The Postoffice Department.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—First Assistant Postmaster General A. E. Stevenson has submitted to the postmaster general his annual report upon the operations of his bureau for the fiscal year which ended June 30. It shows the number of postoffices established during the year to be 3,482; number discontinued, 1,120; net increase, 2,362; whole number of postoffices, 53,614; number filled by appointment by the President, 2,244; number filled by appointments of the postmaster general, 51,349.

The appointments made during the year are given as follows: On resignations and expiration of commissions, 9,112; increase compared with previous year, 2,908; on removals and suspensions, 9,566; increase compared with the previous year, 8,756; on deaths of postmasters, 587; on establishment of new postoffices, 3,482; total, 22,747.

The six states having the largest number of postoffices June 30, 1886, were as follows: Pennsylvania, 4,001; New York, 3,215; Ohio, 2,763; Virginia, 2,281; Illinois, 2,229, and Missouri, 2,057. Stevenson renews his recommendation of last year that the government pay office rent for postoffices of the third class.

Capital Cullings.

The Treasury department has decided that the items for bleaching and washing cut cotton embroideries form part of the value of the goods, and are dutiable under the decision in the Oberteuffer case.

The recent treasury order reducing the rate of drawback on dried refined sugar does not affect the existing rate of four cents per gallon less 10 per cent. for syrup resulting from the refining of imported raw sugar.

The Treasury department has decided that a bicycle purchased and used in Canada by a resident of this country is entitled to free entry as "personal effects."

Commissioner Colman has received a telegram from Dr. Salmon, chief of the bureau of animal industry, in which he states that the investigations of the past week show that pleuro-pneumonia is widely scattered among the cattle of Chicago. He is perfecting arrangements to secure the quarantine of exposed animals and the slaughter of diseased ones. In this work he has the hearty co-operation of the state cattle commission of Illinois. A new quarantine notice has been issued, in which the penalties provided by the national law are set forth.

The Congregational Church.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—The national council of the Congregational church heard the report, at this morning's session, of the committee on Theogical Seminaries. The report urged the necessity of the churches taking a greater interest in the work of preparing students for the ministry. The missionary field, in particular, called for more men. The seminaries could easily care for twice as many students as those at present attending the schools.

The reports of the professors of the colleges were then called for. Prof. Egbert Smith, of the Andover Theological Seminary, the well known exponent of the probation after death theory, was the first one called upon, and his appearance created interest. He spoke of the work in the various departments of the school and the great progress which had been shown during the past three years.

It is now conceded that the Quebec elections have resulted in the defeat of the government. At present a number of the members elected are claimed by both parties. The Conservatives maintain that the vote is a tie, while the Liberals claim that they have a working majority. The relative strength of the two parties cannot positively be announced until the House meets. It is predicted by some that coalition will be necessary in order to carry on the government.

BLAINE IN PHILADELPHIA.

An Immense Multitude Anxious to Hear the Statesman from Maine.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16.—Mr. Blaine received an enthusiastic reception to-night. The Academy of Music was packed from pit to dome with an audience eager to listen to his speech. Horticultural Hall was also jammed, and the immense multitude surged about the Union League to await Mr. Blaine's promised speech from the balcony of the club house. In the Academy Mr. Blaine was given a perfect ovation. He said: "No party can live upon its record any more than a man can live by claiming an honorable ancestry. The party should claim popular approval for what it shall do, rather than for what it has done." He then spoke of the working people's millions banked in saving institutions as evidence of the benefits of a protective tariff, and compared the condition of the working classes in this country with those of the European nations in which free trade existed. He declared that the six leading manufacturing states have a thousand millions of dollars of savings to the credit of the wage workers against only four hundred millions of dollars to the wage-workers of Great Britain and Ireland. The prosperity of the country, he declared, was entirely due to the Republican party.

"What a shame," he said, "that the Republican party, which has upheld the protection that has brought such great prosperity, should be assailed by intemperate men in the name of temperance. For nearly 30 years Maine has had a prohibitory law, and yet a third party has been organized to tell the Republicans, who are responsible for the law, what to do and how to vote. But I am glad to say that it is not yet apt to elect the Democratic candidates." He applied the situation in Maine to Pennsylvania, and said: "I believe that if the third party succeeds in breaking down the protective tariff it will strike the worst blow at the temperance cause, because if you crowd the workingmen with free trade he is apt to take to drink, and that is why there is far more drunkenness in free trade England than in this country."

He alluded to the South in about the same terms as he used in his Augusta speech when he opened the Maine campaign, and practically upheld and advocated a solid Republican North against a solid Democratic South. He referred to underpaid Southern labor competing with Northern labor, and claimed that the Democratic party was responsible for all the evils arising from the labor situation in the South. "What are we going to do about it?" said he. "Why, we are going to do as the people who forced the British Parliament to consider the condition of Ireland, and forced Russia to liberate her serfs, and compelled Spain to begin the gradual emancipation of the slaves in Cuba." At the conclusion of his speech he left the Academy and repaired to Horticultural Hall, where he made a brief speech. He also addressed the crowd from the Union League balcony, and was afterwards lunched by the directors of the club. On Monday Mr. Blaine leaves for Coalesville, and will continue his tour to the western part of the state.

ATTORNEY BLACK,

Counsel for the Anarchists, Still Has Hope for His Clients.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis., Oct. 19.—A long letter has been received by C. L. James, of this city, from Capt. W. P. Black, attorney for the Chicago Anarchists, in which Capt. Black gives his ideas of the present position and future prospects of his clients. He says, in part:

"Upon the hearing of the case in the supreme court I am altogether confident that a reversal will follow upon the errors of law which we have preserved in the trial. The supreme court may, under the pressure of public opinion, affirm this most unjust and unrighteous verdict; but I have no fears of this result. The errors are, in my judgment, too glaring to admit of any sanction whatever. The precedent would be altogether too dangerous to establish. Besides all of this, since our friends have spoken in their own behalf and their own presentation of their views has come to the public, there has been a most remarked revulsion in public sentiment, and it does seem to me that the current has set our way. The capitalistic press does not admit this yet, and the police are making desperate efforts to stem the present drift by fictitious reports and false accusations."

The letter at this point gives, as an illustration of the latter allegation, the published account of the mobbing of Waller on Sunday night. Capt. Black claims that a policeman was requesting Waller to leave the saloon in which the row occurred, and that when Waller refused the crowd turned in and drove him out. The letter continues:

"It is probably true that a rabble on the street pursued Waller for some distance, but it is not true that this was an anarchist outrage. The fact is, the anarchists in this city are behaving with wonderful moderation and discretion, all things considered."

The letter concludes as follows: "Even if there should be an affirmance of the judgment, which I do not anticipate, I do not believe there would be any execution of the sentence, for I believe there could readily be secured to-day in the city of Chicago 250,000 signatures, including many of our most influential men and many members of the capitalistic class, for a commutation of the sentence, if not for an outright pardon. This, of course, we shall resort to in the last extremity; but I do not anticipate that we will be driven to this expedient. In fact, I repeat, I am confident of a reversal of the case."

DISASTROUS CATTLE DRIVE.

The St. Louis Syndicate Will Lose $250,000 This Season.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., Oct. 14.—A cattle man just returned from North Montana states that the Neideringhaus drive of cattle from the country to British Columbia has proven a disastrous failure to the St. Louis syndicate, of which Mr. Neideringhaus is a prominent member. For a time the drive, consisting of 40,000 head of cattle, prospered finely, but as the unusually dry season in Mantana progressed the grass became scarcer and streams of water fewer and farther between, the stock began to weaken and fall by the wayside, finally dying by hundreds. The herders even suffered great privation for water, and so desperate did the situation become when nearing the British line that Mr. Neideringhaus ordered the drive abandoned, and the herders to reach the Northern Pacific railroad as best they could.

The scene about the drive was a most pitiable one. The cattle were reduced to skin and bones, and were so weak from fatigue and want of nourishment that they would stand still and then fall in their tracks to die. A cold, dry, piercing wind which was sweeping over the country did much to complicate the situation. Cattlemen are of the opinion that the syndicate will not have 200 head of stock next spring out of the immense herd driven from this country. Their loss in that case will reach $250,000.

The Effects of Tariff Tinkering on the Steel Business.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Cary & Meen, makers of steel wire and wire springs, whose factory covers eleven lots, have got into difficulties which culminated in a meeting of their creditors to-day. The firm, as at present constituted, is about ten years old. It ordinarily employs about 300 hands, and its pay roll is $3,500 a week. Lately, however, it has not been working more than one-half of the usual number. The firm has $300,000 capital, and has been rated high.

Mr. Cary attributed its difficulties to a depression in its special branch of trade, which began, he said, when the election of Cleveland threatened tariff tinkering, and which has grown worse in spite of there having been none. He hoped to make an arrangement with his creditors which would allow the works to keep open, as that would be the best for all parties concerned, and he did not expect to be forced to an assignment. He could make no estimate of the firm's liabilities, but seemed confident that there would be more than enough assets to meet them.

A Daring Shop-Lifter.

CLEVELAND, Oct. 14.—Millie Hoey, one of the shrewdest and most daring of shoplifters, came to Cleveland a few days ago and made a systematic round of the principal stores, in one of which she took a $400 shawl. She confines her operations to silks and costly fabrics. She was jailed, and her husband, who was arrested, but is out on bail, prowled about the jail. Millie kept apart from her fellow-prisoners. To-night she escaped from the jail. It was a daring exploit. She enlisted a boy named Regenaur, who recently escaped from jail and has just been recaptured, to aid her by watching the turnkey. She removed the bricks from the wall near a window and made a hole three feet square. She carried the removed bricks to the fourth floor, and when not at work covered the hole with an oil cloth the color of the wall. She must have had to remove some of her clothing to crawl through the hole, but she did it to-night, and although she was compelled to crawl out in view of a busy street she was not detected. A buggy in waiting drove rapidly away with her and the boy Regenaur. Officers are now scouring the country to recapture her.

KILLED AND DROWNED.

A Night of Horror on the Coast—Two Villages Destroyed and Abandoned—Eighty-five Lives Lost, and 6,000 Head of Stock Drowned—Inhabitants Destitute.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 16.—A dispatch to the *Times-Democrat*, dated Johnson's Bayou, Oct. 15, says:

The village of Johnson's Bayou is a high ridge on the sea coast, and the bayou from which it takes its name runs through the inhabitable parts of that section of the settlement, in which is also situated the post-office station, known as Radford. They are in Cameron parish, on the Louisiana shore, six miles east of Sabine Pass. The bayou is 19 miles in length, and varies from one to four miles in width. Ridges face the gulf twelve feet above the sea level, and in the rear is a dense and impenetrable marsh.

The population on last Tuesday morning numbered 1,200 souls; to-day 85 of that number are counted with the dead. Forty of the bodies have been recovered and consigned to graves on the shell reefs, while the decomposing corpses of the remaining 45 lie festering in the marshes.

Radford was very thickly settled and populous. It boasted of its cotton gin and cotton and cane plantations. It was the head of navigation, and the stores were many; principally among these were those run by J. Paverto, who also operated a gin, and turned out annually 800 bales of cotton produced in that section. The other stores were owned by A. B. Smith & Co., and J. Griffith, general merchandise, and other small merchants constituted the commercial community. The handling of cotton and sugar cane produced in the district was the principal industry.

These ridges composed some of the richest and most fertile grazing land in the country, 8,000 head of cattle and horses being owned by the thriving community. Communication with the outer world was had through two steam vessels, both owned in Johnson's Bayou and Radford, while a fleet of trading vessels plied the waters of the bayou. Thus pictured is Johnson's bayou, or rather a series of ridges over which 1,200 population were scattered on the morning of Tuesday last. Happiness and contentment was the lot of the people until 4 o'clock that evening. When the storm descended upon them everybody took their homes, and waited with bated breath the fate they foresaw. The waters began rising; the winds swept through the lower stories of buildings, driving the affrighted people into attics and upon roofs.

By 10 o'clock the first ridge, which was twelve feet above the sea level, was ten feet under water. House after house fell in or was swept away, either burying the doomed people in the debris or hurling them into the hissing waters.

Cotton and stores next succumbed, and Radford & Johnson's barges were destroyed as completely as if an invading army had done the work. It was a night of terror, described survivors as appalling. People could only cling to each other and pray for mercy and for the souls of those whose despairing shrieks rang on their ears.

For twelve hours the storm raged over the denoted settlements, and then there came a lull. Hope was soon revived as the water receded, and the storm passed away. The survivors gathered on the most elevated points, viewing the scene around them. The houses that had stood the action of the storm were completely gutted. There was no food nor drink, salt water having invaded everything.

Then the search for the dead began. Those whose bodies lay pinioned by the ruin of houses were speedily recovered. From out of the marshes more corpses were taken, and likewise buried. The death roll was then made up as follows: Mrs. Frank Turner, and two children; —— Locke, wife and seven child; old Mrs Locke; Mrs. W. Fergusan, and three children; Bradfork Berty, and daughter; Mrs. Albert Lambert, and two children; Sam BurwicG's eight children; Mrs. Shell Walley and four children; Geo. Stivenor and four children; Mr. Franshall, wife and grandson; Mrs. S Gattier and four children; Lonzo Smith and child; Mrs. Toochak and four children; Jack Toochak and seven children; Mrs. Hawkins and three children; Dr. George Smith, wife and four children.

All the above were white people. The following is a list of colored people whose bodies have been recovered and identified: Elever Johnson and wife; Jack Lewis, wife and brother; Richard Hambrick, wife and five children. There are 45 others, names unknown.

Yesterday morning the regular Pacific Mail steamer called the Emily arrived at Johnson's bayou and brought to Orange as many as she could carry—about 60 people. Not one of them had anything but what they stood in, and many of them were minus hats, shoes, coats and dresses. Their wants were promptly supplied by the good people at this place, and the refugees were made comfortable through the night.

This (Saturday) morning, the Emily and the steamer Lark will return, and from thence make regular trips until all are brought to a place of safety. All the people, save a few who have large stock interests, say they have abandoned the place forever. They are descendants of a race of people, who, in the past, made Johnson's Bayou a vast orange grove. Frost came and ruined them, and then they turned to cotton, and sugar, and stock raising, only to meet the fate of their forefathers. Of the 8,000 head of stock which once the bayou boasted, 6,000 are drowned, while the remainder will die of thirst, as all the water is salt.

J. S. Spencer, one of the inhabitants of the place, says this is the third storm he has experienced, having been through the storm at Morganthaw in June last, and at Indianola in August. He was making a handsome living supplying the Northern and Eastern markets with birds and feathers. He lost over $600 in potteries. Spencer was formerly editor of the Bloomington (Ill.) *Pantagraph*. There is no estimating the loss, as there is no way of ascertaining the valuations; hence suffice it to say that the towns are destroyed and abandoned.

CANADIAN PIRATES.

Their Operations at Eastport—Wholesale Plundering from the Inhabitants During the Great Fire—Fortunate Arrival of an American Vessel.

BANGOR, Me., Oct. 19.—During the fierce fire in Eastport the gangs of lawless characters of the islands on the Canadian side of the Passamoquaddey, who have for years been smuggling goods into Maine, deserted their regular business and set sail in their boats for the doomed town. Anchoring off the wharves out of the reach of the flames, they took their chances and rowed ashore. Then began a series of raids on the stricken people that was a disgrace to humanity. Boldly they entered the town, broke open the stores and storehouses, selecting the most valuable merchandise, and after loading their small boots, rowed out over the choppy waters of the bay only to return as quickly as possible to renew their depredations.

For some time the panic-stricken people did not observe what was going on, and several boats, favored by the high wind, made the short passage to some of the adjacent islands, unloaded and returned. The furniture, dry goods, oil, clothing, the contents of jewelry stores, fishing gear and nets, as well as the rigging from the wharves and the contents of the fine residences, were quickly spirited away.

This continued through the second day of the fire. The thieves, emboldened by their success of the night before, became more bold, and disputed, in many cases, with the owners of the goods, for their possession. The police department and the fire department were powerless, and at last the citizens, wrought to a high state of excitement by their losses and fierce struggle to save their homes and property from the flames, turned on the invaders, who were pillaging their town and fought them fiercely. The human tigers would not be driven from their prey without a struggle, and continued their nefarious business into the second day. Time and again were goods brought from out of outhouses and deposited in apparent safety, while the owners returned for another load. Watching these chances, the pirates quickly gathered them up, and the nearly exhausted owner on returning would find no trace of them. At last they undertook to break open a place filled with valuable goods, and succeeded. They were discovered, and the owner and his friends engaged them in a fierce and bloody fight, gaining at last a victory over them.

At this time the United States cutter Gen. Woodbury, a well-armed vessel, arrived, and the captain, understanding the character of the men across the line, and observing the multitude of boats, quickly took in the situation. In the twinkling of an eye he had his boats out and manned and shut off all communication with the shore. Then he ordered all the English craft to leave the harbor.

While they might fight the weary people of Eastport, they had a wholesome respect for the frowning guns of the Woodbury, and soon the bay was white with the sails of the thieves as they sailed across the line. They were ordered not to return. The Woodbury is to remain in the bay and protect the town from another invasion. The latter has an able crew, capable of doing police duty, and a supply of small arms.

On Friday night the schooner Emeline, Capt. Grant, bound, from Saint Pierre to Bay Despair, struck on the Dragon promontory, in Hermitage, coast of Foundload, and sank immediately. The crew of six men were all lost.

THREATENING LETTERS

Sent to the Jurors and Others Engaged in the Anarchist Trials.

CHICAGO, Oct. 14.—The jurors in the anarchist trial are not the only ones connected with the case who are threatened by numerous anonymous writers with dire vengeance for doing their duty. The information is made public to-day that Judge Gary, States Attorney Grinnell, and Capt. Schaack have received a large number of threatening letters. The latest missive addressed to Mr. Grinnell, was written in French, in a graceful round hand. It opened as follows:

"RESPECTED SIR:—With much solicitude for your good health and that of your estimable family, I wish to advise you that your death is very near. Bowing to the ground in homage of you, I seize this opportunity to forwarn you that I will cut your throat at my first convenience."

The missive went on at some length in a similar polite style, and was signed "Robespierre." It was delivered at Mr. Grinnell's residence, and was thus seen by Mrs. Grinnell. Mrs. Gary and Mrs. Schaack have also been the recipients of letters announcing to them that their husbands would die, clubs, dirks, knives, pistols, dynamite bombs and other murderous weapons having been mentioned as means to dispatch the lives of the officials.

A local paper says: "Neither the prosecuting counsel, the judge, or the police captain has feared the execution of the menaces, for they have not swerved a step from their daily walks, nor in any way altered their habits. It is true that in the houses of their loved ones the missives find painful effect. In her home Mrs. Grinnell passes the days in her husband's absence suffering the keenest fears for his safety, apprehensive that he may not return in the evening. So with Mrs. Gary and Mrs. Schaack. Their peace of mind is utterly lost in the fear in which their hearts follow their husbands at their daily duties.

"With Mr. Grinnell, the fears of his neighbors doubly aggravates the affliction. His home is one of a handsome block of stone-front houses facing south on the square, and no serious damage could occur to his roof and wall without almost equal peril to those living adjoining. These people are in a constant state of terror, afraid to let their children leave the door, dreading the night and fearing almost to sleep. Their protection has been fully provided for, however, as four policeman patrol the little square, where one officer on his nightly rounds seldom came before. Messrs. Ingham, Walker and Furthmann, and Detective James Bonfield, as well as his brother, the inspector, have given occasional promises of violent fate. Every letter is photographed, and the detectives supplied with copies. A system of espionage is then set upon the suspected parties, and in due time the author is run down. There are to-day in the city at least eight men against whom the case is practically complete, the proof being conclusive, who could be arrested at any hour. There are nearly 40 others about whom the toils are still being tightened."

THE NEW SOUTH.

Extraordinary Progress Noted, Especially in the Steel and Iron Industry.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 15.—The Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, in its quarterly review of the south's industrial growth, says: Even the west, in the days of its greatest progress, probably never saw such tremendous strides of progress as some portions of the south are making. The center of interest for some time has been in the iron and steel industries, and in these the activity has been wonderful, though in other lines of diversified manufactures there is also remarkable progress. Among the principal iron and steel enterprises now under way are five new furnaces by the Basic steel works, and 1,400 coke ovens by the East Tennessee Coke & Iron Co., which have five furnaces in operation. This company has a capital of $10,000,000, and when the new furnaces are completed will have a daily capacity of about 1,400 tons of pig iron. Two furnaces are now building by the Debardebelen Coal and Iron Co., one by Mr. Samuel Thomas and associates of Pennsylvania, two under contract at Sheffield, Ala., two by Nashville and New York capitalists at South Pittsburg, Tenn., one by the Coalburg Coal and Coke Co., of Birmingham, one at Ashland, Ky.; the Bessemer steel works at Chattanooga and Richmond; two stove works, each with a capital of $200,000, at Birmingham; two iron pipe works, one to be the largest in the United States at Chattanooga, and a similar enterprise at Wheeling, Ala. A $600,000 company has been organized to build an iron manufacturing town at Bessemer, Ala. A $3,000,000 company composed of Northern and Southern capitalists has purchased a large part of South Pittsburg, Tenn., where two furnaces are in operation, and where three more are to be built, and also iron pipe works and other manufacturing enterprises, while two other iron centers are to be developed near Birmingham, one by the North Birmingham Land Co., and the other by the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co.

During the last nine months there have been organized in the South 42 ice factories, 56 founderies and machine shops, many of them of large size, 1 Bessemer steel rail mill, 16 miscellaneous iron works, including iron pipe works, bridge and bolt works, etc., 5 stove founderies, 19 gas works, 23 electric light companies, 8 agricultural implement factories, 114 mining and quarrying enterprises, 12 carriage and wagon factories, 9 cotton mills, 19 furniture factories, 21 water works, 44 tobacco factories, 71 flour mills, 362 lumber mills, (not counting small portable saw-mills), including saw and planing mills, sash and door factories, stave, handle, shingle, hub and spoke, shutter and block factories, etc., in addition to which there was a large number of miscellaneous enterprises.

The *Record* says that during the first nine months of 1886, the amount of capital, including capital stock of incorporated companies represented by the new manufacturing and mining enterprises organized or chartered at the South and in the enlargement of old plants and rebuilding of mills that were destroyed by fire, aggregate about $83,834,2000, against $52,386,300 for the corresponding period of 1885.

OUR INDIAN WARDS.

Close of the Conference—How Indians Are Swindled.

LAKE MOHAWK, N. Y., Oct. 16.—The first topic at yesterday's session of the Lake Mohawk conference was the Mission Indians of California. Mrs. Hiles, of Milwaukee, who has taken up the work interrupted by the death of Ellen Hunt Jackson, gave a thrilling narrative of the pitiful condition of affairs in Southern California, as witnessed by her. She thought the case almost hopeless, unless a first class and incorruptible attorney is obtained to conduct the fight to regain possession of the lands from which these Indians have been driven.

Several persons expressed the opinion that it was useless to await government action. The question of hiring counsel was finally referred to a special committee.

The remainder of the session, which closed the conference, was devoted to discussing the various phases of the question of Indian citizenship and civilization, and a report of the work done by auxiliary societies. Judge Campbell, of Philadelphia, read a telegraphic correspondence between Sec. Lamar and the principal of Lincoln institute, arranging for the placing of a large number of Apache children there.

The conference adopted a statement calling on Congress to pass the land in severalty bill, the Sioux reservation bill, and the bill for extending law over Indians, and demanding that the provisions of the civil service be extended to the Indian department.

ALTERING THE TALLY SHEET.

Three Arrests in Columbus for Democratic Frauds.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 19.—R. B. Montgomery, ex-prosecuting attorney, Algernon Granville and Fred. Steabe were arrested last night on an affidavit made by Proseutor Huling, charging them with altering the tally sheet of precinct A, Thirteenth ward, Columbus, one year ago to-day, when the 300 votes were added to those received by each Democratic candidate. The affidavit calls for the arrest of three other persons. The proceeding is on the theory that the forgery was committed in the hospital at the Ohio penitentiary. Bond has been furnished in $500 for appearance at preliminary hearing Thursday.

Will Retain the Words "Protestant Episcopal."

CHICAGO, Oct. 16.—The Protestant Episcopal convention began voting by dioceses at 11 a. m. on the resolution offered by Mr. S. Corning Judd, of Chicago, which proposes that the words "Protestant Episcopal" be expunged from the prayer-book and laws of the church.

The balloting commenced amid absolute silence. The Southern delegates generally voted in favor of the resolution, and the Eastern delegates against it, but nearly every diocese was divided on the question. The vote was as follows: Ayes, 112; nays, 185.

Robbers broke into the house of John L. Taylor, near Mt. Olive, Ky., and were driven off by a brave defense with a shotgun, but not before they had fatally wounded the farmer.

THE K. OF L. ASSEMBLY.

Resolutions on the Color Line—Minneapolis the Next Place of Meeting—The New Officers Take the Temperance Pledge—Convention Notes.

RICHMOND, Oct. 15.—L. C. T. Schlieber, of Massachusetts, and J. M. Braughton, of North Carolina, were elected members of the General Co-operative board. David R. Gibson, of Hamilton, Ont., was elected Canadian supply agent. His duties is to receive supplies of printed documents of all kinds in bulk and distribute them to local assemblies throughout Canada.

This completed the full corps of general officers, and their installation immediately followed.

Mr. Powderly, addressing the general assembly, expresses full confidence in the men elected, and pledged himself to the faithful performance of the duties entrusted to him. He urged upon the assembly the importance of temperance, and asked them to endeavor to impress the importance of this subject on the various local assemblies. He called attention to the fact that not one of the general officers elected at this general assembly used intoxicating liquors.

Each of the general officers then pledged himself to total abstinence from intoxicating liquors during his two years term of office. The general master workman installed all the officers elected. None of them made speeches.

The following resolution was presented by Delegate Barrett, of Pennsylvania:

"WHEREAS, reports have been circulated and the impression created by the press of the country, regarding the position of the Knights of Labor upon the question of social equality; and whereas we believe the welfare of the order in the outset requires that this general assembly takes such action as will dispel those wrong impressions; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the organization of the K. of L. promises the civil and political equality of all men, and in the broad field of labor it recognizes no distinction on account of color, but it has no purpose to interfere with or disturb social relations which may exist between the different races in various portions of the country."

This resolution was adopted without debate.

In the afternoon the Knights of Labor decided to hold the next annual meeting at Minneapolis in October, 1887.

The special committee reported in favor of accepting the proposal of A. L. Dewey, of Detroit, to publish a weekly journal, to be the organ of the order, to be furnished free to all members, the expense to be paid for out of the treasury. No action was taken on the report.

BLAINE'S SENTIMENTS

On the Temperance Question—The Third Party Movement Ill-Advised and Mischievous—The Republican Party the True Friend of Temperance.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—A Boston special gives the following account of an interview with James G. Blaine:

"I am just from Augusta," said Mr. Blaine, "and on my way to Philadelphia, where I speak Saturday night. I shall visit Pittsburg and several other cities, returning about the middle of next week."

"What is the situation in Pennsylvania?" was asked.

"It is about the same as it was in Maine. The Prohibition party men are creating havoc in and determined to destroy the Republican party."

"How about New York state?"

"It is a little different there," replied Mr. Blaine. "I presume, if the question was submitted to a popular vote, it would be defeated, and that is the very reason why the temperance fanatics oppose such a proposition. It is true that the Republican party never formally advocated prohibition in its platform, but every law which has tended in any way to suppress the liquor traffic in the state has been passed by Republican legislatures. I remember an anecdote that Gov. Hill told me himself, which bears on this very question, and which is, by the way, against prohibition. Seymour was conversing with Mr. Delevan, of Albany, about the effect of absolute prohibition in the state of New York. 'Now,' said Seymour, 'suppose we had a community in the state where the sale of intoxicating drinks was absolutely prohibited, where everybody had all the food he wanted to eat, and the clothing he wanted to wear.' 'But you were talking of Elysium,' interrupted Mr. Delevan. 'But that's the kind of community you are striving to create, isn't it?' 'Yes, perhaps so,' replied Mr. Delevan. 'Well,' said Seymour, 'we have 2,200 of just such people as these in Sing Sing.' Delevan saw the point.

"Do you think the Prohibitory party movement much more dangerous than the labor movement?" inquired the correspondent.

"Yes, for the reason that the former tends to disrupt and destroy the Republican party. It is the strangest thing to me why these third party men think that we are continually fighting temperance, when we are for it. It is a perversity of human nature almost inexplicable. I think that the campaign in Maine injured the third party movement very much. Neal Dow's conduct can only be explained on the ground that he is an old man."

"What do you think of Henry George's candidacy for mayor of New York?"

"I don't see how he is going to carry his land schemes into practice," said Mr. Blaine. "It may be all well enough to limit the amount of land one man can hold, but I don't see how you can limit the time. You can't limit it to less than a year, for a man will not sow unless he can reap."

"Are you satisfied with the campaign in Maine?"

"Yes, and more than satisfied. We had a good candidate for governor in Mr. Bodwell, and he will make an excellent governor."

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 16.—Hon. James G. Blaine arrived here about 1 p. m., and was quietly taken to the Continental Hotel. To-night he will deliver an address in behalf of the Republican state ticket, and on Monday will start on a tour through the state, winding up Tuesday night at Pittsburg.

STRUCK IT RICH.

How Mr. Jones Bought Rock Piles for 25 Cents a Ton.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Oct. 19.—John T. Jones, who, a few months ago, was working as a day laborer, is now independently wealthy. His fortune was acquired in a most singular manner. When he first came here he worked about different mines for a while, but finally offered 25 cents a ton for a pile of rock at the Winthrope Hematic company's mines, the money to be paid as the rock was removed. He also bought other piles of rock at the same price.

The company was surprised one day when Jones set a force of men at work sorting the rock and carting off the ore. It now transpires that the rock pans out one-half good ore, for which Jones received $550 a ton. The Winthrope pile alone, it is said, netted him over $1,000,000. The work has been conducted under the very eyes of the mill owners, who have regarded the rock piles as worthless, and paid no attention to Jones. The Jones ore has been shipped largely to Joliet, Ill. He can buy no more rock piles at 25 cents a ton, and the owners are going about in large numbers sampling the heaps of refuse which dot the mining fields.

VICTIMS OF THE GREAT STORM.

About 500 Destitute People Apply for Immediate Aid.

ORANGE, Tex., Oct. 19.—The steamer Lamar returned here last evening from Sabine Pass with 60 additional sufferers, one-half of whom will go to Beaumont as soon as transportation can be obtained. The balance will remain here in charge of the local refuge committees.

The relief committees of Orange have exhausted all their supplies and funds. The sufferers are constantly coming in. The relief committee have 360 now in their charge, and 150 more were expected in last night from Johnson's Bayou. Such is the situation in Orange up to the present writing, and unless more relief comes immediately great distress will prevail. Many of the sufferers are sick, and require the greatest attention. The citizens of Orange are doing all in their power to alleviate their distress, but the demands are greater than they can bear. The relief committees were notified yesterday that $1,000 had been donated by Houston, which is all the aid that has been received outside of our own town.

Parties returning from the coast report that much thievery is going on. Scarcely a trunk, valise or package can be found that has not been broken open and rifled of its contents. Business has been at a standstill since the great storm.

Hugh Edwards, Jeff Garrett and Bud Croutcher, were arrested at Mt. Vernon, Ky., charged with murdering and robbing Elias Searcy, a blacksmith. It is thought the men gave him a poisoned glass of whisky and took $30 he was known to have on his person. Searcy's dead body was found lying outside of a saloon.

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Expect a Great War in the Spring.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—Official circles in London and at all the continental capitals, accept as an absolute certainty that war in the East will open in the spring. In a recent circular to the powers, Lord Iddsleigh expresses hope that there will be a normal and peaceful issue to the crisis. He also proposes a united expression of sympathy for the Bulgarian government's efforts to vindicate its independence and maintain order. To this, none of the powers have yet replied.

Prince Bismarck will do his utmost to avert war. Amongst other considerations he knows that a conflict between Russia and Austria would be the signal for a panic on the German bourses which would cause the ruin of thousands. An authoritative estimate of the amount of German money invested in Russia, places the amount at 5,000,000 marks, which exceeds the sum received from France in 1871 as a war indemnity. Another German financial authority places the indebtedness of the Czar's government to German investors at 10,000,000 of marks. The London market has long been distrustful of Russian securities, and now holds but a small amount; the greater portion of them having been transferred to Berlin.

The failure of Gen. Kaulbars's mission is telling seriously on Russia's financial position. The rouble is to-day quoted down to 22¾ pence, which is lower than it was at any time during the last Turkish war. German bankers have recently been trying to quietly place Russian securities on the English and French markets, but without much success.

Beecher's Farewell Sermon.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—There was a scramble for places to hear Mr. Beecher's farewell sermon yesterday. Several prominent persons were present. At the conclusion of the sermon Mr. Parker publicly thanked Mr. Beecher for the aid he had rendered to churches in England. Their thanks were all the warmer, he said, when they remembered that Mr. Beecher's services had been rendered without fee or reward. He envied Mr. Beecher his reception when he returned to Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher would leave behind him so many memories of inspiration and gratitude that they would long to see his face again. They would therefore not say farewell forever, because many things might occur to bring him to England again.

Russia Will Provoke War.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 18.—In a private letter recently received here from Odessa, Russia, from one peculiarly fitted and able to judge of matters political and diplomatic, the statement is made in the most emphatic way that a terrible European war is inevitable—a war which Russia will provoke. The correspondent further states that it is generally believed by foreign diplomats, stationed in the Southern cities of Russia, that it is a matter of a short time when the Czar shall occupy all of the territory bordering on the Black sea and eventually Constantinople.

Foreign Flashes.

Emperor William has accepted an invitation from the Regent of Bulgaria to go to Sofia.

The municipal authorities of Bayreuth have decided to defray the cost of Abbe Liszts' tomb.

Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, has received from Brisbane an installment of £1,500 for the national cause.

Athens newspapers, commenting on the various phases of the Eastern difficulty, conclude that England has been left out in the cold.

The commission to inquire into the working of the Irish Land act will begin its work October 22, and continue it during November.

An official statement shows that the value of exports from Germany to America during the fiscal year ending in September was $20,000,000 more than for the preceding fiscal year.

THE MEN WILL WORK TEN HOURS.

The Stock Yards Strike Results in a Victory for the Packers—Armour & Co. Say They Are Independent of the Strikers—The Strike Settled.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—There is no change in the situation in the packing house district this morning. The armed guard now consists of 500 men. The Armour firm now has 800 men at work, and began slaughtering cattle this morning in a small way, but has not yet attempted to commence operations in its pork packing branch, and does not expect to do so to-day.

Excitement was caused about 10 a. m. by the report that a batch of Pinkerton recruits had been stoned on their way to the yards. No one was seriously hurt, but the feeling engendered was quickly manifested by the older guards, who commenced to use their clubs freely in forcing groups of men about the houses to move along.

LATER.—The great strike at the stock yards is practically settled. Delegate Bary just stated to a reporter that he would have an interview with the packers this afternoon, and that he would tell them that the men were prepared to work ten hours a day as demanded by the packers. He should use every endeavor to have the packers discharge all the non-union men they have brought in, but he would not keep the men out, he said, even if the packers refused to grant this.

Armour & Co. say they will not discharge any of the men they have brought in, and that as far as they are concerned they feel almost independent of the strikers. They killed 500 cattle yesterday with their new men, and expect to kill 600 to-day.

Two members of the executive board of District Assembly 57 said that there would be no trouble about non-union men. If they were put to work in the house with the union men it would not be long before they would quit of their own accord, as things would be made pretty hot for them.

A non-union man came from the direction of Armour's packing house this morning, and was set upon by a crowd of boys and seriously thrashed. He finally made his escape.

Shortly after 10 o'clock a Pinkerton man in full uniform, and carrying two bundles under his arm, walked through the yards towards town hall. Just before reaching the Exchange building he was surrounded by a crowd of boys, who hooted and yelled at him. He put his hand in his pocket as though to draw a revolver. This act was greeted by a shower of stones, and the officer started to run through the cattle pens toward the tracks on Fortieth street, where he was caught by a crowd of fully one hundred. His packages containing his wardrobe were taken from him and torn to pieces, and he was pounded and kicked around the face, head and body until he was insensible. While lying there his coat was taken from him and torn into shreds. He finally came to his senses, and crawled off between the cars just as another crowd came up and wanted to kill him. A search was made for him, but he managed to secret himself, and finally got away.

Mr. Armour has instructed his manager to give all the beef men who return to work an advance of 50 cents per day over the old rates. Some time after the strike had been declared at an end the announcement was made that the packers had adopted a winter schedule of wages, to go into effect immediately. This is equivalent to a temporary advance of about 10 per cent., as the scale ordinarily does not take effect until the middle of November. The Pinkerton men are being withdrawn, and as a result two-thirds of the imported men have signified their intention of leaving, notwithstanding the assurance that they would be protected if they would remain.

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Cattle Wild With Thirst.

BEAUMONT, Tex., Oct. 18.—A new danger seems to have sprung up in the vicinity of Sabine that has scared the searchers for the unfortunates. The cattle have become dangerous, wild animals. The watering pools have been filled with sea water, and the cattle are wild with thirst. Saturday evening a steer chased three men who were walking along the edge of the bayou, and would probably have killed them if they had not succeeded in reaching their boat. When the steer saw he was foiled he seemed to become more furious, ploughing up the sand with his horns and bellowing loudly.

Messrs. Kountz Bros., bankers of New York, who are largely interested in railroads and real estate in this section of Texas, have telegraphed the relief committee to draw on them for $2,000.

Intelligence has reached here that the great gale swept over the country for 40 miles north of Beaumont and Orange, reaching Jasper, the county seat of Jasper county, and damaging cotton badly. Several houses in that region were demolished, but no loss of life occurred north of the Southern Pacific railroad.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The Grand Caseno at Biarritz, France, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is £24,000. One of the waiters is missing.

Limerick advices say that the Mulcair drainage works burst, flooding the adjacent district, and destroying valuable crops.

Much damage was done by the hurricane on the northwest coast of France. Many steamers were compelled to postpone their departure.

A Belfast dispatch says the low-lying districts of Ulster are submerged. The gale on the Irish coast continues unabated compelling all vessels to seek shelter.

The Paris *Temps* refutes the statements that France is seeking war. It says that the army represents the democracy, which errs rather toward peace than toward war.

H. B. Miller, who absconded on Friday from Fordyce, Ark., with $2,000 belonging to the Southern Express company, for which he was agent, was captured at Chattanooga.

Alice Hughes, aged 16, was found drowned in a shallow pond at Moweaqua, Ill., Tuesday. It is conceded to be a case of suicide, but considerable scandal attaches to the case.

Wm. T. Coleman, a prisoner confined in the county jail at Tuscaloosa, Ala., under a charge of carrying concealed weapons, and of aiding prisoners to escape, committed suicide Tuesday night by taking morphine.

It is stated that Gen. Kaulbars is trying to win over the garrisons at Varna, Shumla, Widdin, and Tirnova, hoping that, acting under the supreme command o the military authorities at Rustchuk, they will work a revolution in favor of Russia.

Henry B. Hyde, president of the Equitable Life Assurance company of the United States, who was elected a director of the Western Union, has cabled from Europe declining to accept, on account of the demands on his time by the Equitable company.

Last winter, at Milwaukee, Ferdinand Jochim, in attempting to cross a "skid" in front of the store of George I. Robinson, fell and broke his thigh. He sued for and recovered $10,000 damages, and Tuesday the Wisconsin Supreme court affirmed the finding.

The celebrated Glenview stock farm of 647 acres, located near Louisville, Ky., was sold at auction Tuesday, with its residence, stables, training track, etc. J. I. Case, of Racine, and S. H. Wheeler, of Chicago, purchased the property in partnership, paying $113.50 per acre.

The students of Trinity college, Dublin, presented the Earl of Londonderry, the viceroy, with an address of welcome, Saturday, expressing joy over the defeat of the home rule bill. The viceroy replied that the government would faithfully fulfill the country's mandate to maintain the Union.

Mrs. Leader, wife of a butcher doing business in Camberwell, a suburb of London, after a quarrel with her husband, left her home, taking her five little children with her. She went to the Thames river, at Fulham and threw herself and five children into the water. All were drowned except one child.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Oct. 19, 1886.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday:

Reserve—Decrease	$439,850
Loans—Increase	54,400
Specie—Increase	417,400
Legal tenders—Decrease	210,300
Deposits—Decrease	931,000
Circulation—Decrease	105,200

The banks now hold $4,618,950 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—The stock market after 11 o'clock showed a decrease in the amount of business, except in Louisville & Nashville and Colorado, both of which were decidedly strong, the former advancing ⅞ and the latter ¾ per cent. The general market was firm in the early dealings, but soon began to yield, but again rallied, and at noon is moderately active and steady.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19—3 p. m.—During the first hour of the afternoon, stocks advanced slightly, but before 2 o'clock the gains were lost, and prices declined below noon figures on a heavy market. Towards the close prices were steady, and the market closed quiet and steady at slightly below noon figures.

The following shows the changes in Government securities during the past week:

	Oct. 19.	Oct. 12.
4½'s coupons	111⅞	111⅝
4's coupons	128⅞	128
3's registered	100	100
Pacific 6's of '95	126	126

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 95; L. S., 92¾; Pac. Mail, 53¾; N. Y. C., 112¾; D. L. & W., 141⅜; J. C., 52⅞; Erie, 35⅛; Erie 2d, ex. c., 101; W. St. L. & P., ——; Erie pref., ——; N. P., 28¾; N. P. p'f'd, 63⅜; D. & R. G., ——; Louis. & Nash. 54⅜; Texas Pacific, ——; Union Pacific, 61¼; Missouri Pacific, 115½; C. S., 62⅞; Western Union, 76¾; Kan. & Texas 36¼; Mil., C. B. & Q., 139; Rock Island, ——; Mil., L. & W., ——, L. S. W. pfd, ——; Cen. Pac. ——; Oregon Trans., 34⅛; Omaha, 50; Omaha pfd., 113; Manitoba, 119½; Michigan Central, ——; Phila. & Read., 35½; Del. & Hud., 107½; Northwestern, 117½; St. P. & D., ——; Hocking Valley, 38½; New York & New England, 60⅞; P., D. & E., ——; Consolidated Gas, 79¾; Oil closed at 66 bid; Erie pfd, 76.

NOON—Money is active at 6 ℘ cent. Bar silver, 97⅜.

TRADE.

The general business of the country has been of satisfactory proportions during the week just closed. Collections have been fair and a good trade is anticipated next week.

Within the past week the markets for wheat have shown considerable weakness at times. Yesterday prices of wheat were a little firmer, although there is nothing in the condition of affairs to warrant much higher values at present.

THE MARKETS.

Markets a Little Higher, With a Slightly Better Tone.

The markets generally to-day had a little better tone, and closed fractionally higher than on the preceding day. Exports continue only of moderate proportions. Cables were a little firmer. The receipts of spring wheat show a falling off, but this is attributed to local causes. Winter wheat exhibits a falling off. The cables saying that war in Europe is not likely until spring tended to keep values from advancing. The consumptive requirements, however, should cause a better export demand, and although prices cannot advance sharply under the present quiet state of affairs, there is a likelihood of a little advance, unless spring wheat receipts are larger than now.

Toledo Grain Market.

At the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, there was a steady market for cash wheat at a fractionally higher price. No. 2 soft Red Lake Shore, cash and to arrive, and in Union elevator 77c, ¼c advance; No. 3 soft Red, 75¼c, then 75⅛c; No. 3 Soft Red Lake Shore, 75¼c; No. 3 soft Red Narrow Gauge, 74¾c; Rejected Red, 71c, D. & M.

For future delivery there was considerable business done. Prices at the close were a little firmer and higher.

	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	May.
Sales to-day	......	52000	203000	......
" yesterday	......	55000	61000	......

Seller November, 78c, and finally, 78⅛c, 1c up; seller December, 79¼c, went to 79⅜c, and closed at 79¼c, 1¼c better; seller May, 86c, and to close, 86⅝c, ⅞c advance.

Cas corn sold only to a limited extent. A sale, not graded, was made at 28c.

Oats—No sales.

Clover Seed—Sales 300 bags; prime December, $4.69; January, $4.65.

Afternoon Close—Wheat, cash, 77¼c bid, 77½c asked; November, 78¼c sales; December, 79½c sales; January, 80⅛c bid; May, 86¾c sales. Corn—May, 41c. Clover seed—October, $4.45 bid, $4 50 asked; November, $4 55 asked; December, $4 55 bid, $4 60 asked; January, $4 60 bid, $4 67½ asked.

Toledo Prodube Market.

Butter—Without change, at 16@18c for most desirable, and 13@14c for next quality.

Eggs—Steady but firm, at 15@16c.

Salt—In barrels, 90c; car lots, 80c.

Poultry—8@11c, for old and young stock.

Vegetables—Green corn, per dozen 6c; onions, per bushel 75c; cabbages, per dozen, 30@35c; tomatoes, per bushel, 35c; cauliflower, per dozen. 80c@$1 00; potatoes, per bushel 40c; sweet potatoes, $2 50@3 00 per barrel.

Fruits—Lemons, per box, $5.50@6.00; pears, 50c@$1 00 per bushel; apples, per bushel, 30@35c; grapes, per pound, 1½@2c.

Salt Meats—Dried beef, 13½@14½c per lb.; shoulders, 8c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; mess pork, $12.50; short mess, $13.00; short clear mess, $14.00; long clear mess $13.00; clear neck, $10.50; hams, 18 lbs. and over 12½c per lb.; 15 lbs. average, 13c.

Lard—Refined in 50 lb. cans, 7⅝c; refined, in tierces, 7⅜c; kettle, in tierces, 7½c in barrels, 7⅝c.

Wool—Washed, 30c; unwashed, 20c.

Hay—Per ton, $13 00@14 00.

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PRIVATE, NERVOUS AND CHRONIC DISEASES
YOUNG MEN, MIDDLE-AGED MEN
and all persons who by their own acts of Imprudence or Folly at any period of life have brought upon themselves, the evil effects following closely upon the heels of transgression of the laws of nature, should consult the celebrated Dr. Clarke at once. Remember! Nervous diseases (with or without dreams) or debility and loss of nerve power treated scientifically by new methods with never failing success. ☞ It makes no difference what you have taken or who has failed to cure you.
☞ The terrible poisons of Syphilis and all bad blood and skin diseases, completely eradicated without mercury. Remember that this one horrible disease, if neglected or improperly treated, curses the present and coming generations.
☞ All unnatural discharges cured promptly without hindrance to business. No experiments. Both sexes consult confidentially. Age and experience important. A written guarantee of cure given in every case undertaken.
☞ Sufferers from any chronic disease write History and Symptoms of your case—plainly. Cases solicited which others have failed to cure.
☞ Send two stamps for celebrated works on Chronic, Nervous and Delicate Diseases. You have an exhaustive symptomatology by which to study your own case. Consultation, personally or by letter, free. Consult the old Doctor. Thousands cured. Offices and parlors private. You see no one but the Doctor. Before confiding your case consult DR. CLARKE. A friendly letter or call may save future suffering and shame and add golden years to life. Medicines sent everywhere secure from exposure. Hours, 8 to 8; Sundays, 9 to 12. Address,
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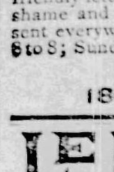
LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE
UNEQUALLED FOR CEMENTING WOOD, GLASS, CHINA, PAPER, LEATHER, &c. Awarded GOLD MEDAL, LONDON, 1883. Used by Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co., Pullman Palace Car Co., &c. Mf'd only by the RUSSIA CEMENT CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS. SOLD EVERYWHERE. ☞ Sample Tin Can by Mail, 20c.

WATCH and Jewelry Catalogue, beautifully illustrated. Best goods at low prices. WM. WILLIAMS, Jeweler, 122 Halstead street, Chicago, Ill. Mention Toledo Blade.

General Produce.

KANSAS CITY, Oct. 19.—Wheat—No. 2 Red, cash, 60c bid; November, 61¼c; December, 62c bid. Corn—Stronger; No. 2 cash, 30c; November, 30⅝c bid; May, 35⅝c. Oats—Nominal; 24½c bid cash.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 19.—Wheat quiet; cash 72c; November, 71⅞c; December, 74c. Corn—Steady; No. 2, 34¼c. Oats—Firmer; No. 2, 25¼c. Rye—Dull; No. 1, 51c. Barley—Weak; No. 2, 54¼c.

DETROIT, Oct. 19—Wheat—Quiet; No 1 white cash, 81c; cash Michigan red, 76⅜c; No 2 red, 76⅛c, cash; 77⅝c asked November; 79c asked December; 86⅜c asked May. Corn—No. 2, 38⅜c. Oats—No. 2, 28c; No. 2 white, 30¼c. Clover Seed—Cash, $4.50.

BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 19.—Wheat—Western, active and higher; No. 2 Western winter red spot, 81½@81⅜c; October, ——; November, 82⅜@83c; December, 84⅛@84⅜c; January, 86¼@86⅝c. Corn—Western dull and steady; western mixed spot, 44@44¼c; October, ——; November or December, 44@44⅝c; January, 44⅛@45¼c; steamer —c. Oats—Firm; western white, ——c; do mixed, ——.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 19.—Flour firmer; family $3 25@3 40; fancy, $3 50@4 00. Wheat firmer and higher at 77c. Corn strong and higher at 37½@38c. Oats quiet at 27½c. Rye dull at 52½c. Pork steady at $9 75. Lard dull at $5 87½. Bulk meats easier; short ribs, $6 65. Bacon firm; short rib, $7 15; short clear, $7 50. Whisky active and firm; sales, 1,597 barrels finished goods, on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, Oct. 19.—1 p. m.—Wheat—Market stronger; cash, 72⅝c; November, 73⅝c; December, 75⅜c; January, ——c; May, 81⅞c. Corn—Steady; cash, 35¾c; November, 35¾c; December, 36⅛c; January, ——c; May, 40¼c. Oats—Firm; cash, 25c; November, 25⅜c; December, ——c; May, 30⅜c. Rye, 48½c. Barley, 53c. Flax seed, 97c. Prime timothy, $1 62@1 63. Whisky $1 18. Pork—Easier; cash, $8 75; December, ——; January, $9 72½. Lard—Easy; cash, $5 62½; December, ——; January, $5 80.

NEW YORK, Oct. 19.—Wheat opened ⅛@⅜c higher, strong and fairly active; receipts, 173,000 bu; sales, 296,000 bu do No. 2 Red, November, 84⅜@84⅞c; 1,976,000 bu do December, 86@86⅝c; 624,000 bu do January, 87⅜@88c; 40,000 bu February, 89⅛@89⅜c; 296,000 bu do May 93⅜@94c. Corn—A shade stronger but quiet; receipts, 92,000 bu; sales, 240,000 bu; mixed western spot, 43½@45¼c; do futures, 49@49⅜c. Oats—Quiet but firm; receipts, 89,300 bu; sales, 40,000 bu; western, 31@40c. Beef dull; new extra mess, $7 50@8 00. Pork quiet and steady; new mess, $10 25@10 75; old do $9 75. Lard—Steady and quiet; steam rendered at $6 05. Butter—Dull and heavy; western, 12@28c. Eggs—Western fresh, 20½c. Sugar—Steady; crushed, 6⅛@6 5-16c; powdered, 6@6⅛c; granulated, 5⅞c. Molasses—Quiet. Coffee—Firm. Spirits turpentine—Steady at 37c.

Live Stock Markets.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 18.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light, $3 60@4 44; packing and butchers, $4 00@4 55; receipts, 3,240 head; shipments, 1530 head.

EAST LIBERTY, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,843 head; shipments, 1,245 head; market very dull and 25c off from last week. Hogs—Receipts, 8,400 head; shipments, 5,800 head; market fair; Philadelphias, $4 80@4 90; Yorkers, $4 60@4 70; common and light, $4 40@4 45. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments, 5,200 head; market very dull and 25c lower than last week.

BUFFALO, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,800 head; market declined 10@15c since last Monday; common to fair, $3 50@4 15; good to choice shipping, $4 25@4 50; stockers and feeders, dull and heavy at $2 75@3 40; veals, weak at $5 00@6 00. Sheep—Receipts, 6,200 head; market easier, but not quotably lower. Hogs—Receipts, 22,465 head; market steady, with good demand; light pigs, $3 50@4 25; selected Yorkers, $4 65@4 75; selected medium weights, $4 70@4 80.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—Cattle—Receipts, 9,000 head; shipments, 1,000 head; good cattle steady; common lower; shipping steers 950 to 2,500 lbs., $3 50@5 20; stockers and feeders, $1 00@3 60; through Texas cattle a shade lower at $2 40@3 40; wintered Texans, $3 00@3 45. Hogs—Receipts, 13,000 head; shipments, 11,000 head; market strong and 5c higher; rough and mixed, $3 65@4 05; packing and shipping, $4 00@4 60. Sheep—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments, 1,000 head; market steady; natives, $2 00@4 00; western, $3 40@3 65; Texans, $2 30@3 25; lambs, $3 75@4 75.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 19.—Cattle—Receipts, 1,000 head; market strong and higher; shippers' $4 30@4 90; butchers', $3 00@4 20; Texans and Indians, $2 00@3 65. Hogs—Receipts, 4,500 head; market active and strong; Yorkers, $4 10@4 35; packers, $4 00@4 35; butchers' $4 30@4 50. Wheat—market strong and ⅜@½c higher; No. 2 red, cash, 74@74⅛c; November, 75c; December, 76⅞c; May, 85¼c. Corn—easy; No. 2 mixed, cash, 33@33⅛c; November, 33⅝c; December, 34c; May, 38⅛c. Oats—weak; No. 2 mixed, cash, 25¼@26c; November, 26⅛c; December, 26⅜c; May, 30⅞c. Rye—weak at 48c. Whisky firm at $1 13. Pork steady at $9 37½. Lard easy at $5 65.

Visible Supply.

The visible supply of grain, comprising the stocks in granary at the principal points of accumulation at lake and seaboard ports, and in transit by water, Oct. 9, 1886:

	Wheat.	Corn.	Oats.
Total	52787435	13577642	4903446
Increase	1567083	152612	21461
Oct. 2, '86	51220352	13425030	4965005
Oct. 10, '85	*44094842	5190931	5093067
Oct. 11, '84	*29090140	6545807	4113845

*Minneapolis and St. Paul not included.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, Oct. 18.—The Mark Lane Express says: The values in wheat have hardened slightly, for good sample native average has fallen 4d on the week and now stands only 3d above the lowest point of last year. Sales of English wheat during the week were 58,348 quarters at 29s 8d, against 76,002 quarters at 30s 11d during the corresponding period of last year. The barley trade is in its full season; the finest picked is getting dearer, but the rest is cheaper. Business in foreign wheats is slow. Values are steady. Flour maintains its price excepting some American brands, which are lower on account of inferior quality. Three cargoes of wheat arrived; six cargoes were sold; three were withdrawn, and two remained. At to-day's market, wheat was very firm for all kinds; buying was limited. Fine malting barleys were dearer. Flour, corn, beans and peas were unchanged. Linseed was firm, with fractional advance.